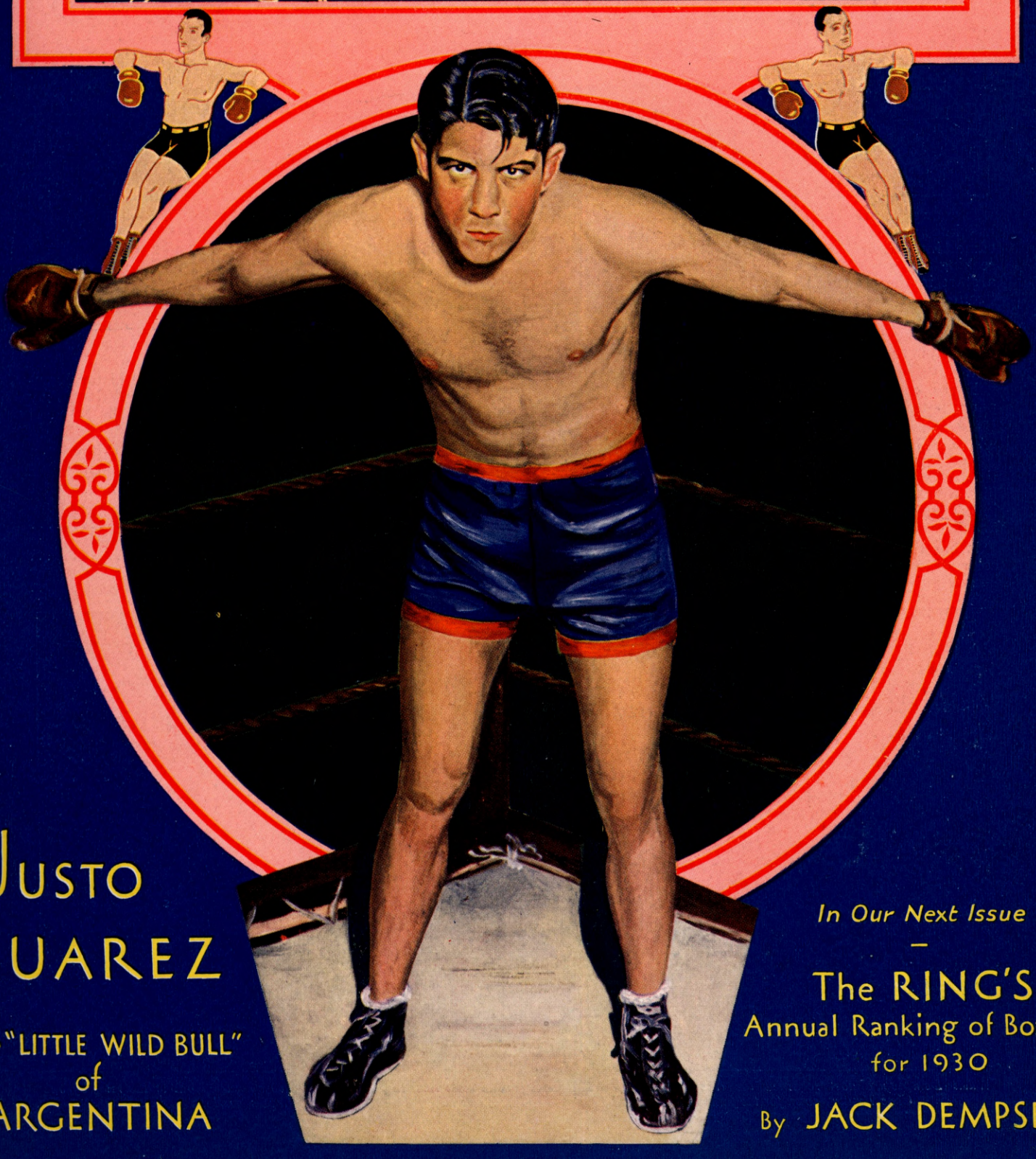
25 Cents

JANUARY

The RING



JUSTO SUAREZ

The "LITTLE WILD BULL" of ARGENTINA

In Our Next Issue

—

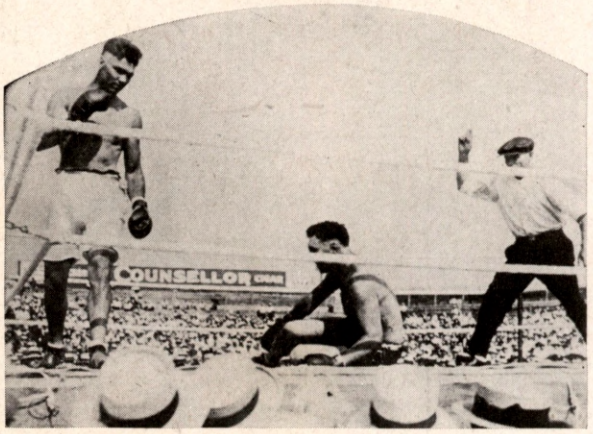
The RING'S Annual Ranking of Boxers for 1930

By JACK DEMPSEY

A Story with a PUNCH

The Greatest Biography of a Fighter Ever Written

324 Pages
142 Photos



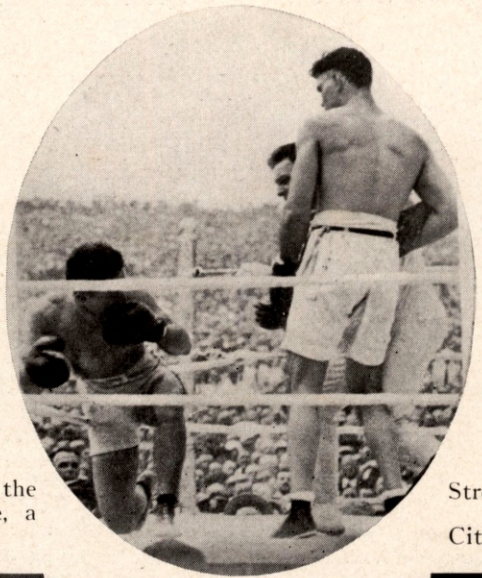
who knows Jack Dempsey intimately—has known him ever since Dempsey came into New York unheralded, seeking any sort of match to give him a start in the East and keep him in "coffee and doughnuts," as he expressed it.

"Jack Dempsey" supplies a long-felt want in the history of the American ring.

Every contest in which Dempsey participated is described with technical truth and vivid faithfulness to the dramatic picture.

Every step leading Dempsey to the title, every move which stood out in his career as a champion, is told about in the weaving of this tapestry of fact, anecdote and technique.

It has the speed of a romantic novel, the color of a red-hot story of adventure, a human appeal in every page.



The first million dollar gate. Dempsey knocking out Georges Carpentier

HIS THRILLING VICTORY over Jess Willard told in story and in pictures. His rise from the copper mines to a world's championship; from a hobo to a millionaire; from a preliminary boy, earning $2.50, to a pugilistic star drawing down a million dollars for a fight.

A Story with a Kick in Every Line.

A Knockout in Every Page.

The Most Thrilling Story of the most talked-of, most colorful and picturesque champion since the days of John L. Sullivan.

An intimate story and history combined of Jack Dempsey, the "Play Boy" and Jack Dempsey, the Manassa Mauler.

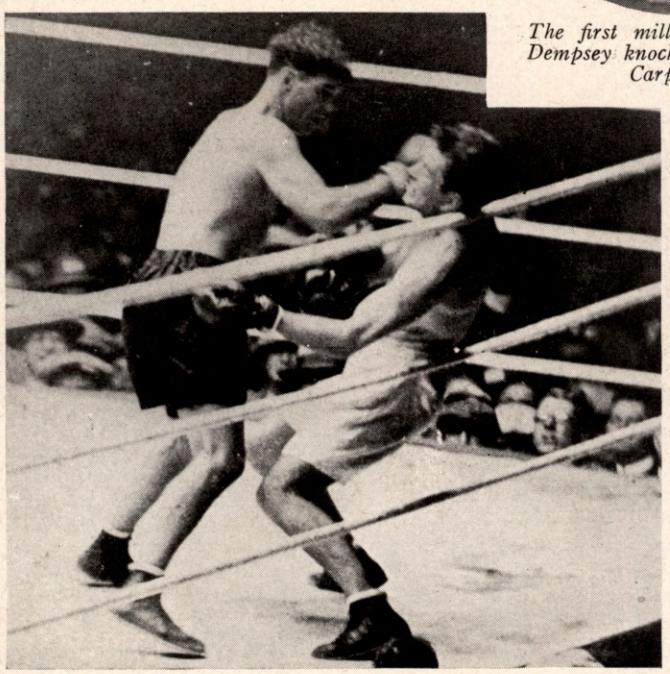
Send for it now. Cut this coupon and forward it with $2.00.

Special De Luxe Edition, $10.00.

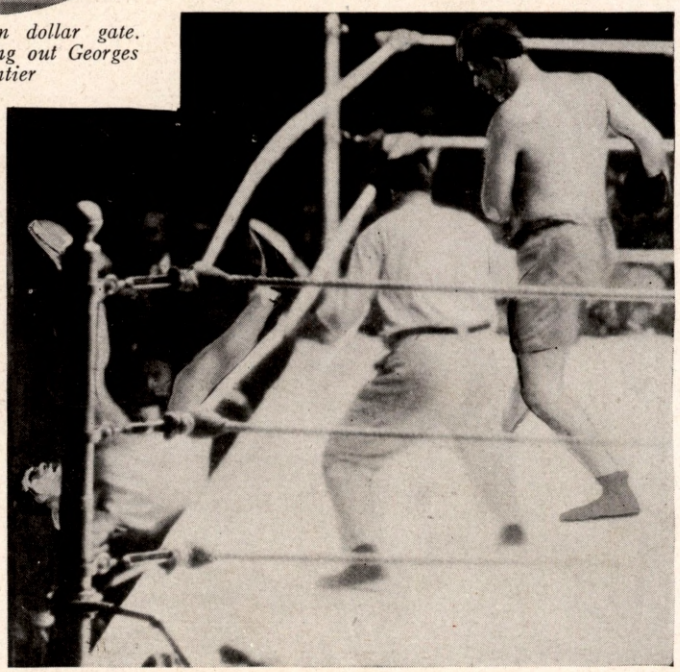
Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

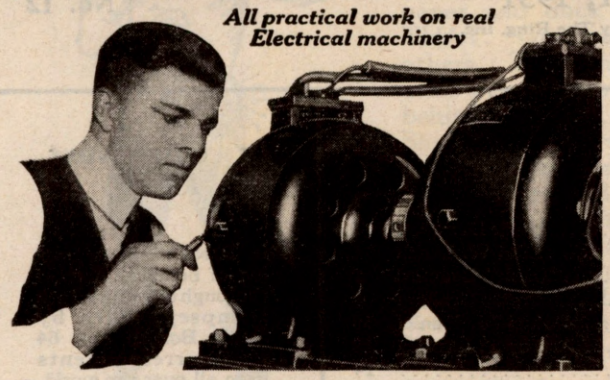


When Dempsey almost regained the title. The punch that sent Gene Tunney down for the famous "14 count"



The most thrilling moment—Dempsey hurled out of the ring by one of Luis Firpo's wallops

Get Into One Of These BIG PAY FIELDS



All practical work on real Electrical machinery

Amazingly Easy Way to Get Into ELECTRICITY

Don't spend your life waiting for $5 raises in a dull, hopeless job! Let me show you how to make up to $60, $70 and even $200 a week, in Electricity—NOT by CORRESPONDENCE, but by an amazing way to teach that makes you a practical Expert in 90 days!

Learn Without Books in 90 Days

No Books! No Lessons! You learn by doing actual electrical work right here in the Coyne Shops. You are trained on huge motors, generators, switchboards, transmitting stations, power plants, auto and airplane engines, etc. You don't need advanced education or previous experience. You qualify for real electrical work in 90 days!

Earn While You Learn

Don't worry about a job! You get FREE life-time Employment Service. And don't let lack of money stop you. If you need part-time work to help pay living expenses, I'll help you get it. Coyne is 31 years old. Coyne training is tested. You can find out everything FREE. Just mail coupon below and I'll send you my BIG FREE ELECTRICAL BOOK, telling all about jobs—salaries, etc. This does not obligate you. Just send the coupon below!

Student working on Television transmitter in Coyne Radio Shops

Learn RADIO TELEVISION TALKING PICTURES

Every branch of Radio is calling for trained men! 5,000 Service Men needed at once. Big call for Wireless Operators, both at Sea and in the Air. Many jobs open in Broadcasting Stations. Talking Picture and Sound Experts in great demand. And now Television is on the way! Soon there'll be a demand for thousands of Trained Men in this one branch alone.

Say "good-bye" to $25 and $35 a week—get into Radio, where thousands of jobs are open, paying $60 a week and up.

NOT BY CORRESPONDENCE

By Actual Work — in 8 Weeks

Come to Coyne and learn Radio in 8 weeks! NOT BY BOOKS OR CORRESPONDENCE, but by actual Radio work on actual Radio equipment—on scores of Radio receivers, huge Broadcasting equipment, the very latest Television transmitters, Code Practice apparatus, Talking Picture and Sound equipment, etc. No experience needed. You learn all branches of Radio in 8 weeks.

Free Employment Service

After you graduate, I'll help you get the Radio Job you want—and if you need part-time work while at school, I'll help you get that, too. Coyne has been training men since 1899. Let Coyne train you for a Big Pay Radio Job! Mail coupon below for a copy of my BIG FREE RADIO BOOK, telling all about Radio, Television, Talking Pictures, Wireless, etc. This costs you nothing. Just mail coupon below.

MAIL THIS COUPON FOR BIG FREE ELECTRICAL BOOK..

H. C. LEWIS, PRESIDENT
COYNE ELECTRICAL SCHOOL, Dept. 11-51
500 South Paulina Street, Chicago, Illinois

Gentlemen: Please send me your big Free Electrical Book with 151 illustrations. This does not obligate me.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....

MAIL THIS COUPON FOR BIG FREE RADIO AND TELEVISION BOOK

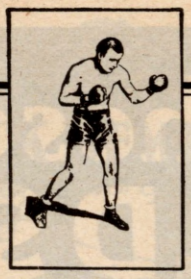
H. C. LEWIS, PRESIDENT
RADIO DIVISION, COYNE ELECTRICAL SCHOOL
500 S. Paulina St., Dept. 11-4E, Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: Send me your Big Free Radio Book and all details of your Special Introductory Offer. This does not obligate me in any way.

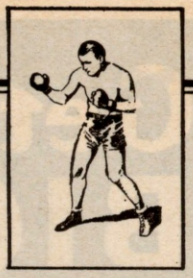
Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....



The RING



World's Foremost Boxing Magazine

(*Trade Mark Registered in U. S. Patent Office*) (*Copyright, The Ring, Inc., 1930—All Rights Reserved*)

Vol. IX **JANUARY, 1931** **No. 12**

Published Monthly by The Ring, Inc.

Contents

THANK YOU, MR. FARLEY!—An Editorial		4
BRITTLE LIGHTWEIGHTS AROUSE DEMPSEY	Jack Dempsey	5
BLUE BLOOD VS. RED	Ed W. Smith	6
FISTIC CARTOONETTES—A Cartoon	"Lank" Leonard	7
TOMMY BURNS	Frank Graham	8
GOLDBERG GOES INTO A NEW BUSINESS	Daniel M. Daniel	10
IN THE DAYS OF MOB RULE	Arthur T. Lumley	12
NAT FLEISCHER SAYS: Editorial Comment		14
CROWNING OF A CHAMPION		15
"HE WHO GOVERNS HIS TEMPER, GOVERNS THE WORLD"	Charles Harvey	16
HOW THEY DID IT IN THE OLD DAYS		17
RICKARD IN RETROSPECT	Hype Igoe	18
ENGLISH VS. AMERICAN STYLES	Jack "Kid" Berg As told to Marcus Griffin	20
PROMISING LADS		22
FAMOUS FIGHTS RECALLED—Series No. 13		23
BRAINS AND BRAWN IN WRESTLING	Jack Curley	24
EASTERN BOYS MAKING THE GRADE		27
JOHN L. FIRST TO ROUSE HERO WORSHIPPERS	Nat Fleischer	28
BROOKLYN'S PART IN BOXING	Charles F. Mathison	30
NEGRO PUGILISTS WHO SCALED THE HEIGHTS—No. 4		32
FIGHTS AND FIGHTERS	A. D. Phillips	33
MEMOIRS OF A PROMOTER	Jack Curley As told to Frank Graham	34
A RUSE THAT FAILED	Wilbur Wood	36
CHARLES DICKENS, PRIZE FIGHT REPORTER	Frank Austin	37
THE PUSH-OVER	Harold C. Burr	38
Rings Around the Globe.		
IN OUR QUESTION BOX	Charles F. Mathison	45
A CORNER IN THE FISTIC MARKET	Eddie Borden	46
BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK	Eddie Borden	48
IN AND NEAR CHICAGO	Frank Mastro	50
TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN	Ted Broadribb	52
IN CALIFORNIA	Theron Fisk	53
GOSSIP FROM EUROPEAN RINGS	"Sparrow" Robertson	54
TIMELY GOSSIP AND NEWS FROM GREATER BOSTON	Doc Almy	56
THE RING IN PHILADELPHIA	Ross E. Kauffman	58
CANADIAN TOPICS	Jack Jarvis and Lawson Bampton	62

In Our Next Issue

The RING'S annual rating of boxers. A most thorough digest, by Jack Dempsey, aided by Eddie Borden and 64 staff correspondents from all over the world.

Boxers, managers, promoters and matchmakers will find Dempsey's rating worthy of their attention.

Famous Fistic Characters by Nat Fleischer. The second of a special series on men who have made ring history.

Dan Morgan tells an interesting story on gate crashers and Kid McPartland, one of America's famous referees and old time fighters, will give you many laughs in his story, "The Fistic Wisecrackers."

"Thrilling Knockouts" by Wilbur Wood; "Nursing a Grudge" by Ed W. Smith; fiction by Daniel M. Daniel and a continuation of Jack Curley's Reminiscences are among other features in the February number.

The Ring **is a magazine which a man may take home with him. He may leave it on his library table safe in the knowledge that it does not contain one line of matter, either in the text or the advertisements, which would be offensive. The publisher of THE RING guards this reputation of his magazine jealously. It is entertaining, and it is clean.**

The entire contents and photographs of this magazine are copyrighted and must not be used without permission.

MEMBER OF AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

Our readers are earnestly requested to forward changes of address at least 30 days before publication of next issue. The price of this magazine in Canada is 25 cents. If you want your query answered by mail, return postage must be forwarded.

The Ring, Inc., Washington and South Avenues, Dunellen, N. J.

Editorial Offices—11 West 42nd Street, New York City—Telephone—Long Acre 7244-45 General Offices—1926 Broadway, New York City

Nathaniel Fleischer, President and Editor. Daniel M. Daniel, Associate Editor. Irene T. Kennedy, Treasurer. Wesley F. Pape, Secretary

Advertising Manager—Norman H. Meiners, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York City

Price—25 cents per copy in United States and Canada. Subscription Price—$2.50 per year in United States and possessions; also Canada, Cuba, Mexico and Panama. All other countries $4.00 per year.

Entered as second class matter January 9, 1930, at the Post Office at Dunellen, New Jersey. Additional entry at New York, N. Y.

Regular contributors—Ed Sullivan, Wilbur Wood, John L. (Ike) Dorgan, Hype Igoe, Charles F. Mathison, A. D. Phillips and Jack Kofoed.

Printed in U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company, Dunellen, N. J.

OVER 500 KNOCKOUTS

GUS MARTEL

Famous developer of champions and K. O. record holder of the world

Read about Gus Martel, AMATEUR WORLD'S CHAMPION, KNOCKOUT RECORD HOLDER, and DEVELOPER OF CHAMPIONS. Gus tells the world how he did it. A secret punch, adopted by Police Departments throughout the country, as a police weapon, is revealed, for the first time, by the world's greatest fighter. His system gave Griffo the speed of lightning. He made Griffo stand on a piece of paper and duck all blows to face or body. THE WORLD KNOWS THAT. Gus made world champions of Bat Nelson, George Dixon and others. Ten minutes with Gus sent Nelson to the top, and Dixon's long arms were useless until Gus showed him how to use them. With his hands behind his back, Gus could not be touched in three rounds by one of Sharkey's trainers, and Carnera, the biggest man in the ring today, could not lay a glove on Gus. Gus stopped Jack Dempsey the Nonpareil in 2½ rounds, it took Bob Fitz 13 rounds.

John Hix's "Strange As It Seems" has Gus among the wonders of the *World* with 500 knockouts: and in Chicago, 1905, knocked out four men in one night—a lightweight, a welterweight, a middleweight, and a light-heavy. John L., Gus's old Pal, showed Gus how to fight. Bob Fitz, Peter Jackson, Jeffries and the other old timers never fouled. "They don't know how to hit today and neither do they know how to be a real K. O. fighter," says Gus.

With Gus's system you can't foul, and every punch is a K. O.

Tony Canzoneri won the lightweight championship of the world in one minute and six seconds—that's Gus's system. The Corbett jabs, the Fitz plexus and shifts, the McGovern scowl, side steps, parries, ducks, etc., etc., can be learned from fifty-cent books, and are all old stuff, but Martel's copyrighted course can only be bought from MARTEL. Send for his course, boys, and get the record of the greatest fighter on earth, and names, with addresses, of his pupils, including F. J. Pierson, Box 162, Bayside, New York, writes, "Eight knockouts, all in first round with secret punch. Time will soon come when any fighter going against Martel's system will only go in the ring to be knocked out." Danny Dunne, Lamar, Colo., seven first round knockouts, and many others who are on their way to championship honors. Gus's system can be learned at home, his personal demonstrations are only for men like Sharkey, Canzoneri, Berg, and such. LEARN FROM A FIGHTER. Dempsey, Tunney, Fitz knew what to do at the right time in the ring.

How can a man that never won a fight, teach you how to do it? Get your instructions, boys, from the knockout record holder of the world, and that's Gus Martel. Tell Gus how the man you are going to fight fights, and holds his guard when fighting, and he will tell you how to knock him out first round like Canzoneri did with or without his secret punch.

Gus speaks from an experience of over five hundred knockouts, and carries a punch that floors them all. His course will carry you to the top boys, as it carried him. His fully illustrated secret punch, copyrighted, if good enough for five hundred knockouts (as above), and good enough for the police to adopt as a police weapon in emergency, HOW ABOUT YOU?

This is the First Time in History, Police Have Adopted a Fighter's Punch as a Defense Weapon. Show Copyrighted Punch invented since J. L. Sullivan's time that has the K. O. record that his has and he will pay you $1,000.00.

FILL IN, TEAR OFF AND MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

GUS MARTEL, 198 Broadway, New York City, Dept. 105.

Enclosed is $2.98 (or will send C.O.D. via Parcel Post in U.S.) in full payment for your SECRET SURE K. O. PUNCH. You are to send me the MOST COMPLETE BOXING AND TRAINING COURSE IN THE WORLD, fully illustrated, absolutely FREE OF CHARGE. The SECRET PUNCH is to come at the same time on a separate sheet and will be put away and kept to myself.

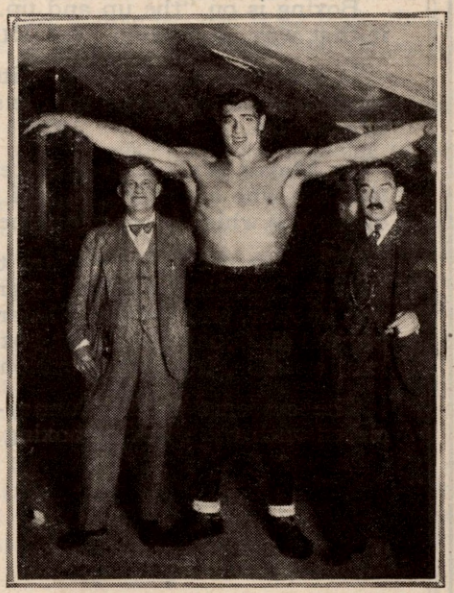
Should I find your SECRET PUNCH not easily delivered or that it is not a sure K. O. or that it can be parried, blocked or guarded, I am to get back my $2.98, plus postage. This K. O. PUNCH is to enable me to K. O. any man in ring or self defense, I having both right and left to hit him at will and he being so tied up that he cannot hit me with either hand till I have him knocked out, thus making me a fighter almost at once.

Name.....Age.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

AN IDEAL CHRISTMAS GIFT



Primo Carnera, Italian Giant, with his manager, Leon See, on right, and Gus Martel, from whom Carnera has consented to take pointers in an effort to redeem himself for the defeat at the hands of Jim Maloney

Thank You, Mr. Farley!

GOOD news for boxing—good news right down the line! Improved conditions show in all sections of the country, and triumph for those who are behind clean sport and unimpeachable competition.

The most important news has to do with James A. Farley, chairman of the New York Commission, and one of the most aggressive fighters for the good health of boxing.

Some time ago it was reported that, because of his duties in the councils of the Democratic Party in New York, it would become necessary for Farley to resign as head of the New York boxing body. Those close to the situation in New York became alarmed. They did not know who would get the post if Farley quit, but they realized that no matter who succeeded to the office, he would lack the background, authority and firmness which for years have featured Farley's administration of boxing affairs.

However, all doubt has been removed by Farley's announcement that he is going to stick. He realizes that boxing in New York needs him more than ever. He knows that boxing is being attacked by insincere foes all over the country, and that the other states look to New York for leadership.

Boxing is to be congratulated, and Farley is to be thanked for his change of mind and his resolve to stick by the ship. He is the one man for the job, and he is especially needed at this time, with racketeers throwing jealous eyes on boxing and certain newspapers slinging mud at the game.

The general integrity of the New York Commission and the health of the game in that state were stressed by the trial of Tim Mara's case against Gene Tunney, in which the former titleholder got the verdict.

The evidence in this case emphasized the sincerity of Farley, William Muldoon and George Brower who, at the time, held the post since taken by General Phelan.

It was shown in the trial that influence from high quarters counted for naught against the tenacity of purpose of the commission, which permitted the Dempsey-Tunney fight to go to Philadelphia because it was convinced that Harry Wills deserved the chance.

Boxing is on "the up and up." Farley and his associates have done a tremendous job in keeping it that way, and again THE RING felicitates Farley. And again it thanks him.

It also thanks, on behalf of its thousands of RING readers, Mayor James J. Walker, who has come forth in strongest terms for the support of the game which he sponsored while in the New York State Legislature.

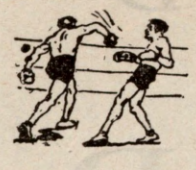
As Mayor Walker so aptly remarked, "It is not the sport of boxing which is at fault, but some of the men who are in it. If, as I understand, some of the legislators will introduce a bill for the repeal of the law which bears my name, I shall go to Albany to fight for the life of boxing."

When, as the Tunney-Mara trial showed, despite so much political pressure, the New York State Boxing Commission stood its ground firmly and refused to be stampeded, Messrs. Farley, Muldoon and Brower, and General Phelan who, at the time, was chairman of the License Committee, provided beyond all doubt proof that boxing, so far as the Empire State is concerned, is in the hands of a fearless, sensible, highly meritorious commission.

The evidence in the Tunney-Mara trial should prove to the muckrakers that not everything associated with the sport of boxing is what they picture it to be.

Nat Fleischer

Brittle Lightweights *Arouse* Dempsey



By Jack Dempsey

WHAT has come over our boxers? In asking this question I refer pointedly to the quick knockout of Al Singer by Tony Canzoneri, who must have been as surprised as anybody else when he got the lightweight championship in less than two minutes.

Imagine this famous title being won in less than a round, and lost in less than two minutes! Why, it just doesn't seem right, that's all. I am not taking a sock at little Singer, nor am I criticizing Mandell. But it seems to me that when a situation such as that which has developed in the lightweight class comes along, we ought to begin taking stock.

It doesn't seem to speak much for the current crop of lightweights when you consider that famous battlers like Gans and Nelson, Ritchie and Leonard, Wolgast and Rivers, all struggled through ripping, hard hitting, tearing contests which went rounds and rounds.

I know Canzoneri's capabilities pretty well and I think most critics underrated him. I like Tony and I think he is a great little fighter, yet he didn't figure to score a one-round knockout.

All of which makes it look pretty hot for yours truly, when he begins to make THE RING ratings for 1930. I am going to do that job again for THE RING, and I have accumulated a lot of data which already promises one of the toughest tasks ever attempted in that direction. I have many surprises for fight fan, manager, promoter and boxer. Read them in the next issue.

I wish I had my old pal, Tex Rickard, back again to help me. Tex had an uncanny insight into fights and fighters, and I know that we all miss him more than we care to admit.

We've all learned a lot about the fight game in the two years since his death, and the more we delve into the intricacies of boxing, the more we feel the great loss of the world's greatest promoter.

* * *

NOW I would like to go back to the case of Singer. Here we find a boxer who was steered wrong. I am in favor of a champion fighting everybody at or near his weight, and fighting as often as is consistent with his policy and his physical abilities.

But that Singer meeting with McLarnin, in which Al was knocked out before he could get a chance to defend his title as the world's lightweight champion, was poor management.

Why, the man in the street, who is not close to fighters, could see how wrong it was to send Singer against the heavier, harder hitting McLarnin, the greatest socker, weight for weight, in the game today. However, I went all over that last month in THE RING.

Now we see the results of that beating by McLarnin. Some of the New York boxing writers tell me that when Singer was stopped by Jimmy, the New Yorker suffered an injury to his spine. I do not believe the injury was physical. It was more mental.

Singer's confidence was raised when he stopped Mandell. Imagine the feelings of the youngster when he was stopped by McLarnin. All the favorable psychology that had been built up by the victory over Mandell was destroyed by McLarnin's punches. I thought it would be just that way and my judgment was vindicated.

When Singer met Canzoneri, he realized that something was wrong. He felt that he wasn't so good, after all. This weakened his determination and made him easy prey for the knockout. That is the positive solution of the mystery which developed when Singer was laid low and Tony gained the championship.

I am not slighting Canzoneri when I say that, for there is no greater admirer of Tony than myself. He lost to Mandell by a hairline verdict and he has never yet failed to please. He's a fighter if ever there was one, but in that bout with Singer, he had Al licked from the start because of that McLarnin beating.

* * *

HOW about the big boys? The situation among the heavies makes me sick. In all sincerity, I am very much wrapped up in the idea that we ought to have a real champion and a lot of action.

But from the looks of things, we are in a worse position than ever.

One fighter wants to battle, the other wants to rest. One thinks a real fight would revive interest, another prefers to wait for better times. It's a sad muddle.

You know, they say in a lot of places that there is no real interest in boxing. Take it from me, that is the bunk. Boxing is as live an issue as ever, but the boxers and the matchmakers are the ones at fault.

I go around quite a bit and every time the attraction warrants, I see a full house.

In other words, those promoters who are unwilling to take a chance and are trying to lure the fans into poor matches and contests between cheap fighters, fail.

The boxing fan cannot be fooled. Give him a good-looking match and he will come through. This was proved in New York when La Barba fought Chocolate; when Singer battled Canzoneri, and McLarnin fought Petrolle.

At these contests the old cry of depression was not heard. But when you send a champion against a palooka, or two third-raters against each other, John Public very politely thumbs his nose and goes out and buys another piece of fruit from the unemployed apple vendor.

In other words, boxing is as strong as ever, but a lot of promoters in the game have done the weakening. I think they have learned their lesson, and that we are going to make an upward swing from now on.

* * *

I WAS extremely pleased in reading Nat Fleischer's editorial in the last issue in which he offered $1,000 to anyone who would come forth with convincing proof that five fights in two years have been faked. The muckrakers have gone far enough.

The editorial hit the mark and received favorable comment in every place where I appeared during the past month.

Dempsey's RING Ratings

JACK DEMPSEY is preparing his annual rating of boxers for THE RING. There are many surprises in his selection. Every fighter, manager, promoter and fight fan will want one or more copies of his rating for reference.

The next issue, the February number of THE RING is going to be a

Knockout!
Don't Miss It

"Get your amateur and I'll bet $2500 John L. will put him away in a couple of rounds"

BLUE BLOOD VS. RED

Inside Story of Private Go in Which Herman Oelrichs of New York's "400" met John L. Sullivan

By ED W. SMITH

ALWAYS and ever, has the rich sportsman nursed the yen of some day being credited with the discovery of the world's greatest fighting man. No matter if his immediate specialty be the handling of a yacht, possession of a none-such polo wrist, the superlative twist of the racing car's wheel, ownership of a thoroughbred stable that has derbies and futurities at its mercy—yes, even the controlling interest of a mighty championship baseball team—there's a lure always to dabble into the BUSINESS OF FIGHTING, foreign as it may be to him.

There's a lure to that thing of being the first to discover some tremendous man of ring brawn, the pugilistic gem of purest rays serene, that boastful gesture of saying, "I found him," and the subsequent chest-inflation and pitying looks at the unlucky fellows who didn't have the ability to uncover such rare talent.

There's that about the fighting game, and the richer the sportsman, the more deeply he seems to be intrigued. They may publicly pooh-pooh any such suggestion, their social position being such, but 'way down under—way, way down—it's there, that yen to be sort of godfather to the great fighting prospect.

With this brief preamble, true fifty years ago as it is in this third decade of a new century, let's proceed with the story.

* * *

THEY were seated around a table at the fag end of a lawn party in Newport and fashion was bidding stilted and finger-tipped farewells to host and hostess. A little group of men high in several circles lingered on. And at the fag end of such affairs in the late '80's, vintage wines flowed commonly and men became exhilarated—nothing more.

John L. Sullivan had but recently closed one of his corn-belt and kerosene-lamp circuit tours. He had been eminently successful in knocking out a lot of badly-advised chaps who attempted to win Pat Sheedy's $1,000 for anybody who could stick four rounds with Boston's Strong Boy and favorite athletic son.

"They'll be a long time beating Ol' John L.," remarked a complacent Bostonian when the subject had turned to the possibility of a match being made soon with Charley Mitchell, an affair then brewing. "That old scoundrel'll be champion just as long as he wants to be or can toddle into a ring," and the amiable Hubite blew some big rings of smoke over the table.

"Some dub'll come along one of these days and take him sure," stuck in John Brewster, a New York Athletic Club man. "I'm not so keen for Sullivan's work," and then as the argument grew rather warm and fingers were shaken across the table, this loyal New Yorker added:

"In fact, we've got an amateur at my club that would be a sure thing to get that thousand if he would ever consent to go out for it. As a matter of fact, I'm not so sure that he couldn't lick Sullivan in a straightaway fight with the gloves!"

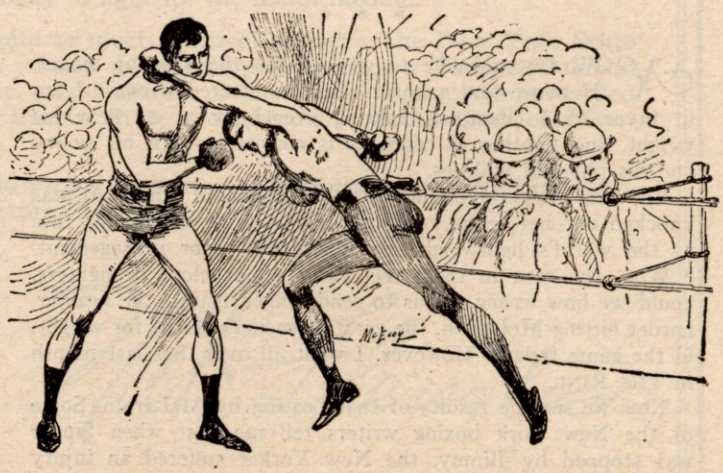
That statement shook the rafters of the Bostonian's civic pride, to say nothing of the slam it took at his athletic judgment. Heated words followed. "Get your amateur and I'll bet you $2,500 that John'll put him away inside of a couple of rounds, if your amateur can screw up enough courage to get into the ring with him," said the Hubite.

* * *

CHECKS were posted finally on the basis of a ten-round encounter providing, of course, that John L. would consent, the amateur to win if he happened to be there at the end of thirty minutes of actual fighting. The identity of this simon pure New York A. C. boxer was to be carefully guarded.

The whole thing, without the slightest publicity, was put into the hands of Patsy Sheppard and he approached Sullivan with the proposition. They were to sell a limited number of tickets at a fancy price, the thing was to be absolutely private, and John to get the ticket money and half of the mainstake.

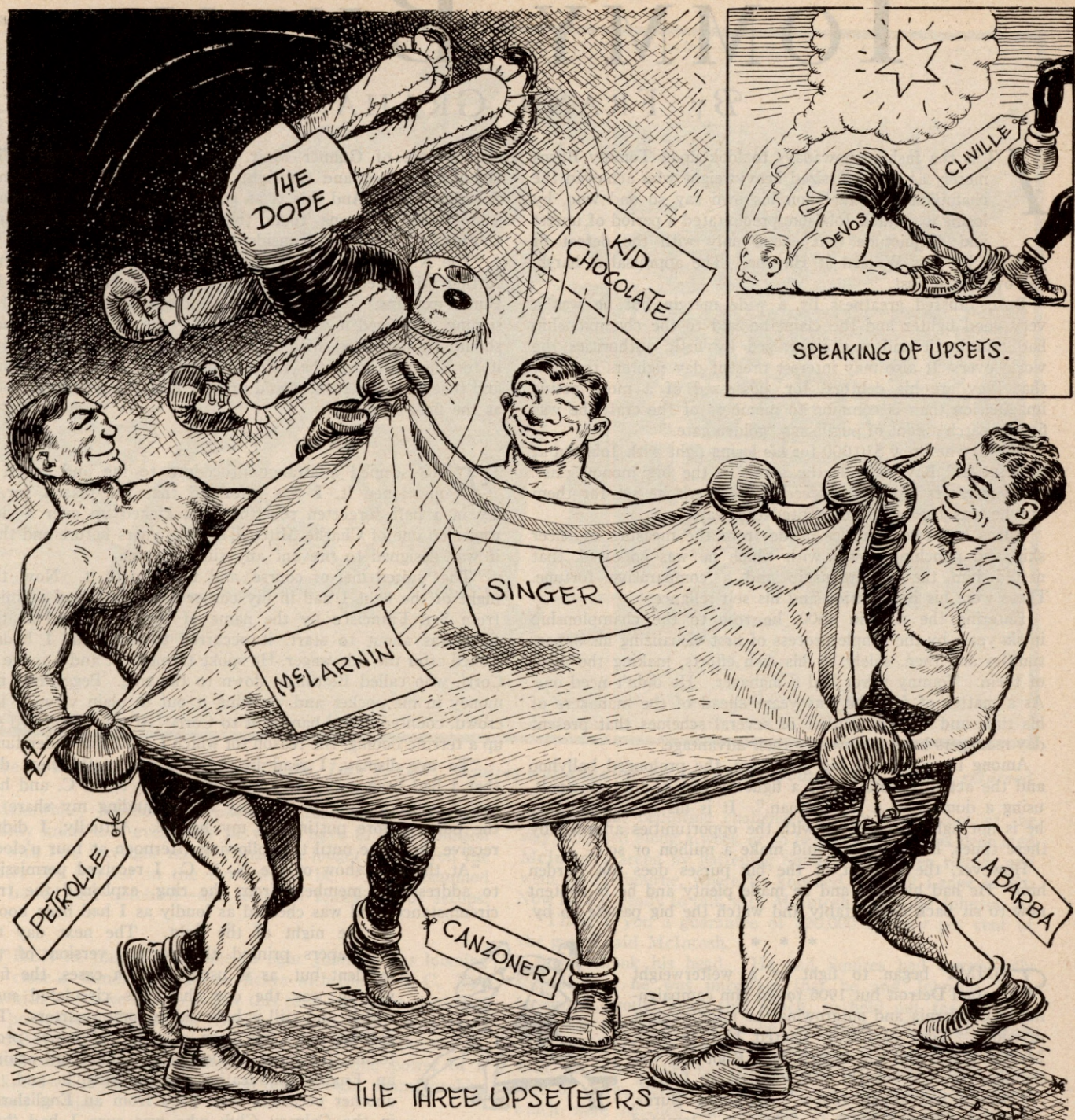
John L. had a hearty guffaw out of the proposition. "Sure I'll box him for that kind of money," the champion roared. And that was, I think, the origin of his famous remark that "all I need for this is a haircut and a shave." (*Continued on page* 41)

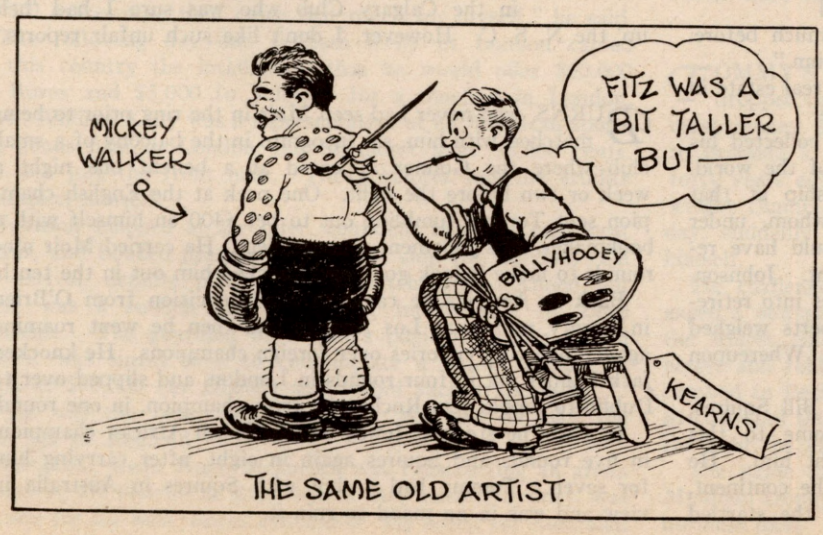


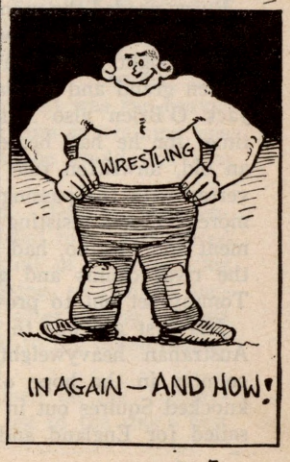
Oelrichs, the giant young amateur, towering over Sullivan, surprised the gathering of sports in the Long Island barn

Fistic Cartoonettes

By "Lank" Leonard







TOMMY BURNS

By FRANK GRAHAM

IT is the fashion nowadays to look upon Tommy Burns merely as an undersized heavyweight who achieved the championship largely on his own say so and who, by losing it to Jack Johnson, precipitated a period of unrest and disquietude that ended only with the defeat of Johnson by Jess Willard at Havana. The appraisal is harsh, narrow and unjust.

Burns missed greatness by a wide margin but he was a very good fighter and the claim he laid to the championship had real merit and was recognized by fistic authorities the world over. It also may interest present day fighters to know that they are his debtors, for, possessed of a more active imagination than is common to members of the craft, he was first to catch a glint of pugilism's "golden gate."

The day he drew $30,000 for his losing fight with Johnson at Rushcutters' Bay, he put the game in the big money class. His successors have far exceeded the mark he set for them but he was the one who pointed the way.

Burns had two qualities, aside from the measure of sheer skill and punching power with which he was endowed, that netted him the championship and a comparative fortune. These were his imagination and his self-reliance.

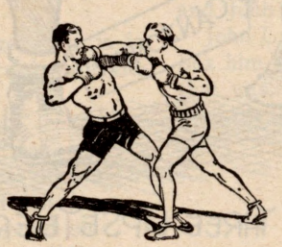
Entering the ring in 1900, he rose to the championship in six years by the simple process of first visualizing his opportunities and then, solely by his own efforts, making the most of them. Tommy never had a manager. He didn't need one. As a matter of fact, he was years ahead of the managers of his time and was the author of several schemes that present day managers have followed to their advantage.

Among these are the big guarantee, the prolonged ballyhoo and the actual promotion of a fight by one of the principals, using a dummy as a "front man." It is his misfortune that he is not fighting now, for with the opportunities afforded by these times, he probably could make a million or so.

However, the thought of the big purses does not burden him. He had his fling and he made plenty and he is content now to sit back comfortably and watch the big parade go by.

* * *

TOMMY began to fight as a welterweight around Detroit but 1906 found him campaigning in California and outgrowing the middleweight division. Tom McCarey wanted him to fight Marvin Hart, who had beaten Jack Root and was claiming the heavyweight title vacated by Jeffries.



"He's a big, tough fellow," demurred Burns.

"I'll give you $15,000 to fight him," tempted McCarey, knowing Tommy never had got that much before.

"I'll take it," said Burns. "Send for the big bum."

Burns needed the money. He had bought some real estate in California and there were payments falling due.

He fought Hart, beat him in twenty rounds, collected his fifteen grand and proclaimed himself champion of the world. Jack O'Brien also was claiming the championship at that time, for he had beaten Bob Fitzsimmons to whom, under an old, unwritten rule of the ring, the title would have reverted with the passing of Jeffries into retirement. Johnson, moreover, was insisting that he had driven Jeffries into retirement and he, too, had lodged a claim. The experts weighed the rival claims and gave the nod to Burns. Whereupon Tommy set out to prove they were right.

His first act was to grab the chance to fight Bill Squires, Australian heavyweight champion, who had come to this country in the hope of inducing Jeffries to fight him. He knocked Squires out in a round, hurried across the continent, sailed for England and hurled a challenge into the startled countenance of Gunner Moir, the English champion. The Gunner accepted and the fight was put on by the National Sporting Club. And this is as good a spot as any to correct a story that has gone 'round the world and, at one time and another, caused Burns considerable annoyance.

"The N. S. C. put up a purse of £1,500 for the fight and further stipulated that a side wager of £200 should be laid," Burns explains. "When the articles were given to me for signing, I noticed it was set forth that the side wager money should be deposited with Peggy Bettinson, who was to give it to Eugene Corri, the referee, before we entered the ring and that Corri, in turn, would present it to the winner as soon as the fight was over.

* * *

"THIS seemed a strange procedure to me and, when I questioned it, I was informed that the reason for it lay in a half forgotten row that was kicked up over a side wager on one of Charlie Mitchell's fights years before and that it was designed to prevent any similar rows.

"That suited me, of course, and I agreed to it. Now, the night of the fight I had in my corner a young friend of mine from San Francisco by the name of Billy Neil and as the fight was about to start, it occurred to him that I hadn't looked after the side wager. He spoke to me of it and I spoke to Corri, who called Bettinson down to the ring. Peggy had the money in his pocket and, drawing it out in plain view of the crowd, counted it and handed it to Corri. At this the crowd set up a terrific booing, the reason for which I could not understand.

"To my dismay, I read in the newspapers the next day that I had been guilty of an affront to the N. S. C. and had cast a reflection on its integrity by demanding my share of the purse before putting up my hands! Actually, I didn't receive the purse until the following afternoon at four o'clock.

"At the next show of the N. S. C., I received permission to address the members from the ring, explained the true circumstances and was cheered as loudly as I had been booed on the night of the fight. The next day the newspapers printed the correct version of the incident but, as is usual in such cases, the first version was the one that was circulated most widely and still is believed in some quarters. The garbled story has been a source of minor profit to me, for I once collected on a libel suit against an English publication for printing it and, on another occasion, won $500 from an Englishman in the Calgary Club who was sure I had 'held up' the N. S. C. However, I don't like such unfair reports."

* * *

BURNS, who never had seen Moir in the ring prior to being matched with him, sat incognito in the balcony of a small club where the Gunner appeared at a benefit one night a week or two before the fight. One peek at the English champion sent Tommy tumbling out to bet £400 on himself with a bookmaker. His judgment was excellent. He carried Moir nine rounds to make it look good and knocked him out in the tenth.

Back to America he came to win a decision from O'Brien in twenty rounds at Los Angeles and then he went roaming again, collecting victories over foreign champions. He knocked Jack Palmer out in four rounds in London, and slipped over to Dublin to topple Jem Roche, the Irish champion, in one round.

In Paris he stopped Jewey Smith, South African champion, in five rounds and Squires again in eight, after carrying him for seven. Tommy had a shot with Squires in Australia in view and was in no mood to ruin it.

First Fighter to Catch a Glint of Pugilism's "Golden Gate"

Scene in Burns-Squires fight at Colma, July 4, 1907. Squires was knocked out in the first round. Jim Jeffries refereed

Meanwhile, Johnson was bawling across the seas at him. Tommy knew that eventually he would have to fight Johnson but with rare foresight realized that the longer he delayed the greater the interest in the fight would be. So he hemmed and hawed and quibbled—and went on knocking out setups.

* * *

WHEN he thought the time to fight Johnson was looming close at hand, he began to dicker with the N. S. C. The man with whom he had to dicker this time was Lord Lonsdale, the predominant figure in British boxing, who authorized the club to offer a purse equivalent to $12,500 for the match. Burns, with a keen appreciation of the drawing power of a black-and-white fight for the world heavyweight championship, laughed at him.

"I'll make more than twice that much for myself," he said.

The following day one William Kelly of London cabled to this country the intelligence that he would offer $30,000 to Burns and $5,000 to Johnson for a meeting in London. Now, William Kelly was a representative of an American sporting goods firm in London and he didn't have 35,000 cents. He was just the front man. The promoter was the erudite champion himself.

Johnson snapped at the offer, confident that he could beat Burns, and booked passage on the first ship for London. On his arrival, definite plans for the match were outlined but there was a sudden and compelling interference by Lord Lonsdale. The guardian of Britain's pugilistic ethics vowed that it was sinful even to contemplate a fighter getting as much as $30,000 (or £6,000) and forbid such a spectacle.

"He was the boss," says Burns. "We had to take the fight out of England."

Australia, where Hugh McIntosh was constructing an arena to seat 20,000 persons at Rushcutters' Bay outside Sydney, was the site for the mill, Burns concluded. He sailed for Australia, and Johnson, bellowing challenges at him every knot of the way, steamed along a week or so behind him. Burns dedicated McIntosh's arena by flattening Squires in thirteen rounds and went to Melbourne, where he knocked out Bill Lange in six. Now he was ready to talk with McIntosh about the Johnson go.

"I'll give you a guarantee of $20,000 or fifty per cent of the gate," said McIntosh.

Burns shook his head. He and Squires had drawn only $65,000 and he was uncertain that he and Johnson, both foreigners, would draw that much, so held out for $30,000.

It was the only mistake he ever made. The fight drew $121,000. He had figured himself out of an extra $30,000. Still, no fighter ever had got $30,000 for a single fight, win, lose or draw, before. The purse was the golden egg from which were hatched the millions of Dempsey and Tunney.

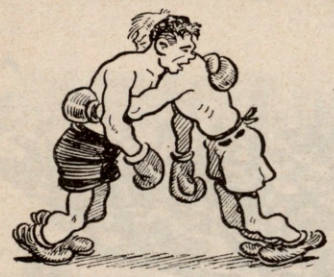
* * *

TOMMY'S last fight was of a pattern with that in which he dropped the title to Johnson—he lost the fight but got the most money and this time he went through with his plan to promote a fight himself. It was in 1920. Tommy, now forty years old, was in England. Joe Beckett was the heavyweight champion and Tommy, watching him in training one day, suddenly conceived the notion that he could lick him himself.

He challenged Beckett, who accepted. Tommy then engaged a newspaper friend to act as his front man, and rented the Albert Hall. Time had taken its toll of Tommy's leg power and robbed his punches of their sting, so that he succumbed to Beckett in seven rounds—but after paying Beckett $16,000 and settling all the bills incidental to the promotion of the fight, he cleared $20,000 for himself.

The name of Tommy Burns, emblazoned on the Tunney-Muldoon trophy, belongs as well on any list of the ring's best business men.

Goldberg Goes Into



Dresses were in a slump so Jake started Sidney in a new line and got a daughter-in-law

JAKE GOLDBERG of the Savoie Styles, Inc., spat an expletive. "A black year on the dress business. Here is another cancellation, from the McGrogery Chain Stores in Youngstown. Business is so rotten that believe me, in another week, I am starting selling apples on the corner."

Sidney Goldberg, twenty-two and just out of Yale, sat on the opposite side of the big office, dictating letters to Miss Rose McGeeghan.

"Business is bad right down the line, father," volunteered Sidney. "You rant as if you were the only one hit. Take a look at the Business Troubles column. Five of our competitors failed this week."

"Yeh, they failed already, but your father is so dumb, he doesn't even know how to go into this here bankruptcy," moaned Goldberg, Sr.

"You know darned well you wouldn't quit if the whole industry went under," Sidney chaffed. "Why, where would you spend the day? You don't play chess, like Mr. Rosenberg. You don't play pinochle, like Mr. Feltman. You don't chase around shows and cabarets, like your friend Myerbloom. If you couldn't come down here and rave about the cancellations, mother probably would have to divorce you in a month."

"Listen to him, yet, Miss McGeeghan," chuckled Jake. "His mother would divorce me! When together we grew up on the East Side and started in two rooms and in two years I am getting six dollars a week as a basting puller. Listen to that Yaler."

Sidney gave Rose the wink, and they continued their work, while Jake kept laughing so hard at the idea of divorce that he forgot all about the McGrogery catastrophe in Youngstown.

* * *

"*GEVALT!*" shouted Jake Goldberg one morning a fortnight later. "This here is positively the last straw. My old pal, Joe Strudelbaum in Pittsburgh, sends me back six garments of that number A-16—six of the finest dresses ever turned out by Savoie Styles, Inc. Cancellations and returns, and business is getting so worse that absolutely I am ashamed to come down here in the morning and look myself in the face."

Sidney Goldberg offered a suggestion.

"Now, father, you say business is terrible. Okeh! Why not pack your trunk and take mother to Havana or Palm Beach. I'll hold the fort here. I can read cancellations as well as you can, and I can receive returns maybe better."

"Listen to him. Havana, Palm Beach, like as if his father was made of money," groaned Jake. "Instead of making some suggestion that conditions should be better, he gives me an idea which, if my creditors saw me yet in Cuba or Florida, they would rush me into bankruptcy. A wise son I got it out of Yale.

"Why don't I go to Europe? Or suppose Australia and Japan and China is calling me, like it says in the resort and travel section of the Sunday papers?" Jake spat an exclamation.

"In reference to yours of the 12th, and your cancellation of Order No. 104, given to our Mr. Rosenblank," Sidney started to dictate, when old Jake almost threw a fit and rushed out of the office shouting a vehement, *"Gevalt!* Murder!"

Two weeks later—and business still terrible. Jake sat at his desk, chin hanging on his chest. Tears running down his face.

"You said to me the other day, Sidney, you said, what would I do if the business went out of existence, didn't you?"

Jake handed Sidney a notice from the bank. The latest statement of Savoie Styles, Inc., wasn't to the liking of Morton Kremener, the president of the First City Bank.

"We got to do something, Sidney," wailed Jake. "We got to get busy."

He sat there thinking. An hour later his face beamed. "I got an idea at last. We need money, and you are the feller which brings it in."

"But how, father? What do I do? Don't tell me I have to marry that ugly red-nosed Louise Dampfer. Not for a million!"

Miss Rose McGeeghan suddenly developed a most beautiful blush and found business elsewhere in the showroom.

"Listen, your father ain't so hard up he wants you to get married for money, because in the first place I turned down a chance myself to get free board for two years, and what did I do? I married for love, and peddled chair seats for a year in New York.

"No, I got another idea entirely, and when you go home tonight, after a nice dinner of *sauerbraten*, I will tell you all the details."

* * *

DINNER was over. Mrs. Goldberg slumped in the big easy chair near the radio. Papa Goldberg sat with Sidney over the cleared table.

"The idea is, Sidney, you should be a fighter," Jake exploded. Mama almost fell into the radio, and Sidney looked as if his father had gone crazy.

"Listen. This here Salzer Kid—is he bigger and stronger than you? He becomes yet a champeen, and gets $50,000, imagine, $50,000 in one night, which you understand he fights yet two minutes, maybe.

"Remember this Benny Leonard? He owns this house that we are living in. To-morrow he comes for the rent, and will I tell him I ain't got it? I will!

"Remember this Leach Cross? You know, old man Wallach's boy, which he is graduated as a dentist and what does he do? Makes thousands and thousands of dollars.

"Now, you are educated. You are a fighter for Yale. What could be simpler and sweeter? Goldberg of Yale becomes a champeen, and pulls Savoie Styles, Inc., out of a terrible business depression.

"You don't even have to call yourself Goldberg. Kelly, or McCabe, or—wait a minute—Kid McGeeghan."

Sidney blushed to the roots of his hair. "Please leave Miss Rose out of this, father."

"Listen to them quarrel about a joke yet," said Mama Goldberg, now recovered from her astonishment.

"Joke nothing, Mama. Sidney to-morrow commences he should be a champeen fighter, get $50,000 or maybe $100,000, and pull Savoie Styles, Inc., out of trouble. I'll show that miser Kremener."

It had developed into an obsession with Jake Goldberg. True, so many young men had won titles and fortunes without even mussing their hair that Jake was entitled to his conception of champions and the ease with which ring riches could be picked up.

a New Business

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

To humor the old man, Sidney began to attend a gymnasium daily. He had been quite a boxer in college, and now he was stronger, set. He found a startling exhilaration in putting on the gloves again and going four rounds with Jack Demaine, the one-time welter champion, who was instructor at the Municipal Athletic Club.

Two weeks went by, a month, and Sidney became downright enthusiastic. He grew stronger, full of life. He had thrown off the lethargy that had come with a sedentary life in the offices and showrooms of his father's business.

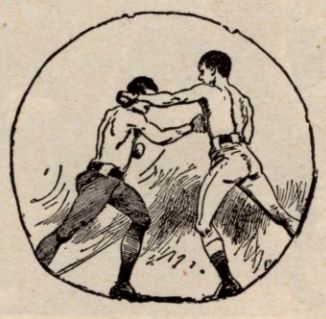
"Boy, you look great," Demaine told him one evening, as they finished a six-round tussle. "In another two months I'd make a fighter of you." And he laughed at the idea.

"Jack, that's just what my dad wants me to do," Sidney confided in his instructor. Demaine listened, and whistled.

"Say, here's my hand on it," the former champion said. "In two months I'll have you ready for the Garden. In six months you will be going the semi-final. And inside of a year—well, who knows? You may look great in the gym, like Bombardier Wells, and not so good in the ring. I'd like a chance to try you out. I think you've got the guts."

* * *

A MONTH later, and old Jake was impatient. "More rotten business, and this here boy of mine is training like he thinks he's going to fight Dempsey. Those fighters now are a lot of ham-fatters. I'll bet you are stronger now than any of those fellers which fight in Madison Square Garden. You look bright, and strong. When is the big night?"



Sidney kept training with Demaine. One evening Jack brought in Larry Logan, manager of fighters, and an old campaigner, well known all over the country.

Logan sat while Demaine and Sidney had it out for four brisk rounds.

"My opinion?" Logan spat. He always spat when he got serious. "Ten years ago I would tell you to go fly a kite. But now, things are different. You can make yourself a lot of dough. The Yale Kid. Fighters now are a lot of dudes. They can't hit. They like to fool around cabarets. Never in real shape. A slap, and they are knocked out. Yes, fighters are so terrible that I think even you, at twenty-two, have a whale of a chance.

"I'll take you in hand. Get ready for your first fight. Who'll you be? I know! Sid Cohen, the College Kid. Get ready. Four rounds at the Nonpareil."

Logan spat again, and was off.

"He says you have the makings," Demaine told Sidney, as Goldberg, Jr., went off to keep a date with Miss McGeeghan.

* * *

SATURDAY night at the Nonpareil Club. Sixty rounds of boxing—one, two and three dollars. You fought, or Bill Brody threw you out of the ring. He was one of those old fashioned promoters, and his own referee.

Saturday night, and Rose McGeeghan and old Jake at the ringside. The third fight—four rounds—Sid Cohen, the College Kid, against Rosario Lozaleo, the Argentine Whirlwind.

Clang!

Lozaleo was one of a large class of fourth-rate fighters known as stumblebums. Lozaleo never had had a chance and after four years of poor showings, was worse than ever. In the third round they carried the Argentine Whirlwind out of the ring.

Trevino, at the Nonpareil, in two heats. Murray Malolo, in four—decision on points, at the Commonwealth.

"About time you found out if this is going to be your business," Logan told him one night. "McLomand, in the Garden in three weeks—the semi-final bout. Ten rounds, $2,000 for your end. If you win—well, that's all up to you.

"I had to knock McWaddell down to get the match. If you flop on me, I'm ruined. But there you are—McLomand."

Logan spat, and off he went, while Sidney Goldberg walked home in the frost to think it over. It was a far cry from Yale and the career he had visioned to McLomand and the Garden, but business still was terrible, old Jake repeated.

* * *

A BIG night in the Garden. About 18,000 fans jammed into the arena to see the battle for the lightweight championship. And Sid Cohen, the College Kid, in the semi-final with Johnny McLomand, the Winnipeg Buzzsaw. McLomand was on his way to the welterweight title and Cohen was rated just a warmup.

"Put him on to get the Jewish vote, which was necessary with two Irish lads battling in the final," McWaddell explained to McLomand.

McLomand's rushing style made it look bad for Sid for a minute but Cohen proved adroit with his hands. He was clever, shifty, fast. He slipped prettily with punches, came inside to hook an occasional left to the body. McLomand finished the round with a wholesome respect for his opponent's science.

"Another one of them shifty Jewish lads," said Jimmy Fraser, McLomand's handler. "Rush him and hit hard. Don't let him get set."

McLomand rushed, but Cohen kept right at his job, feinting, lunging, weaving, and piling up points.

So it went for four rounds. McLomand was getting desperate. Old man Goldberg, sitting in the front row with Rose McGeeghan, was in a sweat of excitement, in a furore of expectation.

"Just like I told you, Miss Rose. Sidney is a great boy, and I can count that $50,000 already—and that miser Kemener at the bank, he'll come to my door asking me to come back, the low-life."

They went four and they fought the fifth. It was Cohen on points, and the Garden a bedlam, while the experts wondered whether they were glimpsing another startling sensation.

* * *

IT happened in the seventh round. The sixth had not been so happy for Cohen. McLomand's rushing style had begun to tire the Yale boy. The year in the office had returned to exact its toll. Cohen's legs were tired. He had not had enough road work. Too much training in a gymnasium.

They sparred. Cohen feinted, McLomand waited, then came tearing in with a left to the heart. Cohen jabbed with his left, but McLomand tore down his guard and ripped a left to the jaw and a right to the wind. They closed in, and Mac sent some wicked short ones to the jaw.

"Stitch" McCarney tore them apart. Cohen was puffing. An eye was cut. His lower lip was bleeding.

He moved around, then began to box again. For a while he had McLomand stopped. Then the Winnipeg Buzzsaw came in with a short left to the button, and Sidney Goldberg, otherwise Cohen, the College Kid, sprawled on the canvas.

The crowd shouted encouragement. (*Continued on page* 44)

In the DAYS *of* MOB RULE

By ARTHUR T. LUMLEY

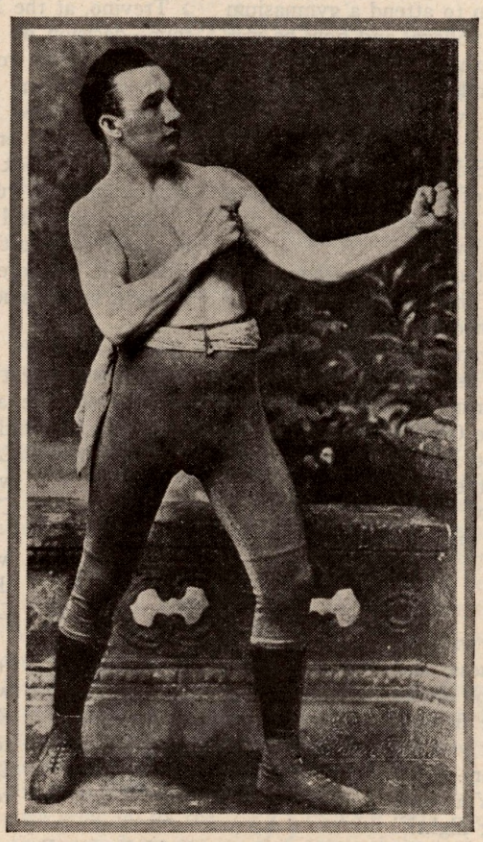
Oldest Sports Writer In America

PROBABLY the most thrilling and spectacular skin glove fight in American ring history was that sixty-four-round battle between Jack McAuliffe, then the world's lightweight champion, and Billy Myers, the celebrated "Streator Cyclone," at North Judson, Indiana, on the morning of February 23, 1889, with the thermometer registering out of doors two degrees below zero.

It was a battle between the East and the Middle West in many respects and the desperate fans from the latter section of the country were out to win by hook or crook, for they had bet all their coin on Myers to demolish the champion.

What a violent, fierce mob that Streator gang was! They were armed to the teeth, ready at the drop of the hat to take any reckless chance to down McAuliffe.

The mob kept the plucky champion and his manager, Billy Madden, out on the cold roads a couple of hours to freeze and chill them into discomfort and discouragement. This was tough on the champion, considering he was without food for some fifteen hours, and he suffered greatly from the cold and hunger, for the agreement called for the fighters to weigh in at 133 pounds ringside and McAuliffe was obliged to abstain from food or even a drink of water in order to make the weight.



Jack McAuliffe, world's lightweight champion, as he looked when he fought Billy Myers

Almost immediately after Jack scaled the required weight, he drank a glass of sherry and ate a cupful of jelly soaked in brandy. Soon after he became quite dizzy, but Madden assured him it was caused by his long fast.

* * *

THE famous Mike McDonald, of Chicago, was the referee and he declared he would give both fighters fair play as far as he possibly could and hoped the big crowd of gunmen behind Myers would do likewise.

"I'm on the level, boys," said McDonald sternly, "and I won't stand for any crookedness. You can bet your life on that."

Dick Roche, McAuliffe's faithful old backer, had bet probably $20,000 on the champion and some few of the latter's friends from Chicago and New York had taken all the money in sight on McAuliffe. This made the battle all the more serious and intensive.

There was no heat in the big upper room of the bleak old wooden building where the crude ring was erected, so the crowd had to keep hopping around very lively to keep from freezing. The only stove in the building was in the barroom below and that spot was filled by a lot of hayseeders, who were anxious to crash the gate, but couldn't get by the tough doormen.

When the mill finally started, the champion seemed to be quite confused and groggy in his actions. He missed several times and acted very strangely indeed.

"What's the matter, Jack?" asked Billy Madden, who was officiating as McAuliffe's principal second. "Don't you feel well?"

"Why I can see a dozen of Myers dancing before me in the ring, I'm as dopey as a Bowery bum," answered the champion half dazed between the rounds.

"Keep away for a few rounds, until you get your bearings. You'll be all right soon," assured Madden, who was quite alarmed at McAuliffe's strange condition.

In the next round Jack, by some strategic flash, nailed Billy a stinging wallop on the left cheek, but the blow was too high or it would have been a knockout. Still this one effective hit probably saved McAuliffe's bacon, as Myers kept away at long range and refused to mix it up with the champion.

* * *

AT this stage of the conflict the cranky old village constable appeared upon the scene displaying his tin shield. He ordered all hands out of the building.

"In the name of the law I order this 'ere disgraceful muss stopped. Yer must all git out of here," shouted the gosh darned old hayseed constable in a shrill cracked voice.

Dick Roche took the infuriated officer aside and soothed him down with a fifty-dollar bill.

"Kinder keep the boys quiet, neighbor, and it'll be O. K." said the constable as he softly sneaked down the long stairs leading to the barroom.

Quite a nimble gent from Chicago known to the underworld as "Seven Up Pete," followed the soothed constable to the bar and by a little artful maneuvering quietly and quickly relieved the latter of the fifty bucks.

Back upstairs went the disgusted constable howling in the name of the law once more. Again Roche took him aside and staked him to another $50. The old hayseeder hadn't had that more than fifteen minutes when "Seven Up Pete," after throwing a few powerful mule-kick whiskies into him, appropriated the second fifty in his usual skillful manner.

By this time the old constable was quite under the influence of the hard booze. So when he went back for another fixer a couple of the husky Streator gang threw him down-stairs. Some fellow picked him up and he soon fell asleep behind the big iron stove, while the mill went on above without any further lawful interference.

* * *

WHEN McAuliffe's brain began to clear along about the twenty-fifth round, he went after his evasive opponent hammer and tongs. Myers, however, was quite a sprinter and gave the champion a very merry chase indeed.

"Why don't you stand and fight for a round, Billy, if you are such a wonderful cyclone?" asked Jack in disgust and weary of the long chase.

Time and time again, Referee McDonald kept urging Myers

Frigid Sixty-four Round Draw between Jack McAuliffe and Billy Myers Nets $8,000 Purse—and Stakes Are Stolen by Safe Crackers!

to stop running around the ring and fight, but the Cyclone was not cycloning on that occasion. He was extremely cautious and careful about taking a chance.

"I'll give you a hundred dollars every time you lead to me," said the champion to Myers. But that was no inducement to wise Billy, who only smiled at the proposition.

"Keep away from the ropes, Jack," constantly yelled Madden who knew the Streator mob intended to smash McAuliffe with a bottle, gun or club if they got a sneaking opportunity.

In the sixty-third session the square referee became so disgusted that he declared he would call the bout a draw if Myers continued with his run-around tactics.

McDonald was as good as his word, for at the end of the next round he declared the affair a draw amid great confusion and excitement. Some of the fans got into a wrangle and several rough and tumble scraps took place then and there.

Probably if McAuliffe had beaten Myers, there would have been some killing at the ringside, as the Streator mob would never have stood to lose all the money they had on their pugilist idol.

* * *

TO cap the climax, when Dick Roche, Billy Madden and Alf Kennedy, the manager and backer of Myers, went down to the barroom to split up the $8,000 gate money and stakes that were locked up in the old rusty safe, they found that some artful cracksman had jimmied the safe and made away with all the money.

There was another awful howl when the old hayseed constable was discovered snoring peacefully away in the corner in his happy booze dreams.

It was certainly a pretty tough deal for the fighters, who suffered severely from the cold during the 64 rounds of battling, surrounded by a desperate mob that was likely to start shooting any moment.

Oh, those were the happy days, boys. What a difference to the bouts and comforts that the modern fans and fighters have in our well conducted clubs nowadays. Quite a contrast, eh?

In a return match between McAuliffe and Myers at New Orleans, in 1892, McAuliffe knocked out Myers in the 15th round.

* * *

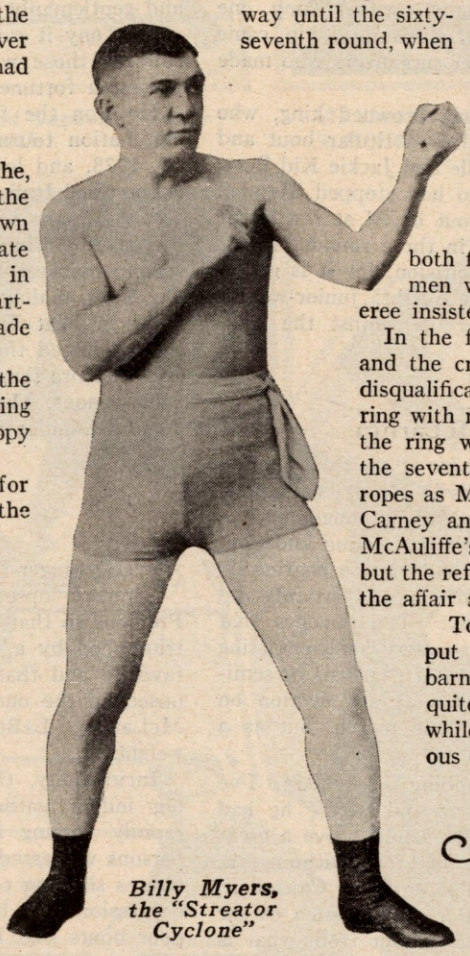
STILL another famous battle in which McAuliffe figured and in which rowdy tactics prevailed, was that in which he fought Jem Carney, British lightweight, at Revere, one of the suburbs of Boston, on November 16, 1887. I was among the sportsmen of the day fortunate enough to see this great, thrilling mill which wound up in the seventy-fourth round with Referee Stevenson calling the fight a draw after McAuliffe's friends had broken into the ring and started a free-for-all.

The referee was urged by the McAuliffe cohorts to render a verdict in favor of Jack, but this Stevenson refused to do and on the following day he announced that the battle would have to stand as a drawn affair, although in the opinion of all the non-partisan fans Carney was entitled to the verdict.

From the outset there was a bitterness in the air between the rival factions and it was feared gun play would end the affair. In the first round Carney was down three times while joy reigned supreme among the McAuliffe followers, but in the third it looked like the end of McAuliffe, so badly was he beaten.

* * *

BUT from then to the finish, it was a nip and tuck mill with terrific battling all the way until the sixty-seventh round, when both fighters fell from exhaustion. McAuliffe's men wanted the fight ended then, but the referee insisted the men go on and they did.



Billy Myers, the "Streator Cyclone"

Billy Madden, McAuliffe's manager

In the following round Carney butted McAuliffe and the crowd invaded the ring and demanded his disqualification. McAuliffe's supporters invaded the ring with regularity thereafter, but on each occasion the ring was cleared and the bout continued until the seventy-fourth round, when the crowd cut the ropes as McAuliffe was in bad shape and threatened Carney and the official and the bout was stopped. McAuliffe's men wanted the bout awarded to him, but the referee, after twenty-four hours' delay, called the affair a draw.

To prevent police interference we were all put up at the home of the owner of the barn before the fight, and immediately after quite a delegation returned with the owner while others, carrying lanterns, hiked to various other places to avoid the arms of the law.

* * *

MCAULIFFE was the principal in another most interesting bout in which it was necessary to keep on guard for fear of a police raid. That was the battle between Jack and Harry Gilmore, at Lawrence, Mass., on January 14, 1887, a contest that was fought on a cold, snowy night in a barn on the lower floor of which the Salvation Army held a meeting while the champion and his Canadian rival were waging a terrific mill.

In that affair, a bombardment of lefts and rights in the twenty-eighth round put the game Gilmore away and, immediately after, a raid was staged by rival candidates for the sheriff's office, but they arrived too late. The seconds of both fighters had whisked their men away.

At the only hotel in town, the party was refused admission, the proprietor fearing the law. But through a ruse, after McAuliffe had remained in his sleigh for more than half an hour, Dr. Hughes and Nonpareil Jack Dempsey, his handlers, gained admittance for the champion and saved him from further exposure which might have resulted fatally.

Nat FLEISCHER says:

Tony Canzoneri's Victory Is Popular
Jimmy McLarnin's Defeat Stuns Fans
November, a Month of Pugilistic Upsets

WINNING and losing a world championship in less than three minutes of actual fighting, is the new ring record set by Al Singer.

It took the New Yorker one minute and forty-six seconds to win the title from Sammy Mandell at the Polo Grounds on July 17, and forty seconds less to lose it to Tony Canzoneri, former featherweight king, in Madison Square Garden four months later. The victory of Tony, one of the most popular boys who ever held a championship, came as a distinct shock to the army of Singer supporters who made him an odds-on favorite.

Little did they dream that the newly crowned king, who had lost a hair-line verdict to Mandell in a titular bout and had been badly whipped by Billy Petrolle and Jackie Kid Berg, could take the measure of the lad who had stopped Mandell in less than half a round. The knockout of Al at the hands of the Irish Terror, Jimmy McLarnin, in three rounds, apparently didn't seem to enter into the discussion, for it is generally recognized that there isn't a lightweight, junior-welterweight or welterweight who can stand up against the Vancouver lad.

* * *

Softened by Jimmy McLarnin

THE conditions of Canzoneri and Singer at the time of their meeting and their respective records in recent encounters, alone were taken into consideration in making Singer such a big favorite but, judging by the result, the one round knockout of the champion, the McLarnin victory had quite a bearing on the outcome. Al Singer, on past performances, certainly did not figure to be knocked out by Tony. The punches that dropped him certainly did not appear to carry sufficient sting to stun the former titleholder into a state of paralysis or semi-consciousness. This should not be taken as a reflection on the ability of Tony or the honesty of the match, but as a matter of cold fact.

What, then, was wrong with the defending titleholder? I've seen Singer in all of his fights but two, and to me he had always appeared as a boy who eventually would prove a great champion. The most natural inference, therefore, without taking any credit away from a great little fighter, Tony Canzoneri, is that Jimmy McLarnin "softened" Al's chin to such extent with those solid whacks, as to make him suffer from what is commonly known in the field of fistiana as a "glass jaw." Either that, or there must be a blood clot on Singer's brain as a result of the punishment he received from McLarnin, which clot would bring on a paralysis with the least jar and cause him to act as he did in the mill with Canzoneri.

In either case, I attribute his knockout not so much to the blows of his conqueror as to the shellacking he received from McLarnin.

* * *

Canzoneri An Asset to Boxing

YET, whatever the cause, Canzoneri fully deserved the wild acclaim that greeted his victory. He is a great asset to boxing, a credit to the sport in which he has now reached the top in two divisions and would have done likewise in a third had not the Pennsylvania boxing officials compelled him to drink water before weighing in for the Bass fight in order that he scale a quarter pound over the junior-lightweight limit.

To Canzoneri go the congratulations of THE RING's army of readers, who always like to see a boy of his type reach the top rung of the pugilistic ladder. No finer, more honest and gentlemanly lad ever held the lightweight crown.

Of Tony it can be said that he never wavered in his duty towards those who have enabled him, at the age of 22, to possess a fortune.

He won the featherweight title in the final round of the elimination tournament by beating Benny Bass on February 10, 1928, and lost it to Routis on February 28, 1928. Tony is the third Italian to hold the lightweight crown, Mandell and Rocky Kansas being the other two.

Tony, by winning so easily over Singer, not only scored the second quickest knockout in a lightweight championship fight, Joe Gans holding the record of forty-five seconds which he set when he beat Frank Erne at Fort Erie, Ont., back in 1902, but he joined the ranks of those who have held a championship in more than one class. Johnny Buff, George Dixon, Bob Fitzsimmons, Mickey Walker, Harry Greb, Gene Tunney and Johnny Dundee had previously gained such fistic fame.

* * *

Prosperity Returning

THE Singer-Canzoneri fight, was only one of a series of record upsets which marked the month of November. Previous to that encounter, Fidel La Barba came head on and triumphed by a big margin over Kid Chocolate, the odds-on favorite and that was followed by the greatest of all recent upsets in the one-sided victory of Billy Petrolle over Jimmy McLarnin. LaBarba's victory places him on top as a featherweight.

Incidentally, these fights furnished excitement aplenty for big indoor gatherings, crowds that proved that boxing is rapidly coming into its own again. An average of 15,000 persons witnessed each of the three encounters, the attendance figures showing conclusively that it is not the general business depression that has kept the fans away from fights, but the poor bouts that have been furnished.

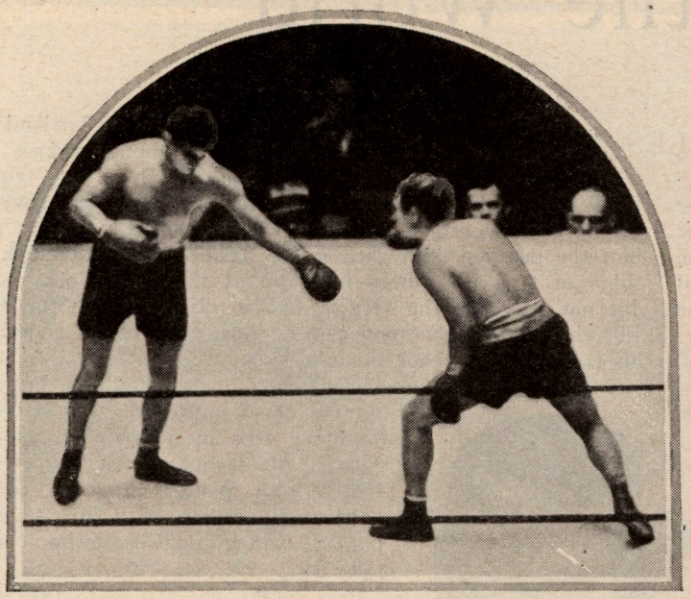
Give the fans attractive matches and they will flock to the show. Give them well matched boys whose reputation for honesty and clean fighting is unquestioned, and prosperity in boxing will again come to the fore. More than $150,000 was taken in at the Garden for the above three shows.

* * *

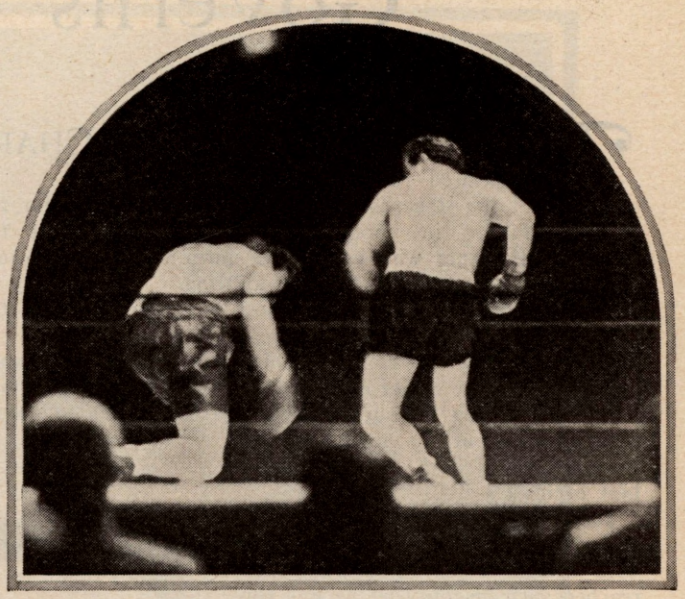
A Stunning Upset

RING history records upsets and form reversals, but it is doubtful if ever a more thrilling one was witnessed than that in which Jimmy McLarnin, reputed the hardest hitter for his weight in fisticuffs, took an awful shellacking from Billy Petrolle, the Fargo Express. (*Continued on page* 40)

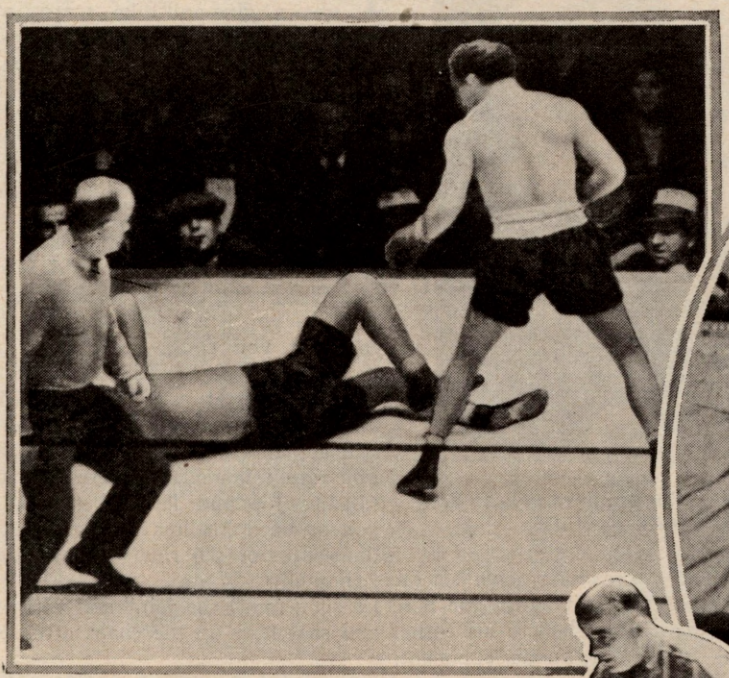
Crowning of a Champion



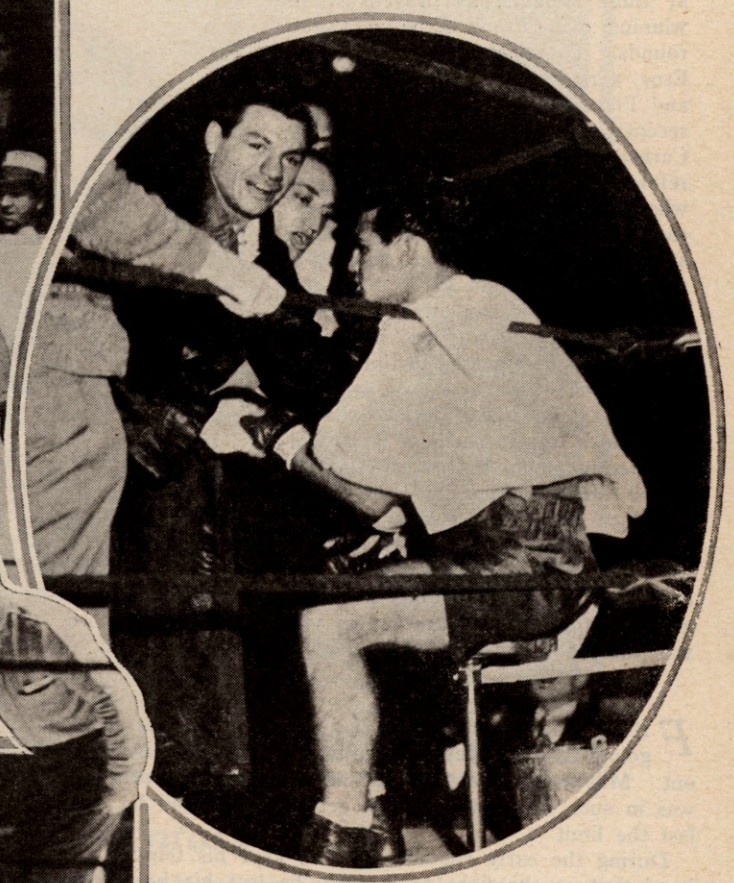
Al Singer misses a right swing and Canzoneri leaps forward into a clinch



As they break, Tony sends over a short right hook, a straight left and another short right hook to the chin and Singer sinks to the canvas



Tony, astonished, stands over his fallen prey. Al writhes in apparent pain, and at nine he attempts to rise



The new title holder, elated at his minute and second knockout, grasps the hand of the beaten champion and remarks: "Don't worry Al, I'll give you a chance to regain the title"

Al rolls over and tumbles out of the ring where Sammy Goldman, manager of Canzoneri, catches him

"He Who Governs His Temper, Governs the World"

By CHARLES HARVEY

TEMPERAMENT, a mental condition usually associated with the stars of the stage, is one of the primary reasons for the failure in important contests of some of the greatest fistic stars who have gone down to defeat because of their inability to stick to their knitting. Jack Sharkey of the present-day school, is the most temperamental of the current fighters.

An outstanding illustration of this type in the older school, is the story of the career of Joe Mullins who, in the skin glove period of the ring did such excellent work that his followers, though aware of his mental quirps, were willing to back him against the best of his class.

Joe proved his ability on many occasions, and in his twenty-round draw with Martin Flaherty at Buffalo, he reached such heights that he was considered the equal of the best of the then 126-130-pounders' class.

Flaherty at this period was a leader at these weights, as proved by his winning over Frank Erne in twenty rounds. To select a fit opponent for Erne, a match was made for Mullins and Flaherty and Jack Sheehan, who recently officiated at the Maloney-Carnera fight in Boston, was the referee. During the fight, at a time when the men were slashing away at each other, Sheehan stepped too close and got a swing flush on the chin at the hands of Mullins.

Although Sheehan was only the referee, he was sent into dreamland, from which he emerged in time to announce that the battle was a draw. Sheehan could never decide whether that punch was an accident or if Mullins' temperament got away from him at the time, but Jack never questioned the fact that it was a sweet kick.

Jack Sharkey, most temperamental of present-day fighters

Just about this time there was a young chap coming along in New York named Kid McPartland, the same kid who is now one of New York's leading referees. He was being groomed for high honors, and in view of Mullins' record, he was matched to meet McPartland in an eight-round affair.

* * *

FROM the beginning, Joe had so much the better of the going, that the New Yorker was on the defensive throughout. McPartland was knocked down quite frequently and he was in such bad shape, it was generally believed he couldn't last the limit.

During the early rounds, Joe had kept his temper well in hand, but as the fight progressed, he lost his head. As he saw the Kid go down often but always rise before the fatal count, he got hotter and hotter, and though he had the decision well in hand, Mullins was a raving maniac when the bell rang for the final session.

"C'mon an' fight," he shouted at McPartland. The Kid, however, preferred to battle in his own style, and a pretty good style it was, but soon after the gong sounded, a swing to the jaw again sent McPartland down.

Joe's temperament then and there got the better of him, and, standing over McPartland as though he were about to kick the Kid, Mullins pulled off one glove, threw it in the face of the fallen man and with a curse, he leaped over the ropes and left the ring. This naturally lost him the decision, and with it any chance to get a crack at some of the rich purses hung up at the New York clubs. Joe not only lost the verdict, but so disgusted was the club with his action, the management refused to even give him his transportation back home.

Mullins boxed a number of good bouts after this, but his temper never improved. His last appearance was in a barn at Revere Beach, Massachusetts, in a private match with Walter Burgo, a rough and ready miller with no science but a willing punisher who could take it.

* * *

FOR the first few rounds the affair was a give-and-take scrap, with Mullins handing out the majority of blows. Burgo seemed to like this for he kept coming back for more. The harder he was belted, the faster he returned in an effort to get in that one hard K. O. punch on his own account. However, he seemed doomed to a knockout, when one of his seconds, recalling Joe's proneness to go up in the air if annoyed, told Burgo to start kidding tactics on Mullins.

"Say! you herring choker, who told you that you could fight?" was the first shot, and it hit the bull's-eye.

Mullins' goat was loosed. Blind with rage, he rushed for Burgo, swung, jabbed, hit in all directions but rarely landed. Burgo kept tantalizing Joe and laughed at his opponent until Mullins stopped dead in the center of the ring and with tears streaming down his face, shouted:

"If I had a gun here I'd soon finish the job," and with that he rushed to his corner and snatching up the chair, attempted to crown his opponent.

The place was in an uproar, and the crowd started for the exits. Joe was on the verge of hysteria as the battle broke up and it was hours before he was quiet enough to be taken home.

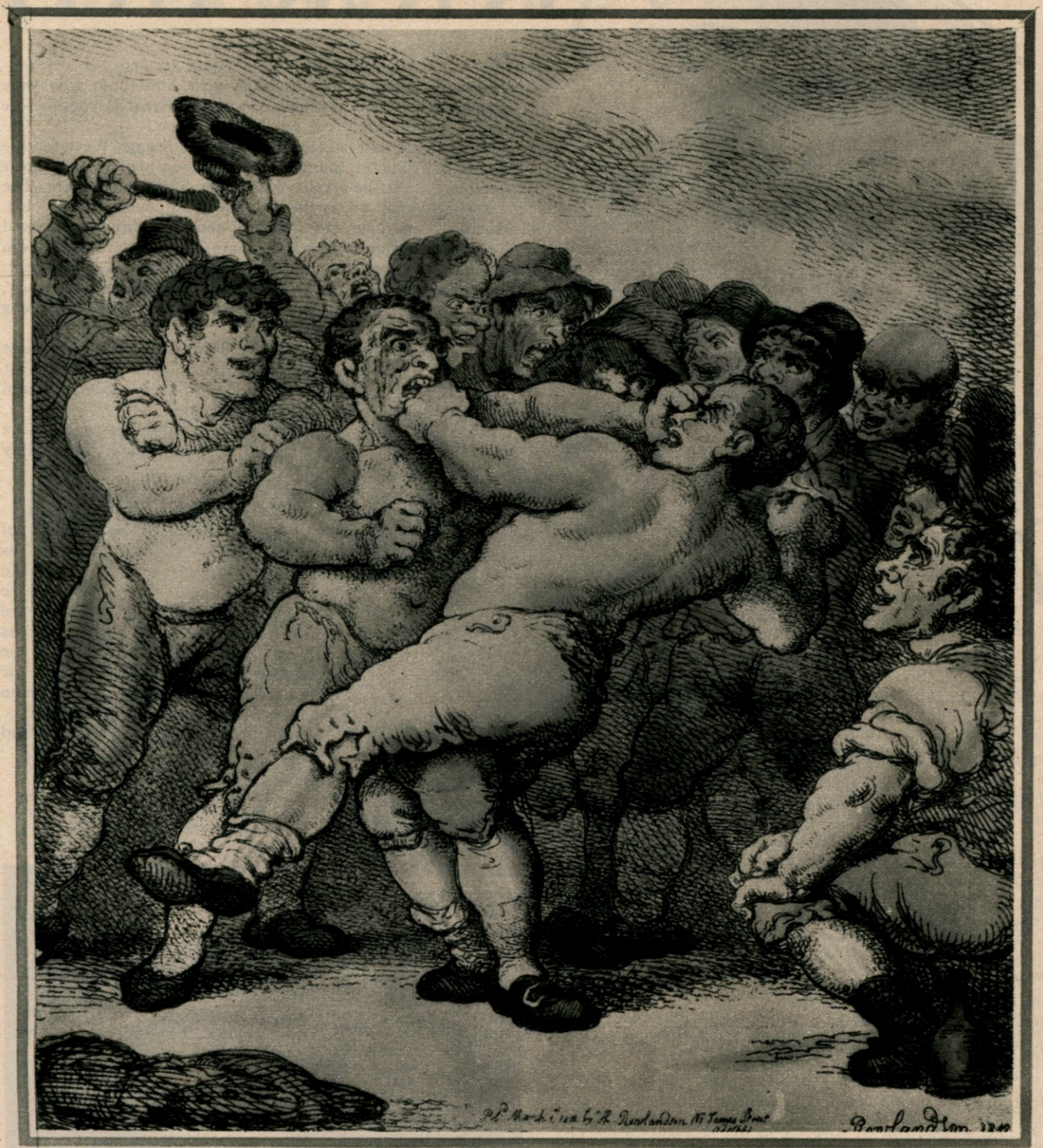
This was Mullins' farewell to the ring. He laid aside his fighting togs and thereafter had ample time to reflect how his temper lost him a chance to enjoy in a championship match.

There are many fighters in the same predicament now, notably Jack Sharkey, and well may they study Mullins' career and realize that "he who governs his temper, governs the world."

Sharkey only recently lost his temper to the extent of engaging in a verbal battle with newspapermen who asked him to pose after weighing in for his fight with Campolo.

Scribes who have covered Sharkey's training camps have always encountered great difficulty in obtaining interviews, for he seems suspicious of every move of a reporter. Yet Jack Sharkey at heart is a fine fellow, a devoted husband and father, and a friend to the needy—but with all that, he is a hot-tempered fighter both in training and in active ring combat.

How They Did It In the Old Days



An early "Battle of the Century"

ONE of the most famous of the many old English fight prints is the above caricature of the Ward-Quirk fight by Thomas Rowlandson, who thrived in the late 18th and early part of the 19th centuries. The fight, which took place on June 9, 1812, is described by Rowlandson on the print, as follows:

"The Battle between Ward and Quirk for 100 guineas aside. Remarks: A more determined and spirited contest than this has seldom been witnessed. The first twelve rounds were exceedingly hard fought without the slightest attempt to shift on either side. Ward had a decided advantage over his opponent in the science of the art of boxing and he showed himself a much better hitter than Quirk. The loss of the contest might in a measure be attributed to Ward's gaiety, for he was full of fight until his strength failed him, which, with an accidental hit, deprived him altogether of defending himself. The beating he had received was nothing in comparison to that which he had given to Quirk, for his opponent's head was swelled hideously and his eyes were invisible. Ward threw away numerous hits. His superior strength supported him well until his opponent was exhausted when Quirk's blows, however slow, told forcibly and well."

The above description gives a good example of the style of fight reporting of 120 years ago.

RICKARD

Tex Rickard when he promoted his first fight

I WAS sitting comfortably in the observation car of the special train that took a gang of seventy-eight newspapermen from Miami to New York after the Sharkey-Scott fizzle. There were many veteran scribes and quite a number of newcomers in the group. Some of the boys just knew the late Tex Rickard by name and fame; others had little more than a mere interviewing acquaintance with the world's greatest sports promoter, and still others had been quite intimate with him.

As is usual in trips of this sort, especially a trip that was bringing the boys back from a battle that cost the Madison Square Garden Corporation a loss of between $30,000 and $35,000, the discussion drifted into the promotion field.

Rickard as he looked when he signed Jeffries and Johnson

"What could you expect with a ham like Scott as one of the headliners?" was the remark of a well-known scribe who was trying to prove his point that nobody could do any better with a man like Scott as one of the selling points.

"I don't care how poor a drawing card Scott is, and I admit that the public has no use for him as a fighter," replied another of the audience, "but I'd wager my last dollar that if Tex Rickard were the promoter of this fight, he would have put it over with a bang regardless of Scott."

* * *

"YOU'RE entitled to your opinion," shot back the first party, "but let me tell you that I've reported fights for more than fifteen years and I've never come across a so-called headliner who commanded less respect among the public for his fighting ability than did Scott. That Miami fight, in drawing $190,000, drew just about $50,000 more than anyone ever expected it would gross, Tex or no Tex."

And with that the reminiscences started. The air was full of comparisons. The promotion field was scanned and when all was over, the one point that was settled was the fact that there isn't a man in the boxing game today who compares with Tex Rickard. We'll go still further and say that it will take many years, years after I'm gone and those who were arguing in that train have passed into the Great Beyond before another Tex Rickard will be seen in action.

He was the last of the quaint picturesque Westerners—cowboy, gold hunter, gambler, promoter—a man with so great a personality that he attracted attention wherever he went. The greatest showman on earth—a fellow who could sell anything.

He was a cowboy, and a mighty good one, because he lived in a cowboy country where men are fearless dare-devils who would take a chance at anything just for the fun of doing it.

Gold hunter, because he lived among a rough and ready, daring crowd whose every move was one of prospecting along one line or another.

Gambler, because he lived among the men whose day and night dream was the hope that they could run one of their shoestrings into a million dollars.

Promoter, well, because that might have been an accident of chance, or possibly an opportunity.

* * *

ACTUALLY, the business of promoting was wished on Tex because his partners in a Goldfield gambling house, "were too busy to handle a boxing bout." As Rickard was the front man, whose business was to mix and mingle with the crowd to get the customers for the roulette wheels, he was the man who looked best for a promotion job.

Goldfield asked Tex's partner, Kid

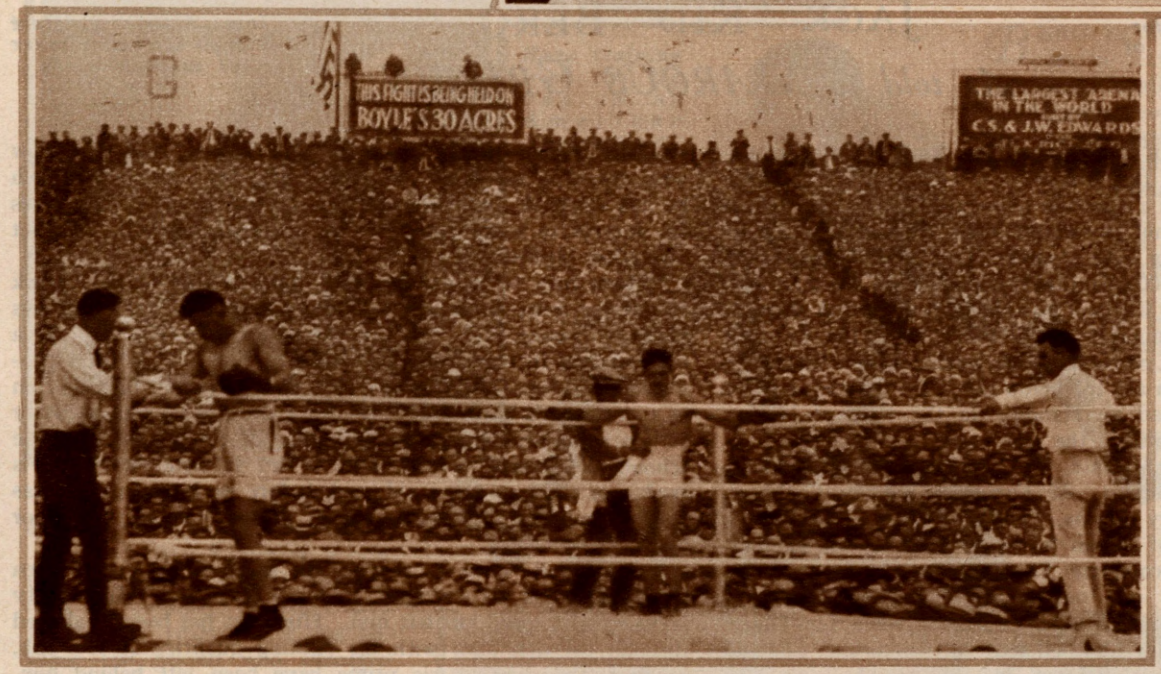
Below—The big time promoter at the time he left New York to negotiate for winter boxing in Miami just two weeks before his death

in Retrospect

An Appreciation of the Great Promotor's Skill, Two Years After His Death

By
HYPE IGOE

Jack Kearns, Dempsey and Rickard, the trio that made fistic history in a long association which had a vital bearing on boxing not only in America but the world over



The Dempsey-Carpentier fight at Boyle's Thirty Acres, Jersey City, on July 2, 1921, marked the true crest of Rickard's uncanny ability as a promoter

Kieley, to assume command, but the Kid wanted Tex to sub for him and so it went. He told the mob to nominate Tex and Tex it was to whom the task of putting Goldfield on the map was delegated. That's the story of how Tex Rickard entered the field of fight promotion in which he gained fame and fortune and became an international figure, the greatest sports promoter the world has ever known.

* * *

IF Tex were alive today, he would never have lost money on the Sharkey-Scott affair, because he would never have staged it. But, if he had arranged that card, he could have done nothing more than did Frank Bruen to put it over, and he would have taken his loss with the same smile that Bruen did for, to the Garden, it was worth a loss to get Scott out of the way and pave the path for the Sharkey-Schmeling affair, a sure $1,000,000 house.

They said of Rickard when he entered the promotion field that he knew nothing about boxing, just as they say about Frank Bruen. Nothing is farther from the truth in both cases. When Tex was elected to handle the Nelson-Gans affair at Goldfield, he sent his name roaring to undying fame like some strange comet. Even when he was green and just starting his career in the ring racket, Tex was a great judge of boxing. I never knew a man who was quicker to sense a great match, to foresee the dramatic possibilities of a proposed bout than Tex Rickard. In that, he has no master now that he is gone, and no equal is in sight.

I happened to be in Tex's office the day that Luis Firpo entered and Tex first laid eyes on the Argentine. Luis had just collected $125 for a fight in Jersey City with Sailor Maxsted. He had knocked Maxsted kicking like a sea-crab and Tex had sent for Luis. It was that sense of the dramatic that had appealed to Tex—the big fellow possessing a wallop. Luis arrived and Tex spoke to him through an interpreter. Firpo had sold himself as soon as Tex laid his peepers on him. Tex's cold discerning eyes were drinking in Firpo's shaggy frame like rare wine.

Firpo arose to depart. Tex halted him at the door, swung him around so that he could look at his back. There was Tex with a beaming countenance. I saw Tex mentally whip a tape measure all over Firpo. He was making comparisons and felt satisfied he had found what he was looking for. When Luis left, up spoke Tex:

"God, what a man! Hype, he and Dempsey will make the greatest fight you ever seed. He's the nearest thing to Jeffries I ever looked at. I never seed such a neck. It will be the greatest fight in the world. Hype, that's the boy for me," and with that he slapped me on the back and laughed. I never saw Tex so happy as then.

* * *

THAT was picking them. That was *knowing* fighters and fights. Subsequent events proved Rickard's value as a promoter and judge. If Tex were alive today, he would do with Primo Carnera what he did with Firpo. He never would permit Primo to get away from him. He never would permit the giant Italian showman to (*Continued on page* 44)

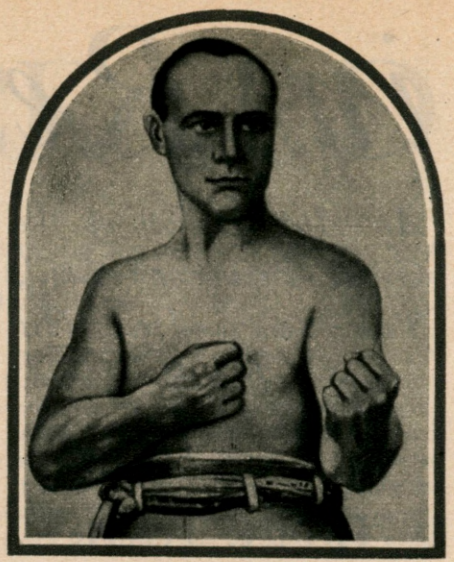
Jack Berg, most colorful English fighter of to-day

ENGLISH VS. AMERICAN STYLES

By

JACK "KID" BERG

As told to MARCUS GRIFFIN



Jem Mace, greatest British scientific boxer of modern times

WHAT is it that makes the American fighter superior to the British?

This is a question often asked by RING readers who cannot understand why England, the cradle of boxing, the country that has fostered the sport for more than 200 years, is unable to send great fighters into the ring. True, England has developed several stars in the lesser divisions, notably Jack "Kid" Berg, but in comparison to its former position in the boxing world, England's first-class fighting men are far below par. By degrees, nations that hitherto have had no standing in the field of boxing, are supplanting England on the fistic map.

Len Harvey, Dom Volante, Nel Tarlton, Teddy Baldock, Jack Hood, Dick Corbett, Al Foreman, Johnny Cuthbert, Archie Sexton, Harry Mason, Johnny Peters, Ernie Jarvis, Harry Corbett—all of whom have been successful in their respective divisions, comprise England's best talent at this writing. There isn't one outstanding light-heavyweight or heavyweight in the list, although years back, when Jem Mace, Tom Sayers and Charley Mitchell were in their prime, England boasted the very best fighters in the world.

Jimmy Wilde, greatest flyweight of all time, who absorbed much of the American and British styles

Why the sudden change? Why England, with all her man power, with all her physical qualities, with a background of courage, perseverance and love for sports, should be unable to send into the ring the type of fighter who held the limelight a generation or more ago, is a subject for discussion every time an international match in which an Englishman is one of the participants takes place. I asked Jackie Berg this on the night that he sailed for England after his recent defeat of Billy Petrolle.

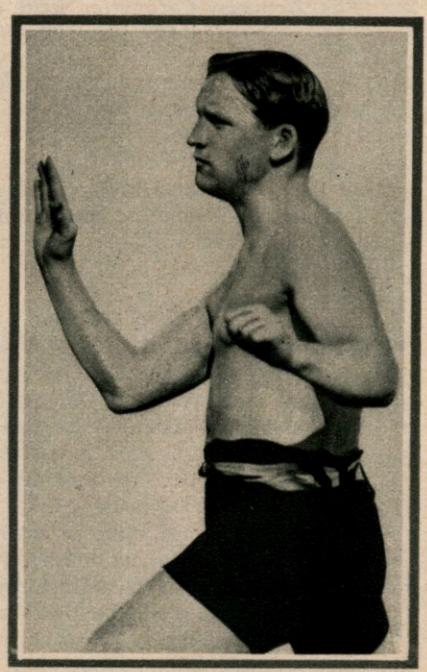
Berg, the outstanding fighter of the present era, a splendid looking fellow who shows no marks of the many terrific encounters in which he has engaged, an intelligent lad, a keen observer who owes his success to a careful study of American methods, without hesitation replied:

"There may be several reasons, but the one which I think stands out most prominently, is the fact that the British boys start too young. Unlike their American brethren who, as a rule, engage in many amateur bouts before taking up a professional career, the English boy finds himself fighting ten or more rounds before he is fourteen years old. The majority of teachers, who in many localities still retain the old style school, the boxing booths, take a lad in hand when he is twelve or thirteen years old, and, before he is mature, he has fought probably fifty fights, many of ten, twelve, fifteen or twenty rounds.

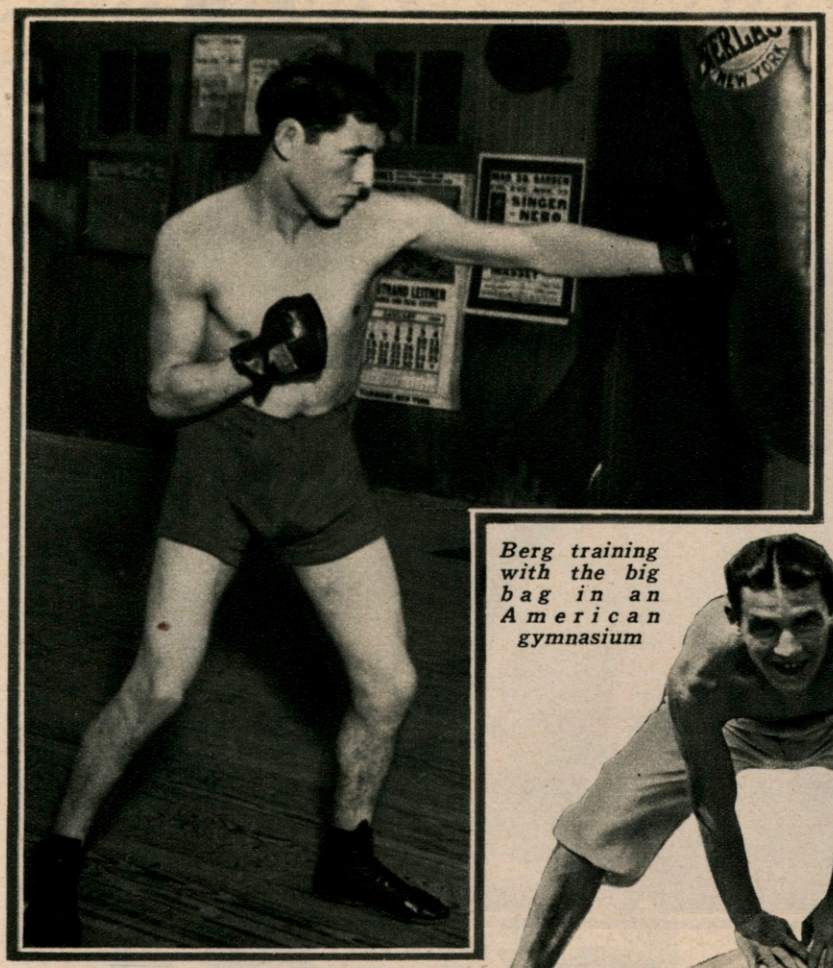
"As a result, when he reaches the stage of his youth when he should be at his strongest, he is all burnt out. His vitality is gone. His speed has left him. His heart has been weakened through exertion and, with his fighting qualities at low ebb, he finds the days of his prime have been left behind him.

"When these boys are eighteen, they are physically destroyed. Few of them reach the heights which proper training would have attained for them, because from the time they were twelve or thirteen, they have been put into the ring to fight, not as your American laws compel them to, in four or six round bouts, but at a limit that the most mature fighter, the man who already has won his spurs, even a championship, battles.

"That is unfair to the youth. He knows no better, and must depend entirely upon his instructor"



Owen Moran, a hard hitting English fighter who made a great hit in the United States



Berg training with the big bag in an American gymnasium

Asked if he had followed any different course, Berg replied:

"Yes, I did. I became a professional fighter when I was sixteen, not because I wouldn't have fought four years earlier, but because the person who managed me thought I was too small, and preferred to have me wait. Lucky for me that he saw the light, for otherwise, instead of taking back home with me a little fortune which I have earned in the American ring, I probably would have followed the path of my British colleagues and by this time, would have taken my place among the "have-beens."

* * *

"YOUR training system also is better. It has helped me attain the perfection in condition. Overseas, we are trained just as if in a ring engagement. By this I mean that the manager puts a lad through ten rounds of boxing in the gym daily if the boy is to fight for ten rounds, and fifteen, if his bout is to be that long.

"That is all wrong. I have learned a lot since coming to the United States, especially in how to train, and I hope that when my days as a fighter are over, I'll be able to give some pointers to the English lads at home, to help them develop a formidable array of talent.

"You see, in England there are far more boxing clubs than in your country. There are also more managers. With so many clubs going, the promoters are always on the go seeking talent, and as most of their fights range from ten to twenty rounds, a manager always tries to keep his charges in trim for emergencies and therefore we are compelled to train more than the boys do here in the United States.

"When the time for a fight arrives, the lads are unfit to give their best. What is the result? They go out to make a good showing and sap all their strength so that within a short period, those who looked like promising material, find themselves just mediocre fighters.

"The best and most recent example I know of is the unfortunate case of Nipper Pat Daly, who looked like a world beater but dropped by the wayside because he engaged in too many hard fights, though only a mere kid. Fighting ten, twelve, fifteen and twenty rounds at an age when he should have been limited to six-round mills, killed off one of the best prospects England has had in the last ten years."

* * *

Jack playing leap-frog with one of his sparring mates in training camp

BERG is unlike most British boxers in that he has discarded the traditional English style of boxing for the American boring-in style of fighting. His rough, ripping, tearing-in tactics have made him one of the greatest drawing cards in America and have earned for him in less than a year, a snug fortune. He's not a k. o. artist, but the type that wears one down, the type that is known as a crowd pleaser.

English fighters, noting the success of Berg, are by degrees adopting his style. Dom Volante, among others, made a hit in the U. S. because he fights much on the style of Berg, although he also possesses considerable boxing skill. Nel Tarlton is another.

"If English fighters add some aggressive tactics to their superior boxing, they will soon regain their lost prestige in fisticuffs," concluded Berg as he took his leave, homeward bound. Berg is a most likeable fellow and deeply appreciates the support the American fight fan has given him.

The biggest disappointment English fight fans have suffered, was in the failure of their heavyweight hope, Phil Scott, to come through. Phil, with weight, height, reach, boxing ability and experience, was looked upon as the one chance for England to bring the heavyweight title back to the mother country, and his double knockout, first at the hands of Jack Sharkey, a questionable one, and later, a conclusive one at the hands of Young Stribling, leaves England without any worthy men in the upper classes of boxing.

Jackie Berg has set the example for British boxers to follow. His rise to fistic fame has accomplished at least one thing—it has instilled new life into the English fighters and has also brought a new style into British fisticuffs.

PROMISING LADS

Norman Tomasulo, Argentine heavy-weight

Romeo Du Bois, New Haven feather

Bobby Mays, New London lightweight

Jack Barry, Chicago 175 pounder

Left: Johnny Gale, Michigan bantam

Pee Wee Gale, brother of Johnny

Bobby O'Donnell, Southern welter

Famous Fights Recalled

Series No. 13

TWO of the greatest fights staged in the early nineties were those in which Buffalo Costello and Alec Greggains, leading middleweights, took part. In their first encounter, on August 30, 1892, in San Francisco, they fought a fifty-round draw and on November 28, that same year, they engaged in an eighty-round draw at the Coney Island A. C. The above wood cut shows four scenes in the Coney Island contest.

In that tilt, a bloody affair, the men were helpless at the end of 5 hours and 20 minutes of terrific milling and could scarcely get out of their corners when the bout ended at 3:29 a. m.

Throughout the contest the men fought bitterly. After the bout had gone three hours, many attempts were made to halt proceedings but without avail. Neither contestant nor any of their handlers would give in.

For a time it seemed that both men would collapse, but exceedingly fine handling by their seconds brought both back for succeeding rounds. Greggains entered the ring a favorite, but the odds soon shifted and after the twenty-first round, first one then the other seemed to take the upper hand in the betting.

The scenes above show:

1—Costello cuts Greggains' eye with a right hook. 2—A straight right to the jaw sends Costello reeling and then down in the 20th round. 3—Both fighters, tired, spar in 72nd round. 4—Fred Burns announces decision at end of 80th round "a draw and an equal division of the $2,500 purse."

BRAINS *and* BRAWN *in* WRESTLING

Bill Middlekauf of Florida University, a Bachelor of Arts and Law, gets a headlock and body scissors on his trainer

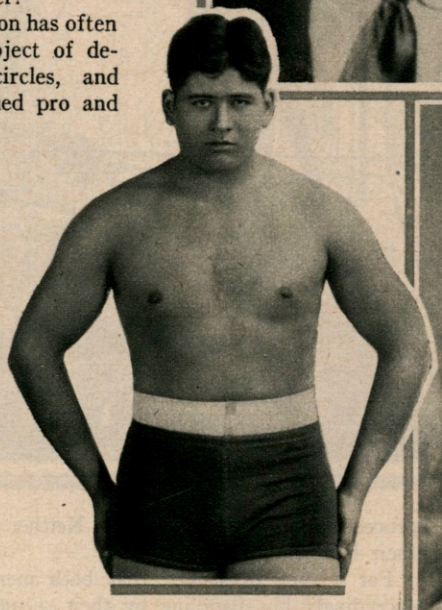
By
JACK CURLEY
America's Premier Promoter

To the left is Dr. B. F. Roller, first American College wrestling champion to make good in pro. ranks, as he looks today. Below Sandor Szabo, Budapest University star demonstrating a headlock

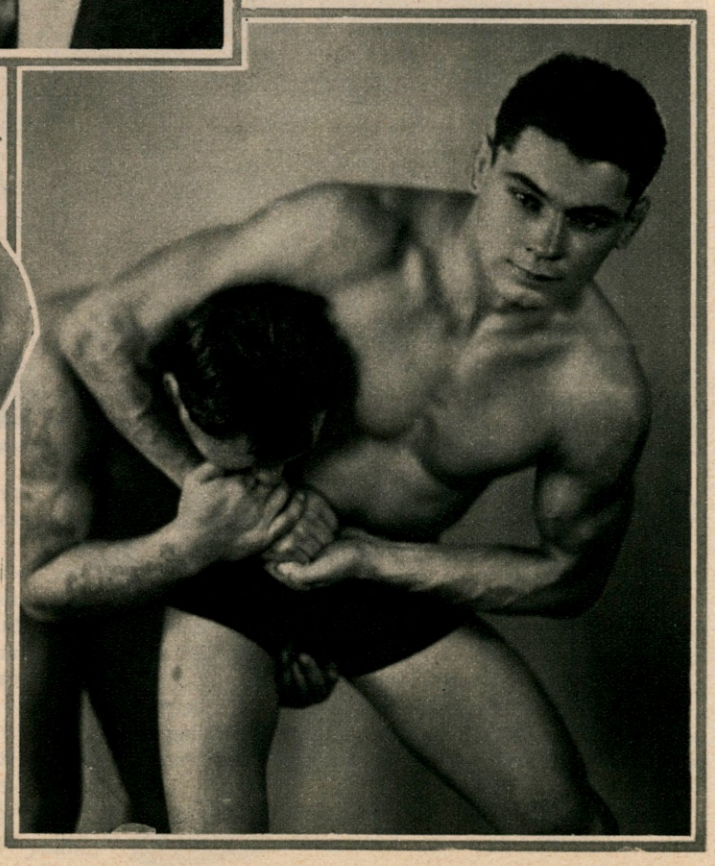
BRAIN or brawn—which is more essential in an athletic career?

This question has often been the subject of debate in collegiate circles, and probably will be argued pro and con as long as athletic activities are pursued without a definite decision being rendered.

Recently, the invasion of college-bred wrestlers in the professional field has brought about a revival of the subject stronger than ever, and if the performances of the rah-rah boys are a criterion, then at least one safe conclusion can be reached — the possession of a college education by those who engage in professional wrestling is responsible for the tremendous boom which the mat game is now showing all over the country.



Tiny Roebuck, Choctaw Indian and Haskell University graduate



While the fellow with brains may be able to outwit the grappler whose sole asset is strength and lung power, there is no doubt that the wrestler who possesses both, eventually is certain to land on top. And that is exactly what is taking place in the sport to-day.

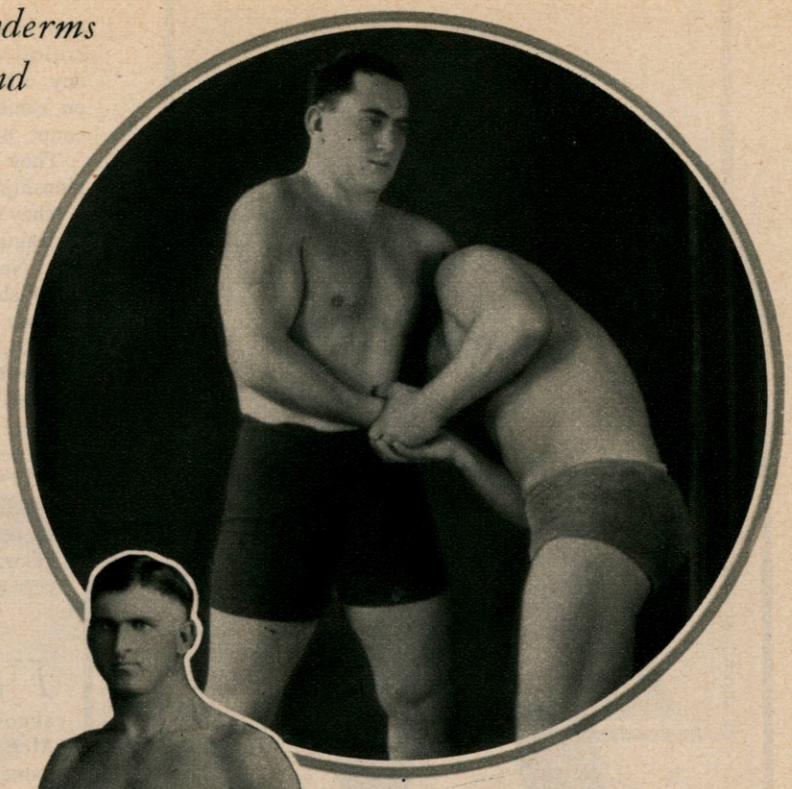
Rah-rah Boys Replace the Pachyderms Recruited From Stevedores and Piano Movers

Big, brawny, fast athletes who have made enviable records at college, are finding in wrestling a lucrative sport, with the result that there are more college and university graduates, many of them with more than one degree, following professional wrestling to-day than at any time in the history of the sport in this country.

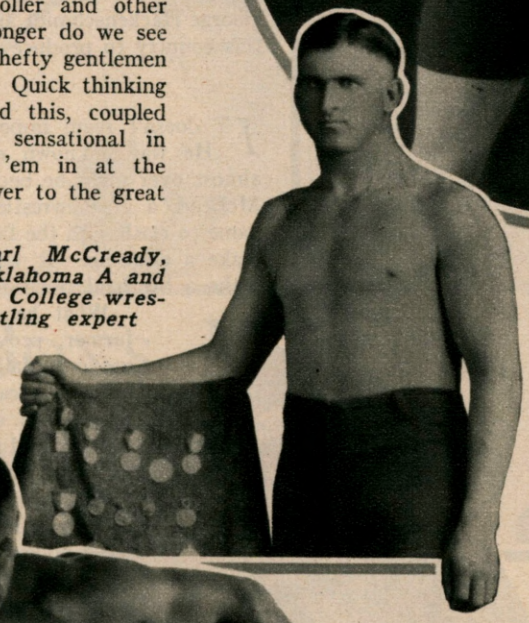
Muscle and brawn, coupled with higher education, has brought into the grappling field a new type of professional mat artist, a type that is able, through proper training of the mind, to give to the sport followers a variety of wrestling such as has not been seen in this country since the days when Frank Gotch, Dr. Roller and other stars were in their prime. No longer do we see merely the tug and tussle of two hefty gentlemen in an effort to throw each other. Quick thinking makes for speed and science and this, coupled with the beef, makes for the sensational in wrestling—the thing that packs 'em in at the various arenas. That is the answer to the great revival which the sport is experiencing.

* * *

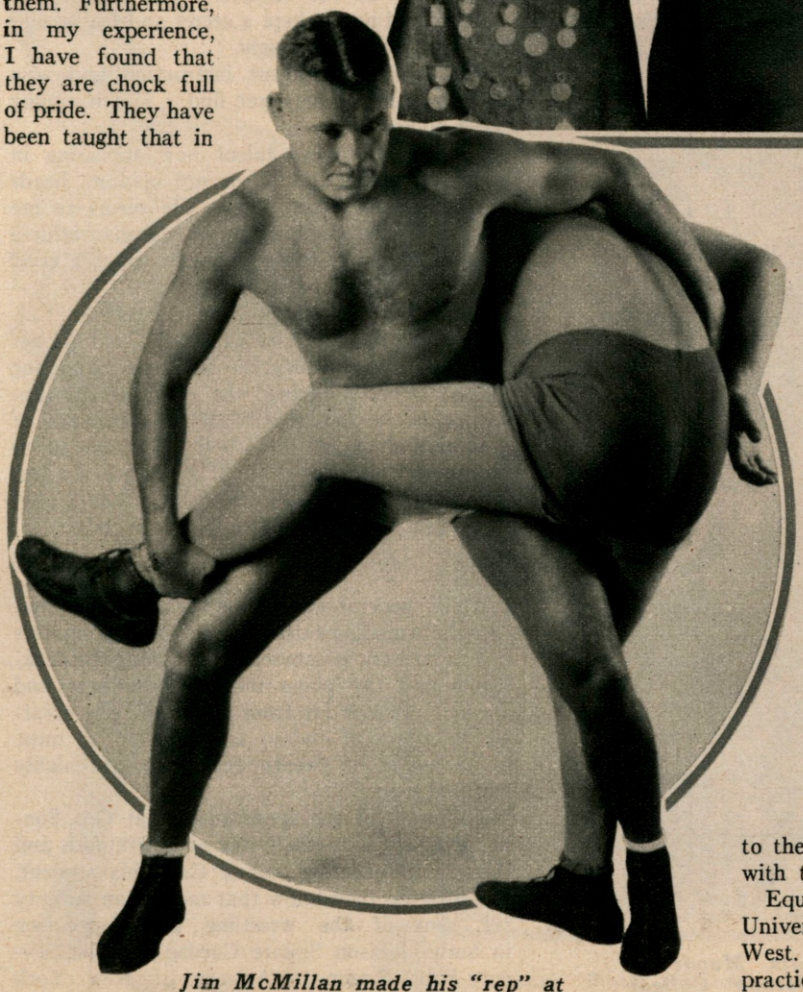
ONE thing about all college athletes is that they are game to the extreme. There are few quitters among them. Furthermore, in my experience, I have found that they are chock full of pride. They have been taught that in college and carry the same spirit into their wrestling matches, a never-give-in, do-or-die spirit that brings the applause and creates enthusiasm. And it is this enthusiasm that makes wrestling fans.



Herb Freeman of the College of the City of New York



Earl McCready, Oklahoma A and M College wrestling expert



Jim McMillan made his "rep" at the University of Illinois

Do you wonder, therefore, why I, as one of America's leading promoters and the biggest promoter in the East, grab the opportunity to give a college lad a chance to make good?

Do you wonder why the matchmakers around the country, including yours truly who promotes both in the Seventy-First Regiment Armory and in the spacious Madison Square Garden of New York, have gotten to the point where they are ready to demand a diploma from all applicants who wish to take part in a show?

* * *

STRANGE, this sudden change, but true, nevertheless. In the old days only two or three of the leading figures were college men or men who had received even a semblance of a college education. Dr. Benjamin Franklin Roller was the first college grad to enter the field. From a bare-footed farmer boy in Newman, Illinois, he went out to seek an education. At Green Castle, Indiana, after hard work, he was admitted to De Pauw University and made a great name for himself as an athlete.

He worked his way through college and his football playing attracted the attention of the scouts of the Indianapolis Medical College where he later matriculated and from whence he went to the University of Pennsylvania where he was graduated with the highest honors.

Equipped with his diploma from the Pennsylvania University, he followed Horace Greeley's advice and went West. He settled in Seattle, and when he found his medical practice a slow and arduous task, he took up professional football and then wrestling as a side issue. Soon he was

Billy Bartush, Chicago University graduate

as adept at the mat game as on the grid iron. His mat record is a splendid one, including most creditable matches with the invincible Frank Gotch, whom he wrestled four or five times. Gotch, himself, was no college man. All he ever got was a common school education in his home town, Humboldt, Iowa.

Farmer Burns, another great old-timer, while not altogether illiterate, had very little schooling.

* * *

THE two Zbyszkos—Stanislaus and Wladek—were fairly well educated in prep schools, but are not college graduates.

Strangler Lewis, born near La Crosse, Wisconsin, and reared in the Blue Grass regions of Kentucky, started his battle of life at fourteen.

A large number of collegians are appearing on cards throughout the country. Most of these aspirants for wrestling fame are only slightly known to the average fan, but before the season is over they will be hailed because of their ability and because the wrestling fan is pretty particular and likes to see new faces. Not only that: they are, in my opinion, the most critical of all professional sports followers and neither I nor any other promoter would dare put any of these collegians on exhibition unless they were capable of giving a good account of themselves.

They are all good prospects, yet far from being of championship caliber. They require considerable building, and they'll get plenty of encouragement from me and my colleagues in the promotion field, to enable them to make good.

Naturally, in a big center like New York, we can afford to show only the leaders, hence the college grads, to get their opportunity in the Metropolitan district, where they will have to face such opposition as Shikat, Kirilenko, Londos, Hagen, Gardini, and other top-notchers, must be good. My hope, of course, is that out of the forty or more former college stars who are trying their hand at the professional mat game, at least one or two sensations may be found.

All the wrestling game needs today to bring interest to the level it enjoyed when Frank Gotch, Ernest Roeber, George Hackenschmidt and Aberg were in their prime, is for this country to produce a new Stecher, Caddock or Gotch.

* * *

IT doesn't seem impossible. Take the case of Gotch. He was unknown except in his home territory, yet almost over night he became a world-famous athlete. Dan McLeod, a great wrestler, was sent in under an assumed name to clash with the farmer boy and enable his friends to make a clean-up. It was a trick of a gambling clique to make a big haul.

What happened? Gotch, the inexperienced farmer, proved such a wonder that McLeod not only failed to throw him but was mighty lucky to escape with a draw. The two wrestled four hours on the cinders. The showing of Gotch could not be kept a secret and the farmer boy was made over night.

Perhaps, with diligent instruction and wise match-making, I may yet find a Gotch among these college boys.

Of all the college talent now appearing in public, Earl McCready, in my opinion, heads the list of great prospects. He seems to me to be a perfect combination of collegian athlete and wrestler. He has every asset which a good mat artist should possess.

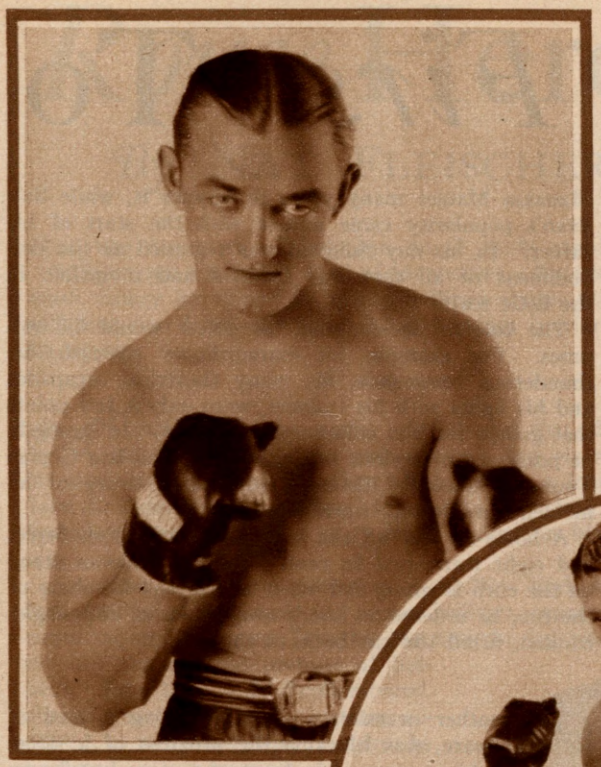
He hails from the Oklahoma A. and M. College where he was a football hero and winner of many inter-collegiate amateur wrestling meets. Since he joined the ranks of the professionals, he has shown all the earmarks of a coming champion. He is a marvelous specimen of physical manhood. He stands six feet two inches, weighs 225 pounds, and has a physique comparable to the old Greek gods.

* * *

THE general conception seems to be that the wrestling talent presented by promoters in this country is combed from among the deckhands and the piano movers from here and abroad. This is far from the case. The greatest wrestlers of today, as compared to most of the stars of twenty years ago, are highly cultured men.

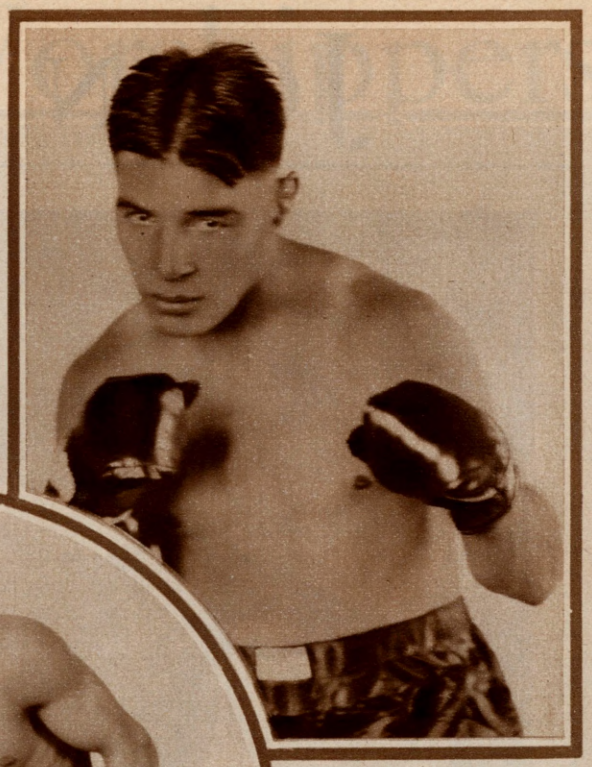
Followers of the sport know that Gus Sonnenberg was a football star at Dartmouth and that Nat Pendelton was a Columbia student, but little do they know that more than seventy per cent of the wrestling stars appearing in both Madison Square Garden and the Seventy-First Regiment Armory of New York City under my (*Continued on page* 42)

Toots Mondt of Colorado College of Mines



Eddie Benson, National Guard heavy

Below: Jimmy Phillips, Jersey welter

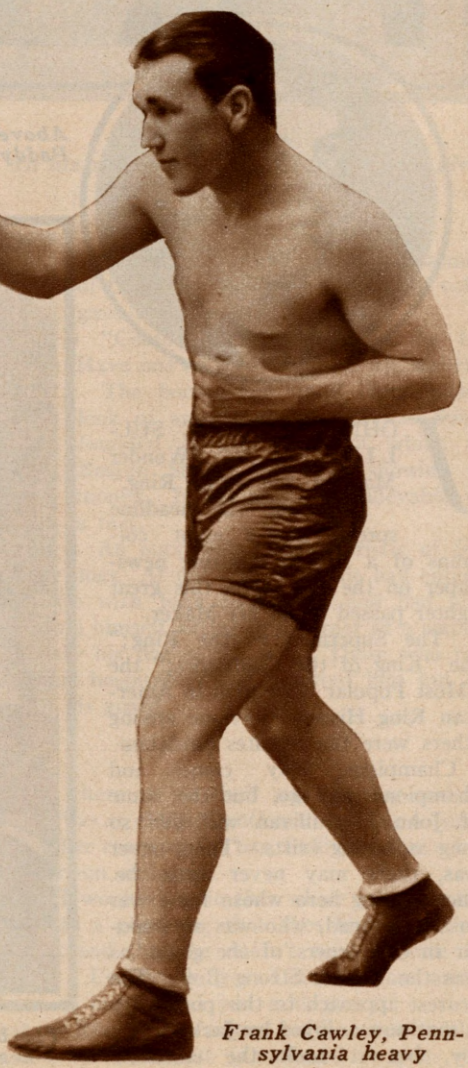


Joe Banovic, Binghamton's light-heavy

EASTERN BOYS MAKING the GRADE

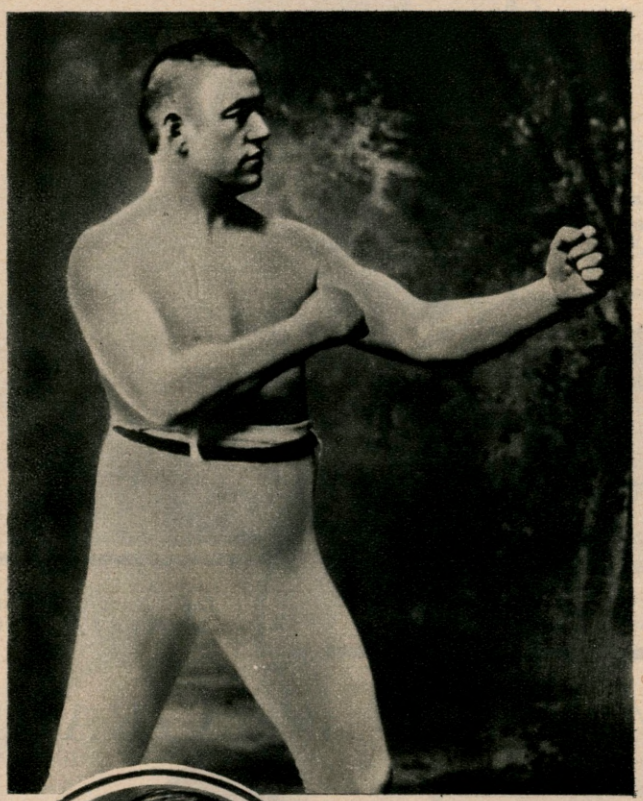
Nick Abate, Newark lightweight

Danny Taub, Philadelphia feather



Frank Cawley, Pennsylvania heavy

JOHN L. *First* TO



Above: When John L. fought Paddy Ryan. Left: When he started his career

JOHN LAWRENCE SULLIVAN, the "Wonder Man of the Prize Ring." That was the headline spread across eight columns of a Boston morning newspaper on the day when this great fighter passed on to his Maker.

"The Superman of the Ring;" the "King of the Gladiators;" the "Most Popular Champion in American Ring History;"—these among others were the tributes paid him.

Champions may come and champions may go, but the name of John L. Sullivan will live so long as boxing exists. There never was, there may never again be, another ring hero whose fame was so wide-spread, who was so popular in all corners of the globe, as was the Boston Strong Boy. The nearest approach to this popularity is that now enjoyed by Jack Dempsey, but it took the erstwhile Manassa Mauler many years to acquire it, while Sullivan's popularity came almost with the start of his career. In his day Sullivan was regarded as the embodiment of all that was forceful and invincible in the fistic realm.

The colorful incidents in his career would fill volumes. For example, his extraordinary strength, his thunderous commands, his many theatrical escapades and his fights with his trainers, were only a few points that gained for him columns of publicity. In strength, he possessed marvelous lifting power. The late George Touhey, Sullivan's life-long pal, tells a story of an incident in Boston worth repeating.

A horse-car got off the track on Washington Street and eight men tried to push it back. Sullivan stood on the curb laughing and when he had had his share of the fun, he ordered all hands away, kneeled and single-handed, lifted the car back to the tracks.

* * *

ON another occasion a truck, carrying a load of hardware, was blocking the progress of a street car. The driver stopped in front of a store to take on a 400-pound keg of nails, but found, much to his discomfiture that he couldn't raise the load.

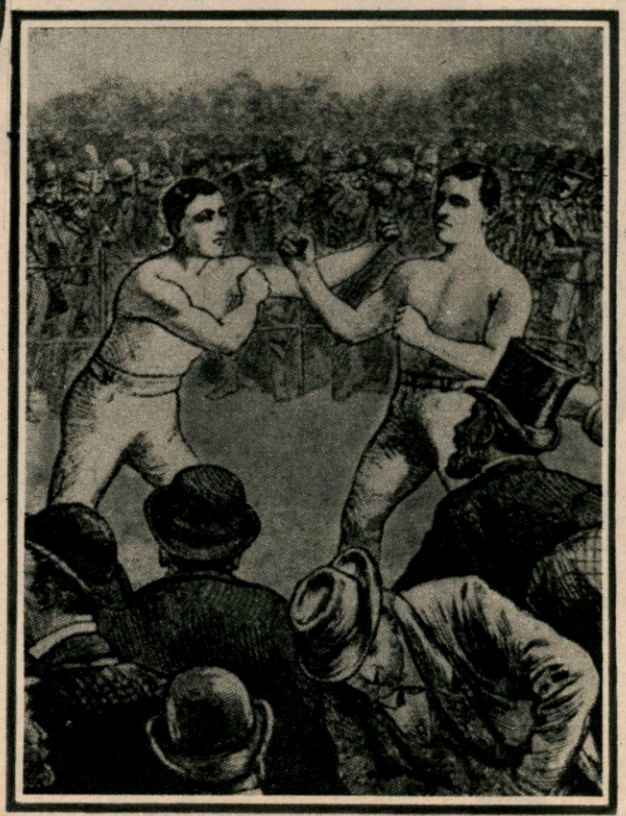
Sullivan, eager to get to his destination, asked what the trouble was. Upon being told, he stooped, raised the barrel to his shoulder and then tossed it on the truck and cleared the path.

In explaining his success as a weight lifter, Sullivan said that in his youth he practised raising kegs of nails, and barrels of flour and beer. He attributed his wonderful shoulder development to this early practice.

When Sullivan was Sullivan, free of booze and in proper condition, it is said by those who saw him in action that no man had a chance with him in a stand-up fight. He was as strong as a bull, knew where to land a punch to make it most effective, had speed and was a terror with the fists.

He was never taught how to box. He had a style all his own and learned from observation. He watched others, and then practised what he had seen and perfected on the other fellow's work. Fighting came to him naturally. Even as a kid, he just loved to fight. In his memoirs, he tells of his first battle.

"My brother Mike and a fellow by the name of Simmons engaged in a street battle. I was just about to sail in and help brother, when dad grabbed me by the neck and shook me silly. Three days later I bumped into Simmons and we agreed to go into the woods to settle our dispute. We stripped to the waist as we knew all fighters did, and what a lambasting I handed him!



The battle with Ryan in which he won the American heavyweight crown at Mississippi City in 1882

Rouse Hero Worshippers

By NAT FLEISCHER

That was my start. From then on, I made rapid strides.

Sullivan was extremely fond of his mother. No matter how much money he wasted on drink, Sullivan always set aside a sufficient sum from each fight to make things comfortable for his parents.

* * *

AN incident in the career of Sullivan that illustrated his spendthrift trait took place a few years before his death in a New York City hotel. After a long illness, John L. found himself without funds. He was close to being financially wrecked at the time, drink having put him on the rocks.

A wealthy bookmaker, a member of the New York A. C., was in the lobby of the hotel, and seeing Sullivan, engaged him in conversation. Grasping John by the arm, he led him toward the cafe, against the protests of Sullivan. John L., it will be remembered, always treated others, but seldom accepted a treat and that is why he hesitated.

"Come on, John, don't be foolish," urged the sport. "Come in and let's have a drink."

And just as Sullivan consented, the sport pulled out five $100 bills and thrust them into Sullivan's hands.

"Here, take these to tide you over, old boy," said the sport.

But to the bookie's surprise, Sullivan shoved the money aside.

"Take it back. I don't want it. What's your gold dust mean to me?"

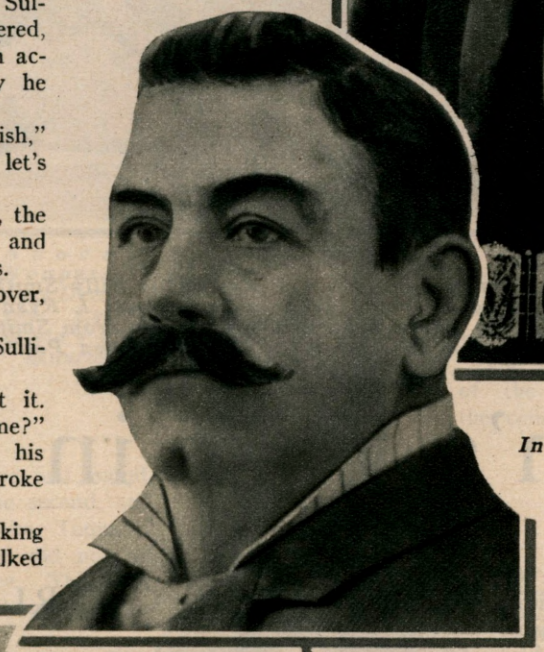
"You must take it," insisted his friend, "you can't go around broke while I'm well heeled."

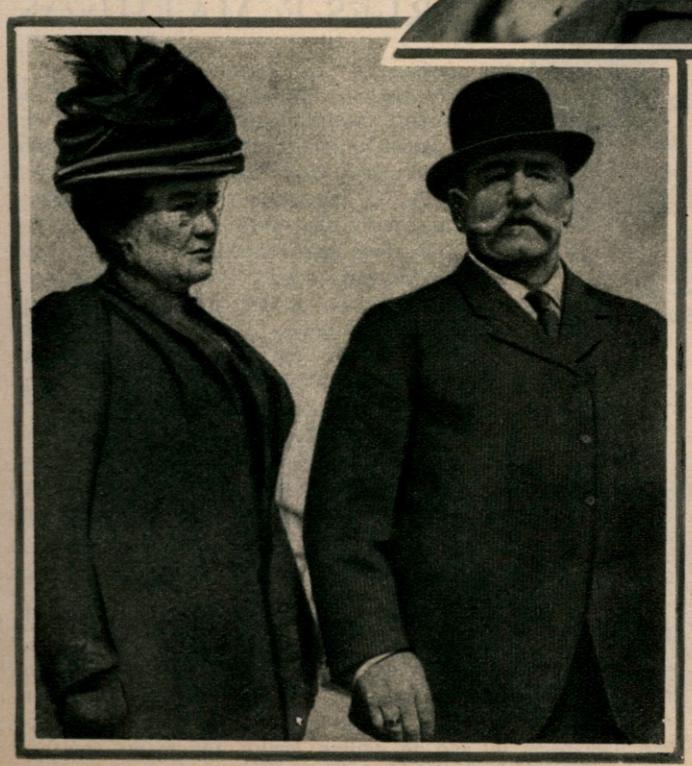
Sullivan finally agreed and taking his friend by the arm, both walked into the cafe where, to the amazement of the donor, Sullivan, in his gruff voice, gave the command:

"Come on, boys. Up to the bar. Have one on me! Wine for all, waiter!"

The bookmaker stood there with a look of astonishment. He was dumbfounded at this contempt which the Boston Strong Boy was showing for money. It was simply unbelievable, yet a fact.

In his stage attire, showing the belt given him by Boston enthusiasts





Above: The Sullivan of later years, after he was beaten by Corbett. Left: John L. and his wife

An outstanding characteristic of Sullivan was his love for dogs. At one time when he had entered into his unequal battle with John Barleycorn and had been badly worsted, he found himself sitting in a corner of a smoke-laden saloon, with only his dog at his side. Those who previously had shared his hospitality, had deserted him but his faithful dog was still his guard.

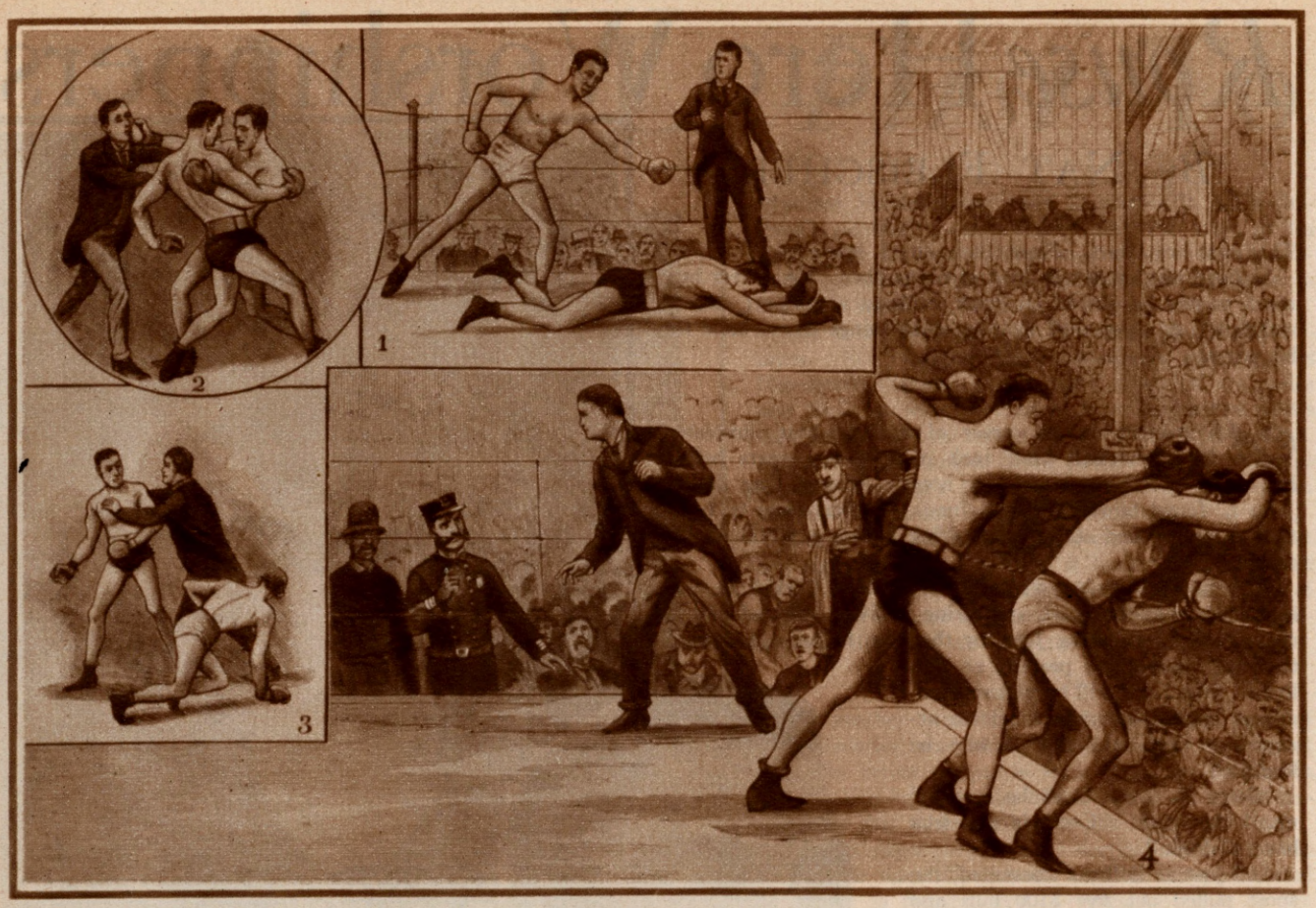
* * *

WHEN he awoke, there at his chair was the dog and sitting next to him, was an elderly gentleman reading a paper.

Looking into the other room at the bar, Sullivan, now sober, pointed to the hangers-on and said:

"See those dogs? I wouldn't take that whole gang for this one. When a man has a good dog that likes him and sticks to him through thick and thin, he doesn't need to care for that kind at the bar. I'm drunk, yes, I know I am and I can't get away from it, but what I just said, goes.

"A man is great so long as his money holds out with that type, but a dog will share his last (*Continued on page* 43)



Scenes in famous welterweight championship fight between Mysterious Billy Smith and Tommy Ryan at Coney Island, May 27, 1895, which was stopped by the police. The above shows: 1. Ryan practically out in 11th when police interfered. 2. Referee Hurst gets a right-hand wallop to the jaw from Smith in 12th. 3. Ryan rallies in 17th and puts Smith down. 4. Smith on ropes on verge of a knockout when Police Captain Clayton stops bout

Brooklyn's *Part* in Boxing

By

CHARLES F. MATHISON

BROOKLYN, the home of some of the greatest fighters in American ring history, was the scene of many famous ring contests—bare knuckle, skin-tight and glove. The fans in this center of fisticuffs went through many painful experiences, for all who took an interest in that form of physical entertainment —spectators, boxers, managers and promoters —were harassed, pursued and arrested at the least provocation. Things became so unbearable, that in the early nineties, when the police clubs found a resting spot on the heads of many an innocent victim, the men engaged in the sport sought safety in the wild sections of Long Island where they felt they would be out of the jurisdiction of New York jurisprudence. That is why we read of so many important contests being fought in the suburbs of what is now Greater New York.

Spike Sullivan

There were exceptions, however. Political drag often enabled clubs to stage their contests without police interference, but that kind of protection proved mighty costly. For example, the Coney Island A. C., located at the foot of West Eighth Street, Brooklyn, was the scene of many hectic contests. Situated on the beach, where the roar of the surf was louder than the roar of the crowd inside the arena, this club, with boss McKane, a big factor in its promotion, found the police usually in the background.

Among other clubs that staged bouts in the City of Churches previous to the passage of the initial boxing law in New York State—the so-called Horton Law—were the Clermont Avenue Rink, at Vanderbilt Avenue, Brooklyn, the Empire A. C., at Maspeth, the Hercules A. C., in Williamsburg, the Greenwood A. C., and a few smaller organizations.

The reason that these clubs were able to put on glove bouts previous to the passage of the Horton Law in 1898, was that powerful politicians used their influence to prevent action by the police. John Y. McKane was responsible for the immunity from legal action enjoyed by the Coney Island A. C. and other strong politicians used their powers in behalf of the others.

The Coney Island A. C. was the chief reliance of those who wished to stage bouts near enough to attract the Manhattan and Brooklyn crowds. Some notable contests took place in the seashore arena previous to the enactment of the Horton Law.

* * *

ONE of the most pitiable exhibitions in history was staged at the Coney Island Club in 1895, when the virile, speedy, hard-hitting Tommy Ryan, then well on the way to the middleweight title, was put in the ring with the former middleweight champion, Nonpareil Jack Dempsey. The latter had been ill and in failing health for many months.

City of Churches Scene of Some of the Greatest Fights in American Ring History

Above: Nonpareil Jack Dempsey. Left: George Munroe

Ryan toyed with Dempsey in the first round, but landed a few stiff blows in the second, and spectators called out: "Don't hit him, Tommy."

Ryan obeyed the command, and did not hit Dempsey with any force thereafter. The farce closed in the third round when Dempsey practically collapsed.

In the same year Ryan and Mysterious Billy Smith had their memorable encounter in the Coney Island Club. It was a slam-bang affair. Smith had Ryan on the floor in the eleventh session and practically out. The police then interfered, but finally permitted the battle to proceed. In the eighteenth round, Ryan had Smith down for what would have been a ten count, but the law's representatives called it a night and refused to permit any more boxing or fighting and the referee decided the mill a draw.

* * *

THEN the scene shifted to the Empire A. C., at Maspeth, which was opened through the persuasive eloquence of Big Jim Kennedy, Sporting Editor of the New York *Times*, and Pat Powers, the bike race promoter. Kid McCoy was Ryan's opponent. The match was made as a result of numerous appeals from McCoy to Ryan, the Kid pleading that he was down and out and needed the money. To clinch the match in which the Kid crossed Ryan, McCoy assured Ryan that he was in no condition to make a fight and that Ryan would certainly win.

In addition, McCoy, in a pathetic note, asked Ryan to go easy and not cut him up.

In the interval of writing these letters to Ryan, McCoy was industriously training at the Manhattan A. C., Madison Avenue and 45th Street, then in the hands of Receiver Andrew Freedman and when the men entered the ring at the Empire Club, McCoy stripped like an athlete ready for the battle of his life, while Ryan, misled by the wily Kid, had done no training at all and was in bad condition. Ryan did the best he could under the circumstances, but was knocked out in the eighteenth.

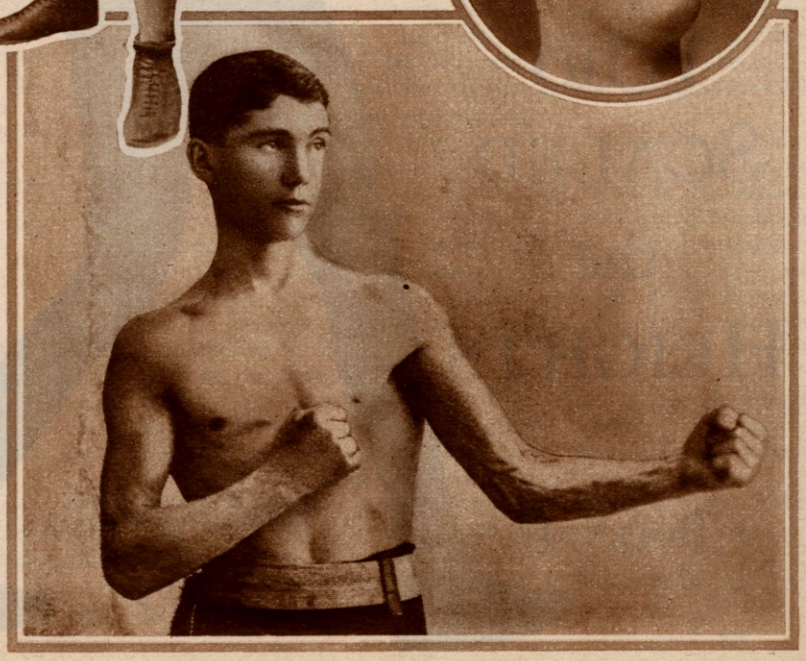
* * *

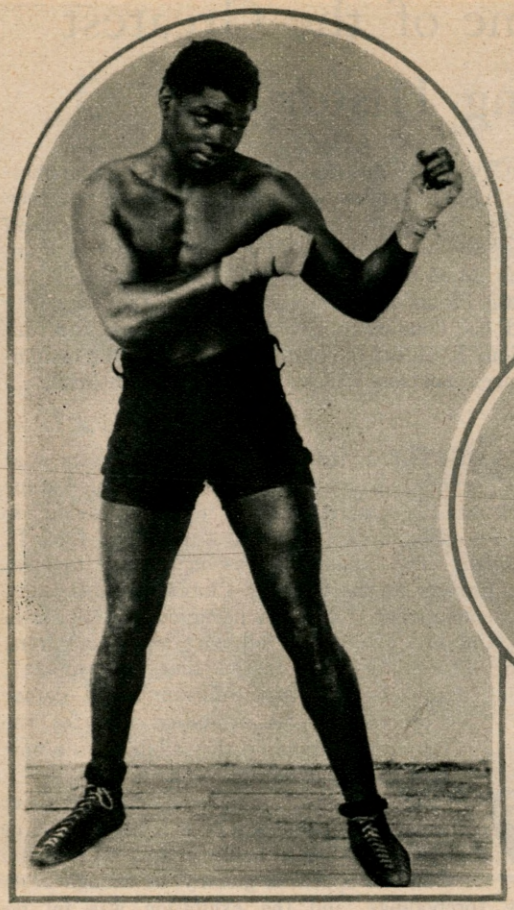
DOUBTLESS the most spectacular event that ever took place in the Clermont Avenue Rink was the appearance there in a three-round exhibition bout with a sparring partner of John L. Sullivan. The champion was on his way to meet Jim Corbett at the Olympic Club in New Orleans, on September 7, 1892, and he agreed to appear in the Rink in a farewell performance for his admirers. The said admirers were at this time, September 1, laying 5 and 6 to 1 that Sullivan would defeat Corbett, and his exhibition was for the purpose of enabling the public to see how he looked just before the battle.

In very truth, Sullivan did not look well. His paunch was well developed, in spite of being held in by wide belts. Sullivan appeared gloomy, as though beset by forebodings, and the exhibition was by no means a brilliant success. Yet his appearance did not deter his followers from wagering on him to win.

The most important event in the history of the Hercules A. C., in Brooklyn, was the combat between (*Continued on page* 43)

Left: Terry McGovern. Below: Dave Sullivan. (In circle) Matty Matthews

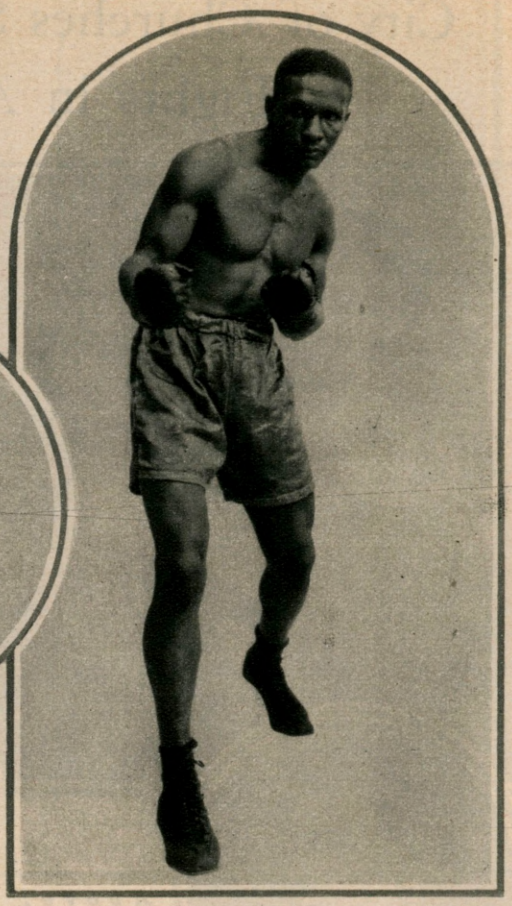




Left—Battling Siki, former light heavyweight champion

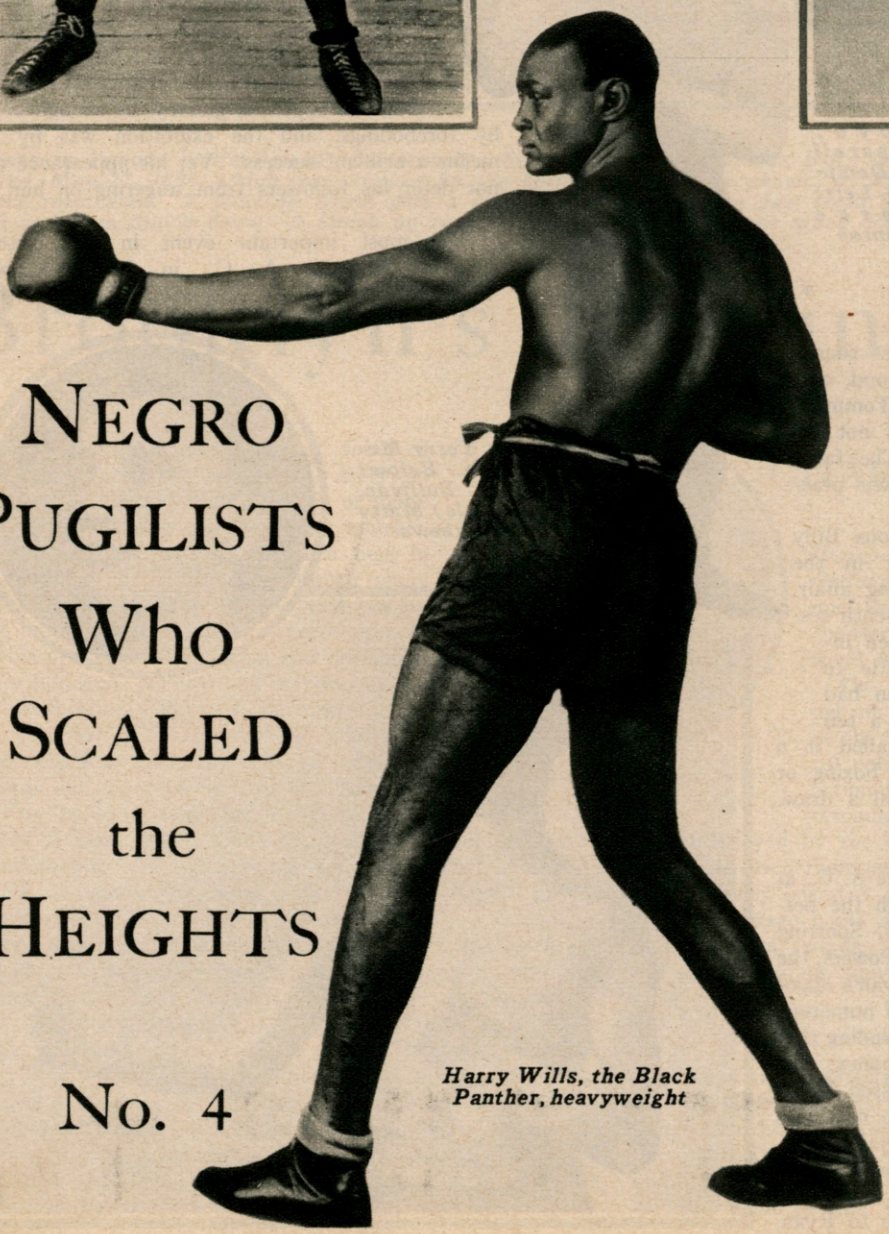
Right — Tiger Flowers, former middleweight king

Below—Panama Joe Gans, middleweight

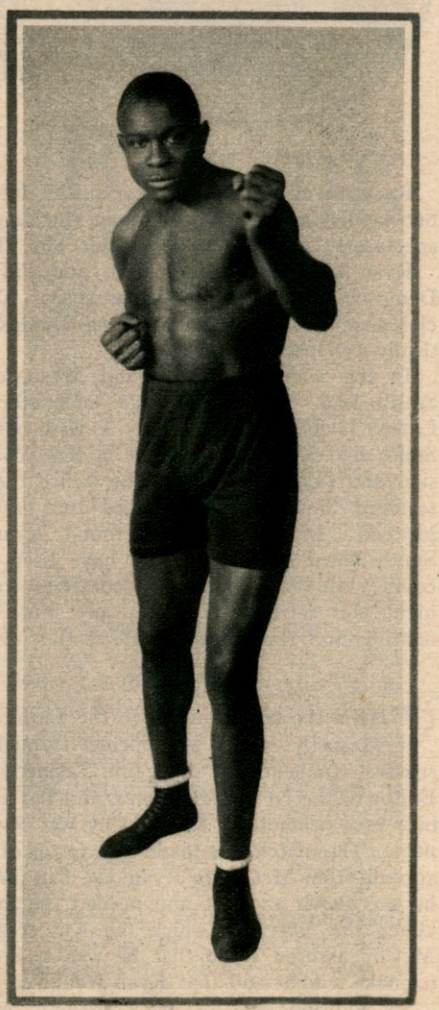


NEGRO PUGILISTS Who SCALED the HEIGHTS

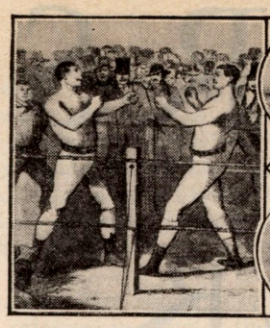
No. 4



Harry Wills, the Black Panther, heavyweight

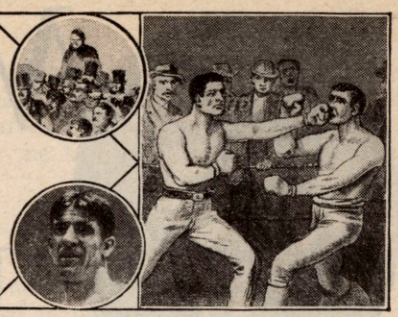


George Godfrey, Leiperville, Pa., heavyweight



FIGHTS *and* FIGHTERS

By A. D. PHILLIPS



"OFF again. On again. Gone again. Finnegan," is the terse manner in which a section foreman notified his division superintendent of the derailment of a freight train and its restoration to the iron.

The action, however, is not a whit more terse than that which Jim Jeffries accorded to Jim Finnegan, the Pittsburgh heavyweight, in their meeting at the Cadillac A. C., Detroit, on April 6, 1900.

Jeffries at the time was in the forefront and the boxing fans at Detroit had been anxious to see him in action, no matter who his opponent. George Stallings, the baseball manager, and Jim Burns were the club directors and they decided it would be a good investment to get Jeffries and Finnegan together. Finnegan had been making some fairly good fights and was accordingly chosen for the slaughter.

When the time came to enter the ring, Jeffries found the club's gloves too small for those hams of his. He had his own set of gloves with him and a representative of Finnegan was sent for. The situation was explained and Jim suggested that his set of gloves be used.

"Nawthin' doin'," replied the Pittsburgher. "Youse'll fight with the club's gloves or not a-tall."

* * *

Jim Puts One Over

JEFF said nothing, but the sly look he gave Finnegan out of the corner of his eye, boded no good for the man from the Smoky City.

Now, Jim was never wicked or mean with an opponent, especially one of the type of Finnegan. He had planned to give the crowd a little run for its money and perhaps a laugh or two by allowing Finnegan to make a "showing," but Finnegan's attitude changed all that, for Jim found the gloves he had on felt like a new pair of patent leather shoes with the thermometer around the 100-mark.

The boxers had received their instructions from the referee and with the sound of the gong, both walked towards the center of the ring. Bo Needham, then sporting editor of the *Free Press,* was sitting in the press section and just as the bell sounded, George Tonkey of Boston, sitting behind him, asked Needham for a match. Bo turned to accommodate his friend, and just as he turned his head he missed the whole "fight," for Jeff settled matters with Finnegan in a single punch, then tore the gloves from his agonized hands in order that he might help Finnegan to his corner.

Bo, peeved beyond words, wrote the following as his version of the fight:

"Off agin,
On agin,
Gone agin,
Finnegan."

Though he had not seen any of the action, as little as there was, Needham's story was a classic of its kind and caused roars of laughter that were heard from one end of the country to the other.

* * *

In the Rules

AURELIO HERRERA was matched to box a Negro called Cyclone in a little town in Montana some years ago.

It was more of a "work-out" than a fight and all the way through a genuine burlesque was made out of it so far as Herrera was concerned, but the Cyclone was as serious as his name would imply.

When they got to the center of the ring and Billy Langdon, the referee, gave instructions, he said:

"Now, Cyclone, there are little things about these rules that you probably don't understand and I want you to remember distinctly that all side-stepping, all upper-cutting and all blocking are barred in the rules under which you're fighting, so far as you are concerned."

To this the Cyclone actually consented and those nearest the ring who had overheard it burst into a fit of laughter. Well, the first punch Herrera landed stood Cyclone on his head and he was counted out in the very first round. Some one in the gallery asked Cyclone why he didn't stop the blow.

"Done had it in de rules dat I couldn't block 'em," he answered and it was on the level with him, too.

* * *

"Out"—But He Won

OFTEN the unexpected happens in a prize ring, as for example, the recent defeat of Carnera by Jim Maloney. The chance blow and the "hit me now" proposition are of frequent occurrence, but the most ludicrous termination of a prize fight I ever saw, took place in a bout thirty years ago in Brooklyn. It was a fight between a pair of lightweight Negroes. Tom Brown, a Harlem fighter, was a hot favorite over a fellow called Jenkins, who hailed from Coney Island.

In the first round it was all Brown. He fairly smothered Jenkins in every clash and at the end, his backers were shrieking 4 to 1 on his chance, with few takers. Jenkins, however, managed to stay on his feet for three rounds.

In the third, he was on the ground when the gong announced the end of the round. He was carried to the corner by his husky seconds and propped up in his chair. His eyes were closed and both arms and legs were limp and useless.

By dint of heroic treatment and copious doses of whiskey, he was partially restored and was able to stand up when the gong sounded to resume hostilities.

In the meantime, Brown had disdained any of the attentions of his seconds. He kept chewing the rag with some of his admirers until the bell again clanged. Then he sauntered to the middle of the ring and gave a very praiseworthy exhibition of buck and wing dancing.

Poor Jenkins was swaying about with his arms at his sides and his eyes closed. He was "out" except for the fact that he was still upright. Brown then settled down to the serious business of the evening. Winking wickedly to his shouting followers, while the fans howled with glee, he took a position about three paces from Jenkins. He bounded into the air like a wild beast and with a terrific rush, he swung his right for his helpless victim's jaw. Unfortunately for Brown, he also ducked his head as he delivered what was to be the last blow in the fight.

The fates were kind to Jenkins. Just as Brown hurled himself through the air, the groggy, beaten fighter unconsciously staggered out of harm's way. Brown plunged across the ring, past Jenkins, and his woolly pate hit full on one of the cedar posts with a force that well-nigh wrecked the ring. He rolled over on his back, and long after the count of ten he was still stretched out unconscious.

He had knocked himself out, but Jenkins was the last one in the building to learn that he had won.

MEMOIRS OF A PROMOTER

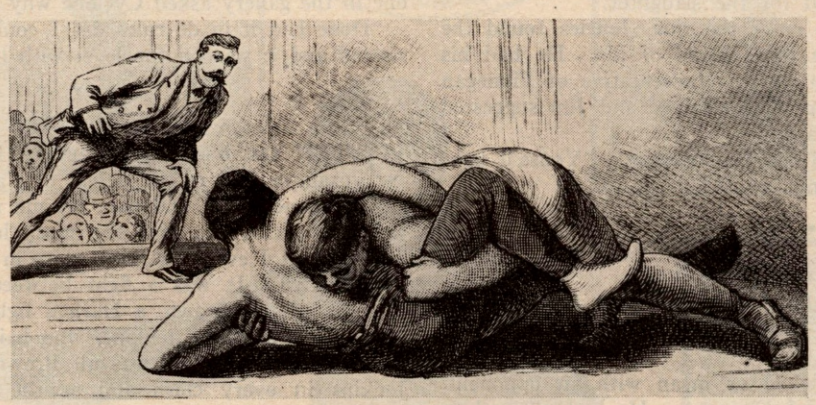
BY JACK CURLEY

As told to Frank Graham

PART NINE

MY pleasant summer in Seattle was destined, however, to end in a manner which convinced me that while truth may not be stranger than fiction it can be just as strange —and infinitely more uncomfortable.

Out of my promotion of a series of wrestling matches at the exposition there arose a situation which, as I look back on it, almost seems unreal, for so swiftly did the dramatic sequences follow each other that a skeptic reading the chronicle of them, may deem them to be the creation of a romancer and not the plain setting forth of a phase of a varied career.



A ringside drawing of the Gotch-Roller wrestling match in Kansas City in which the young Pennsylvania University man proved his prowess as a mat artist

To begin with, there was my acquaintance with Dr. B. F. Roller, graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, a man of culture, distinguished as a physician and surgeon, former football player and all around athlete—and at that time a first rate wrestler.

I had put Roller on in a match with Frank Gotch at Kansas City in which he had made an excellent showing and I had come to like the man so well that I induced him to go to Seattle with me and take part in some matches I planned to arrange for him. He agreed and the beginning of our work there was extremely pleasant.

Possessed of an engaging personality, Roller was well liked in Seattle. He widened his circle of acquaintances among the substantial citizens he met at the Seattle Club, of which he was a member, and was a fine drawing card in our arena at the head of the Pay Streak. Apparently, there was nothing to mar the situation.

But I was to have it impressed upon me once more that friction, engendered sometimes in the least expected quarter, must be taken by the promoter as part of the regular order of business.

* * *

THERE was in Seattle at the time a man by the name of Ole Marsh, who sometimes operated under the alias of Joe Carroll. He had conducted wrestling matches in and about Seattle and had succeeded in running the sport into the ground. Shortly after I arrived, he called on me and, maintaining an attitude that was friendly to the point of cordiality, informed me that wrestling was dead there and that I would do well not to attempt to revive it.

Whether or not he knew it, I was aware of the fact that he was a member of the notorious Maybury gang. This gang, operating on a nation-wide scale, specialized in fake wrestling matches, prize fights, pool rooms and other mediums for gambling by which covetous "suckers," lured by the prospect of enormous gains through receipt of "inside information," were being swindled out of sums that, in the aggregate, had reached approximately $3,000,000.

I was aware, too, that a private club he was running on the outskirts of Seattle was the scene of the gang's local operations. I said nothing of this but informed him that I intended to go ahead with my plans and intimated I hoped there would be no clash of interests between us.

He assured me that there would not and that I was free to go ahead, adding that, as I would discover to my sorrow, I would not go very far. Thus we parted.

I was to have another visit from Mr. Marsh, alias Mr. Carroll, when it became clear that I not only could conduct honest wrestling matches at the exposition but make them pay handsomely as well. On his second visit, the amazing Mr. Marsh demanded that he be declared "in" for a split of the profits, on the ground that he had first claim on the wrestling rights in that territory.

I waited until he had finished speaking.

* * *

"NOW you listen to me," I said, "and listen carefully. I know all about you. I know all about the private club of yours. You and I are not in the same line of business and there isn't any chance we ever will be. I am running wrestling matches on the level for the general public. You are running fake matches behind closed doors for the sake of trimming suckers. You go your way and I'll go mine."

No longer was he the urbane Mr. Marsh I had seen before. Banging his fist on my desk and profanely denying my accusation, he snarled:

"Either you'll declare me 'in' or there'll be a fight!"

I laughed at him.

"A fight? Well," I said, "that doesn't scare me. I'm used to fighting. If I hadn't been willing to fight for myself I would have starved on the streets of Chicago fifteen years ago."

He stormed out of my office and, within a short time, the fight was on. I had the backing of the *Post-Intelligencer* and the *Times,* the latter owned by Col. Blethan, one of the dominant figures in journalism in the Northwest. Behind Marsh was the *Star,* the managing editor of which was Ken-

neth C. Beaton—the "K. C. B." who later was to become nationally known as a columnist.

Beaton, a thoroughly honorable man, had been hoodwinked by Marsh but refused to believe me when I told him so. Later he admitted it and we became very good friends. At the time, however, he threatened to drive me out of town but that didn't scare me any more than did Marsh's threats.

Marsh's first thrust at me was a challenge to Roller on behalf of Bert Shores, also a member of the Maybury gang and a principal in some of the fake matches by means of which the guillible wealthy were being duped. When I ignored the challenge, the *Star* denounced me as a faker and branded Roller as a fourth rate wrestler who feared to combat Shores.

* * *

I PAID no attention to this and succeeding outbursts, feeling that they were more than offset by the favorable notices I received in the *Times* and the *Post-Intelligencer*.

I thought to defeat Marsh by the simple process of giving him enough rope, but I had reckoned without the sporting spirit of Col. Blethan.

The Colonel sent for me one day.

"Look here, Jack," he asked, "is Roller really a good wrestler?"

"One of the best," I said.

"Can he beat Shores?" he demanded.

"Certainly," I said. "Shores is strictly a phoney and would be an easy mark for many wrestlers not even in Roller's class."

"That settles it," he said. "The way to stop this fellow Marsh is to allow Roller to meet Shores. I'm tired of reading all this blather of his in the *Star*."

I attempted to argue with him but it was useless and, rather than surrender his support, I agreed to the match. Marsh was surprised at this move but, of course, there was nothing for him to do but to sign articles. At the signing, he refused to accept as referee a man named Dunc McDonald, on the ground that McDonald, whom I had used as referee in numerous matches, was friendly to me and would favor Roller. This was a libel on a man as honest as any that ever lived but, after bringing out that point, I subsided and allowed him to name the referee.

* * *

TO my secret amusement he named Kid Herman, former lightweight fighter and, although Marsh did not even suspect it, one of the best friends I had in the world!

Not that it made any difference. In the first place, I didn't need a friendly referee for Roller. In the second place, I am not in the habit of fixing referees. And in the third place, even if I had so desired, I could not have fixed Herman.

The arrangement of the match did not lessen the hostility of the gang toward me, probably for the reason that the outcome of it virtually was assured by the respective merits of the principals. I was warned by a member of the gang whom I had befriended some years before that orders had been sent out to "get" me and, sometime thereafter and in a manner which I cannot reveal here, there fell into my hands a telegram that proved the truth of what my informant had told me. But I needed no written proof even then. I knew the desperate character of the gang leaders and was constantly on my guard against attempts upon my life.

The night of the match the arena was crowded to capacity and excitement, stirred up by the publicity in the rival newspapers, was terrific. The match no sooner was under way and the men still were on their feet than Shores, slipping down through Roller's grasp, fell to the mat and lay there in an apparent faint. The plot was clear to me instantly. Unable to avoid the match they professed to have wanted, the gang was intent upon discrediting me by creating a fiasco. The house was in an uproar.

"What's the matter?"

"What is it?"

"Fake! Fake!"

As I leaped from my seat at the ringside a hoodlum in the employ of the gang attempted to brain me with a chair but was seized and speediiy dispatched by an officer. I banged on the edge of the ring platform and called for silence which, ultimately, was restored.

"Gentlemen!" I cried, addressing the crowd. "This 'faint' of Shores is a palpable fake, designed to ruin the match, discredit me and swindle you. I call on the authorities present to see to it that he doesn't get away with it. Roller will return to his dressing room until such time as Shores is ready to continue. Then we shall see this thing to a finish."

* * *

THE crowd cheered. At a sign from me, Roller donned his robe and left the ring, while Shores' handlers worked over him in pretended anxiety. Marsh protested volubly against resuming but to no avail. The gang was in a tight spot now and had to go on. Roller won in forty-two minutes, during which Shores made no move other than those of a purely defensive nature.

Now, I was sure, I had come to the end of my troubles but I soon was disillusioned.

A few days later I was in my office with Roller and a young son of Col. Blethan when I had a visitor in the person of a man who described himself as one Green, an advertising solicitor for the *Star*. He didn't waste any time before stating his mission.

"Give me a $1,000 'ad' for the paper," he said, "and our campaign will be halted."

Later I discovered that this idea originated with the enterprising Green and that Beaton was in total ignorance of it. At the moment I thought Green merely was acting under orders.

"No," I said.

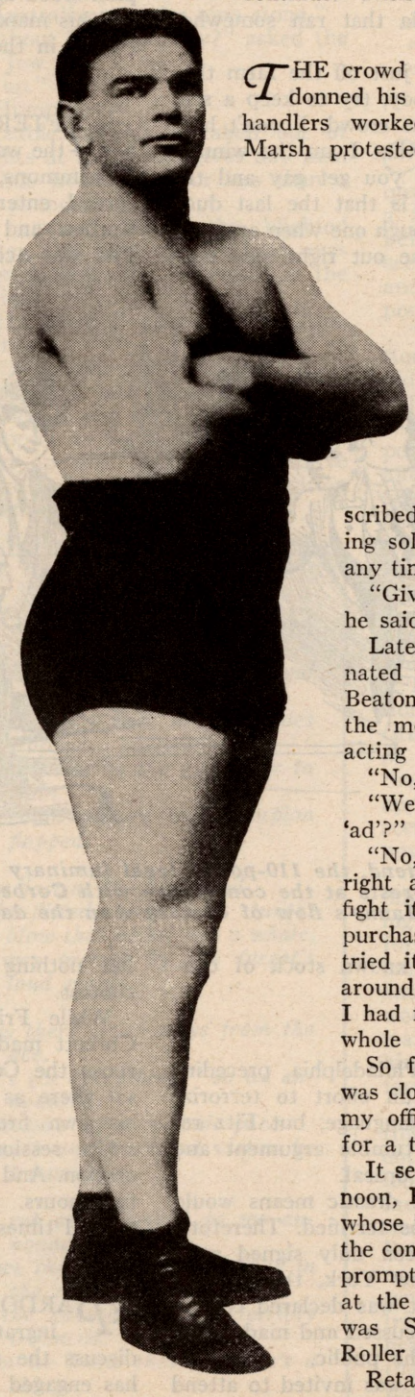
"Well," he bargained, "how about a $500 'ad'?"

"No," I said. "Not even a $2 'ad.' I'm right and your paper is wrong, and we'll fight it out on the level. If I wanted to purchase the *Star's* support I would have tried it when things were a little bit thick around here and wouldn't have waited until I had fairly beaten you and Marsh and the whole Maybury gang."

So far as I was concerned, the incident was closed with the departure of Green from my office. Actually, it was wide open and for a time boded ill for Roller and myself.

It seems that on his way home that afternoon, Roller dropped in to see his attorney, whose name was Ryan, and repeated to him the conversation I had had with Green. Ryan promptly called up the *Times*, which leaped at the story and the following day, which was Sunday, carried a statement from Roller on the front page.

Retaliation by the *Star* was swift and vigorous. Monday's issue of that paper was emblazoned with (*Continued on page* 41)



Frank Gotch, as he looked when he was champion

A Ruse That Failed

How a Lawyer's Oratory Stopped Corbett's Plan to Rouse Fitz's Ire

By
WILBUR WOOD

INSTILLING fear in a prospective opponent, or, in the vernacular of the ring, "getting his goat," was a scheme in high favor with the fighters of the past, and very successful in many instances.

Various methods were employed by those seeking to impress other fighters with an inferiority complex. Browbeating, ironical remarks, incitement to a street fight, or, in many cases, complete and lofty ignoring of the presence of a contesting boxer were among the means used to attain the desired object.

One well-known boxer had a formula that ran somewhat to this effect:

"Well, well, so you are the little kid just off the farm that is going to fight me? Well, now, my boy, try to keep a stiff upper lip and don't get frightened at the crowd. I won't hurt you any more than I have to to show that I am the winner.

"I will let you stay the limit unless you get gay and try to show off. Well, all I have to say is that the last duck who got gay went to a hospital. I'm a tough one when aroused, so be a sensible kid and you will come out right side up."

Talk of that sort addressed to a youngster from the "sticks" was usually productive of doubt in the mind of the youthful listener, and likely to affect his fighting spirit. In truth, the goat-getter knew better than to spin that sort of talk to a seasoned boxer.

Doubtless the most noteworthy attempt at goat-getting was that of James J. Corbett, the intended victim being none other than Robert Fitzsimmons. It was shortly after the fighters had been matched for the contest at Carson City, that Corbett and his handlers conceived what they regarded as a happy idea for lessening Fitz's well known stock of confidence in his ability as a fighter.

Manny Friend, the 110-pound legal luminary protecting Fitzsimmons' interests at the conference with Corbett and his advisors. Manny's flow of oratory won the day for Bob

* * *

AT a meeting in Green's Hotel, Philadelphia, preceding the match, Corbett had made an effort to terrorize Fitz. Gentleman Jim had used harsh language, but Fitz refused to be drawn into a rough and tumble argument and retained his composure throughout the ordeal.

Corbett thereupon decided that more drastic means would have to be employed if Fitz were to be terrified. Therefore, after the articles of agreement had been duly signed at a meeting in the Herald Building in New York, the Corbett clan arranged for a meeting at which it was declared certain articles of the agreement were to be discussed and made clear to both of the principals and also to the public.

Every writer on boxing of that period was invited to attend the meeting which, it was declared, would be of the greatest importance. The old Coleman House, Broadway and 28th street, was selected as the gathering place and the ancient tavern was well filled by those interested in the subject.

Corbett and his handlers were early on the scene, and considerable surprise was voiced at the delay on the part of Fitzsimmons. Among those in attendance who did not sit at the council table were Con McVey, a rather noted second of Corbett, and Steve O'Donnell, also a helper of the title-holder. It was noted that these able assistants of the champion stood against the wall back of the table at which Corbett and his manager sat, ready to see that no harm came to their charge in the event of a free-for-all.

* * *

AFTER a long delay, with the Corbett guard against the wall shifting their weight from one foot to the other, Fitzsimmons, all by himself, so far as fighting force was concerned, entered the room and took a seat at the table, facing Corbett and his guards. But to the surprise of all present, Fitz was accompanied by one of the ablest lawyers in New York at that time—Manny Friend.

The legal luminary, who weighed about 110 pounds and stood five feet one inch tall, possessed a brain that had won for him many a hard battle in the courts of law. He was there to protect the interests of Fitzsimmons so far as the rules of boxing were concerned and as things turned out, he certainly did a neat job.

Friend started the proceedings by asking what were the rules to which Corbett referred, and he was shown a few inconsequential paragraphs of the articles of agreement but nothing which had any very important bearing on the contest.

While Friend was studying the paragraphs in question, Corbett made several remarks to Fitz that were intended to rouse the Cornishman to a fighting pitch, but Ruby Robert sat there as unconcerned as a man reading a newspaper by his own fireside. He never opened his mouth during the entire session, contenting himself with listening to Friend's oration. And that is exactly what all the others did for nearly two hours. Corbett fumed and tried to interrupt Friend several times in order to arouse Fitz's ire, but without avail.

* * *

"PARDON me," said the disciple of Blackstone with an ingratiating smile, "you have asked my client here to discuss the rules governing the approaching contest, and he has engaged me to speak for him. Assuredly we are to have fair play, and therefore I must ask (*Continued on page* 44)

CHARLES DICKENS
Prize Fight Reporter

By FRANK AUSTIN

CHARLES DICKENS, the Immortal Novelist, like Jack London, Bret Harte and other writers of fame, was not averse to picking up some easy money as a prize fight reporter. Back in 1860, when the Heenan-Sayers bout was the talk of the fistic world, Bell's Life of London induced Mr. Dickens to contribute several articles on this contest. Dickens, who previously had displayed considerable interest in the fight gentry, accepted the assignment and on the day of the encounter, with a motley gathering of sports representing all classes, he rode to Farnborough as a second-class passenger to act as an observer.

Traveling in the same carriage with Dickens, were old time pugs, several members of Parliament, a poet, a clergyman, and Frank Dowling, editor of Bell's Life and, with such a gathering, Dickens found heaps of good material for several human interest stories. On May 19, 1860, in a publication called, *"All the Year Round,"* there appears a splendid account of the Great Fight, written by Charles Dickens. In addition, he also describes the coach scene and reports the type of conversation that characterized the trip to Farnborough. The first article by Dickens on this fight assignment follows:

"I obtained a seat in a rather overloaded double compartment of a second-class carriage. Behind me were a live lord, a live baronet, two members of Parliament, the very gentlemanly editor of a distinguished sporting paper which has always done its best in the cause of fair play and honest dealing, Mr. Dowling, of *Bell's Life;* and aristocratic Scotchman, a clergyman of the Church of England, a renowned poet of the tender passions, and a member of old time and present day pugilists.

"By the side of me was a young, cheerful, round-faced Australian settler, who had traveled fifteen thousand miles to see the fight and transact some business of minor importance. His dress was light, his manner self-reliant, and he looked the kind of man to go round the world unencumbered with luggage, with a cigar in his mouth and his hands in his pockets.

"Opposite this passenger was a mild, long-faced blinking gentleman of Jewish aspect, who talked very fluently and seemed to know all the minor deities of the Ring. By his side was a drowsy and ragged member of the fighting craft whose scalp had been taken by the immortal Sayers in a battle some eight years before (Jack Grant).

"The labour of keeping up the conversation in the carriage rested between the Australian and the talkative Jew. The aristocracy seemed shy. They were diffident, perhaps, of their sporting knowledge, or were sleepy from having been up all night.

"I saw a good fight in Melbourne the week before I left," said the Australian.

"Did you?" returned the talkative Jew.

"There's a fortune there," said the Australian confidentially, "for any man about eight stone nine."

The drowsy fighting man with blighted prospects slowly opened one eye.

"There's no good man there," continued the Australian, "under nine stone."

"How about Fibbing Billy?" asked the talkative Jew.

"Used up."

"Joss Humphrey?"

"Bounceable. Wants it taken out of him. Fights at ten stone, gives any man a stone, but won't strip for less than a thousand pounds."

"What name?" asked the blighted prize-fighter, this time opening both eyes and becoming languidly interested in the conversation.

"Joss Humphrey," answered the Australian settler.

"Ah!" returned the blighted prize-fighter, relapsing into drowsiness. Australia seemed a long way off, and capital did not appear to be at all forthcoming. It was an opening for a smart, active young man, and he was not in a position to avail himself of it.

"Nick Muffles would tackle him," remarked the talkative Jew, addressing himself almost confidentially to the blighted prize-fighter.

"Ye-s," was the drawling answer, finished off with a yawn.

"Nick's clever," said the Jew.

"Ah!" returned the prize-fighter, "ain't he artful!"

"Ah!"

"Don't he get away!"

"And keep away!"

"But ain't it smart!"

"Ah!"

* * *

AFTER this favourable review of their absent friend's fighting qualities, the blighted prize-fighter made a few observations in praise of Nature before he again closed his eyes. He seemed to be an admirer of daybreak and a lover of gardens (a once market porter).

"The Australian kept up the conversation with the Jew by inquiring after many old prize-fighters whom he had known before they emigrated. Some were dead, some had thrived, and some had disappeared. They were all asked after by affectionate Christian names, like many actors and some comic singers. The pugilistic profession seems never to have had more than two "masters" in its ranks; the late "Mr." Gully, M. P. for Pontefract, and the late ex-Champion, "Mr." Jackson, teacher of boxing and one of the Coronation pages to King George the Fourth."

Then following several more observations on the behavior of other fistic celebrities who occupied a conspicuous place on the coach, Charles Dickens describes the fighters, Heenan and Sayers, as they appeared upon their entrance on the scene of battle. This is how the great novelist described the men:

"When the immortal Sayers stepped into the ring at seven o'clock in the morning he was received like a popular performer with a round of applause. His immortal face was a deep sallow brown, and looked like a square block of walnut-wood. His expression was a little more marked for pugilism than that of most of his craft. He was slightly nervous on facing the company.

"His opponent Heenan next entered the ring, to be received with quite as much enthusiasm as the English Champion. He looked much fairer than Sayers in the face, and was equally nervous. His portraits had flattered him in the eyes of the British public. There are two styles of nose which all prize-fighters must be content to select from, one presenting a flat, triangular appearance, the other indented near the tip and slightly turned up, so that you could hang a key on it. The immortal Heenan had a moderate nose of the last pattern."

The Gym Champ

HE had speed, and a punch, and a brain,
And a build that had Hercules stopped.
When he came on the gym floor to train
We could picture the champion flopped.

He was fast as the areo mail
As he flitted about at his stunts;
Every blow that he hit was a whale,
As was proved by the target's loud grunts.

He was there seven ways from the ace.
"He's got everything!" so we announced.
And he sure set a cyclonic pace
As each new proffered victim he trounced.

"He's got everything!" so we announced,
So we thought, 'til he climbed in the ring
With the champ and was terribly trounced.
Then we knew that he hadn't a thing.

The Push-Over

By HAROLD C. BURR

THE ring was crowded for the introductions. There were Irish Rose, willing to meet any boy in the world at his weight; Jim Eggers, matched to box in that same arena next month; Claude Duncan, rotund of paunch and seedy of apparel, a champion of other days and——

"Pete Bigelow!" bellowed the announcer in conclusion, his brown derby at his mouth to act as a sounding board. "Bigelow challenges——"

Derision greeted the presentation. "Who let you in here, Bigelow? Throw that mutt out!

"Mirrors! Mirrors! It was done with mirrors."

The youth at the announcer's side listened with flaming ears. His thoughts were bitter as he stood there twisting his cap under the cruel fire. "Flash" Bigelow they would be calling him in a minute.

He thought back to that night when he met the lightweight champion for the title. Ned Lamonde had knocked him out in the seventh round, and in a mistaken moment, he had offered his alibi to the reporters in the dressing room afterward. A woman had taken a mirror out of her handbag down in the first row of ringside chairs to powder her nose. In replacing it, she had innocently flashed it in his eyes. He hadn't been able to see the knockout blow coming.

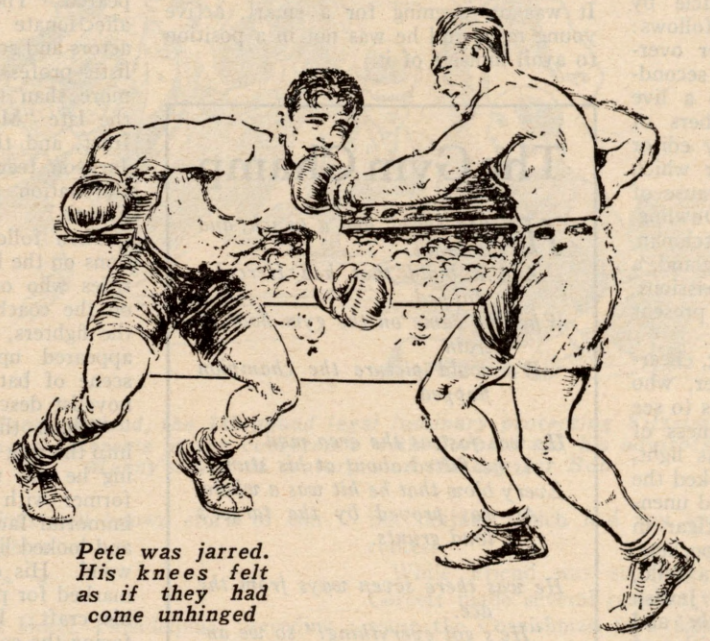
* * *

BIGELOW had dogged the champion for a return match. Now it so happened that Lamonde knew more than the public. Deep down in his warped heart he half believed that mirror story. He had seen Bigelow blink, make as if to clear his vision with half-lifted glove. Up to the knockout Pete had been fighting well. He had been hard to reach, and still he had made no attempt to block that blow.

"If I took him on again," whispered Lamonde, "he might, he might——"

So he just didn't. Bigelow by his excuses hadn't won himself any friends. There was no popular demand for another meeting between the boys. Pete suddenly discovered that he would have to begin all over again, fighting his way back through the ranks of the palookas and the pork-and-beaners.

"Oh, you Flash!" yelled somebody just as he expected, and the gallery took up the refrain. The whole mob seemed to be shouting it.



Pete was jarred. His knees felt as if they had come unhinged

To make matters worse, the champion himself was an onlooker at the humiliating scene, for Ned Lamonde that night was defending his title against a push-over for the easy money.

Again Lamonde won by a knockout. The sport pages called him great the next day. He would hold the title for many, many years, for there wasn't anyone in sight who could stand up to him for ten rounds, etc. Pete Bigelow's challenge was accorded a curt sentence of dismissal.

Now Bigelow lived with his sister Grace. It was the old sordid struggle. The young man's business was boxing, and no one nowadays seemed desirous of hiring his gloves. Promoters thought twice before matching a boy who was being ridiculed by the fight crowd.

The Bigelows were humble folk and ate in the kitchen. Afterward Pete would knot a checked apron under his armpits and mop up the dishes. Sometimes they would just pour hot water on the greasy mess, leave it in the sink to soak and go to the talkies together. Pete would fight for his sister any day.

* * *

ONE evening the boy came home to find his sister very gay. He threw his cap dejectedly on the sofa and sat down with his head forlornly in his hands. He had been the same old profitless rounds of the clubs. No work for "Flash" Bigelow. But Grace was humming a little lilting tune out in the kitchen as she broiled a spluttering steak.

Pete got up and moved to the connecting door in curiosity. The red signals were in her cheeks when he asked her what had happened, but it might have been the heat from the stove. When the steak was done she danced over to the victrola and put on a jazz record, snapping her fingers. Bigelow sank back on the sofa at a loss. He wasn't hungry.

"I met your boy friend, Ned Lamonde, to-day," she said suddenly. "Why are you so sore on him? I thought he was rather nice."

"You keep away from him, Grace," he said thickly. "He's a rat. I forbid you—— Say, how did you two get acquainted?"

"Oh, through a friend. He doesn't know who I am—yet." She broke into a nervous, falsetto giggle. "Kept calling me 'Miss Bartlett.' Can you tie that one?"

"And you didn't set him right?"

It was a long while before she replied. She was setting out the plates and the cutlery with the wooden handles. "It would only make him dislike me," she answered finally.

"You want to make a hit with that guy?"

* * *

"YES, and I did, too. Don't be a sap, Pete. This is going to be to your advantage. If I can get him stuck on me, I'll be able to get him to consent to anything. I'll make him give you that return bout and you'll again be the champion."

Pete Bigelow stared at this scheming sister of his in horror. If he let her do that, the mob would have a worse name for him than Flash.

The horror still showed in his face as he picked up his cap and made grimly for the door.

"Where are you going, Pete?" she shrilled after him, suddenly frightened at what she had done.

He couldn't answer, his manhood was in the dust. He just went out and slammed the door and the smell of burning steak lingered in his nostrils for many long weeks.

It was raining outdoors, a cold, clammy drizzle. Pete turned up his collar against it. He had one tenacious idea. He must

block Grace's game somehow. Perhaps he'd better go away.

It was a comfort to him that she wouldn't starve before she could get a job—or marry Lamonde. He still had about $500 left of his end of the purse from the fight with the champion. It was where she could get at it.

He crossed on the ferry and loitered in the shadows of the railroad yards with their red and green lamps and cobweb of tracks. Pete crouched near a switch and jumped the first long freight that clattered over it, riding the rods out of town. A long freight was sure to go places.

And thus was Flash Bigelow lost to the fight racket. He became a hobo, earning his grub chopping wood for farmers' wives as sophisticated as Follies girls. Nights he slept warm by burrowing into haystacks. It was cruel in winter. But he was afraid to go back. He didn't know what Grace had done, what she still might do.

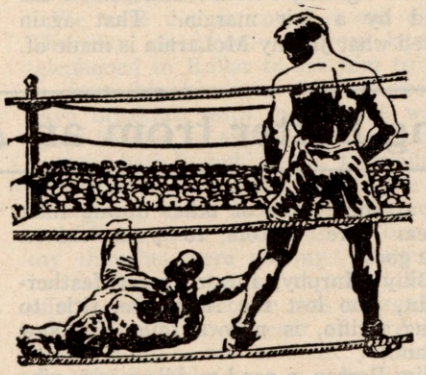
Like other patched knights, he kept to the railroad. One evening he was looking for a likely place to warm some left-over soup in a tin can on the end of a string. A break in the split rail fence disclosed a circle of burnt grass. Our still amateurish gay cat set his can carefully down and chased a bit of torn newspaper. Crumpled beneath a little tepee of twigs it would start his fire.

Pete imprisoned it with a shabby shoe, and stooped to pick it up, when suddenly a shudder went over him. Some reading matter hit him hard between the eyes, harder than Ned Lamonde had hit him in the rays of that pocket mirror. He stood stooped a long while.

"So Grace did marry him, after all," he muttered, straightening slowly, the paper crushed in his fist. "And now she's going to divorce him for cruelty. Why, he must have hit her! He must have hit my sister!"

* * *

LIGHTWEIGHT CHAMPION NED LAMONDE was growling around like a bear with a sore ear. This divorce business had got under his skin. It wouldn't do him a bit of good now that the news was around he had slugged his wife. She had made him so crazy he hadn't known what he was doing—confessing that she was the sister of Pete Bigelow. Lamonde had never forgiven Bigelow for getting himself knocked out that way.



Lamonde was lifted into the air and laid on his back, but not gently

But if he was a sucker and would have to pay alimony, he had better be fighting again. He told his manager to cook up a bout for him, some good boy, but not too good. It seemed that Manager Sparks knew of just the boy—Kid Custer who had been knocking 'em over in the Middle West, a rough young son of the prairie—but not too rough.

"He's one of those fallen arch boys who fight flat-footed," said Sparks, to settle everything. "He's just your style. Remember what you did to Pete Bigelow, champ?"

It was an unfortunate reminder. The titleholder nearly chewed his manager's ear off with some verbal billingsgate that he might better have saved for Kid Custer.

The bout with the Kid was arranged, with Lamonde getting all the better of the split as became a greedy champion. About all the Kid would get out of the affair was his carfare East. But to mix it with the champion, you had to concede everything but the referee's decision.

* * *

IT was the night before the fight before the challenger arrived in town, and then he hurried into mysterious seclusion. Not even the newspapermen got a square look at him as he bolted from train to automobile. It was rumored the wire fence around his training quarters was electrified for busybodies.

On the night of the match, sportdom was still in the dark. If it was a publicity stunt it overshot the mark. The crowd was laggard about giving up $10 a seat to watch Champion Lamonde pin back the ears of another push-over. The cheap rush seats filled first, so that from the ring, the armory floor looked like a yellow beach with a black tide slowly rising.

The champion was first in his corner. He held a levee, every once in so often standing up in his bathrobe to mitt the whistling crowd. A huge horseshoe of roses was carried up into the ring and stood near Lamonde's corner, facing him. More whistling, more mitting.

"Say it with flowers, Ned!" yelled a wag, laughing.

* * *

NOBODY noticed Kid Custer coming down an aisle through the smoke screen. His dressing gown was several sizes too large for him. It trailed in the rosin of the ring. Nothing showed but the Kid's head, shaved like a monk's. Then his handlers swarmed around his seated figure.

But the lightweight champion was edged forward on his stool, his eyes hanging on his cheeks.

"Look here, Sparks, what kind of a game is this?" he snarled at his manager. "That's Pete Bigelow over there in that corner!"

Below him the peevish champion saw a row of grinning faces. So those wise reporters had been in on the deception. It made a good story, and the telegraph instruments were sounding away like crickets. But how had Bigelow fooled the Boxing Commission? That was easy. He had changed his name to Kid Custer and had his head shaved. He was brown as a hickory nut and he looked about as tough as one, too, for he had spent months wandering as a hobo in the open fields. Every now and then he picked up a few dollars as a preliminary boxer, but never had he let on that he was Pete Bigelow.

Pete's handlers were snickering as the sounds of the altercation across the ring grew. The lightweight king was openly charging Sparks with double-crossing him.

What was going forward in that milling corner was relayed to Bigelow on his stool. But he just looked grimmer than ever. He had caught sight of his sister, Grace, in the crowd and one of her eyes was still discolored, from her latest beating at the hands of the champion.

The crowd didn't display any resentment at the subterfuge Bigelow had practiced. It was all smart tactics. He had put one over on the champion. This coup actually atoned somewhat for the squawk he had once raised.

* * *

AT first the champion flatly refused to face Bigelow. Majestically he wound his bathrobe about him, preparatory to climbing down through the ropes. It made him rage inwardly that he had been fooled into giving his wife's brother a chance at his title. He had left off calling his manager hard names because he saw Sparks was just as much surprised at Bigelow's identity as he. Technically Lamonde was right in his refusal to go on. But he heard laughter.

"You can't crawfish now, Ned," whispered Sparks in the royal ear. "The crowd's expecting you to behave like a real champ to-night and meet anybody. The death watch's sitting on you right now."

With a reckless oath Lamonde flung off his bathrobe and stalked to the center of the ring for instructions. His plumage was badly ruffled. He screwed his face into a ferocious glare.

"Yah think you're smart!" he grated. "Well, watch me have the crowd riding you with their spurs before the first round is over. I'm going to show you up for a faker!"

The starting gong clanged. Pete Bigelow was alone with his enemy at last. He didn't even see the referee.

Bigelow advanced slowly from his corner and waited, the same old flat-footed warrior in the faded maroon tights. And the champion, true to his gods of the glove, bored in fiercely. Pete just stood his ground and clinched, locking Lamonde's arms and upper-cutting him, his (*Continued on page* 42)

Nat Fleischer Says:

(*Continued from page* 14)

To call this defeat a surprise would be terming it mildly, for Jimmy was a tremendous favorite, with scarcely a writer giving Petrolle even a look in. Yet Petrolle, who only a few weeks previously had been shaded by Jackie Berg, stunned an assembly of 14,000 by not only upsetting the dope, but by upsetting the gallant Jimmy twice for counts of nine and winning by a wide margin.

When a review of 1930 is written, the McLarnin-Petrolle contest will have to be termed the outstanding fight of the year, for from a point of view of real scrapping, it was a thriller par excellence. It was a bitter struggle, so full of action, so exciting, so heart-throbbing round after round, that it far overshadowed any fight in recent years with the possible exception of the Firpo-Dempsey battle. The test of pugilistic greatness is how a fighter stands up under adverse conditions, and Jimmy proved beyond the possible shadow of a doubt, that he possesses every asset that makes for greatness.

Heroes Both of Them

IN defeat as well as in victory, Jimmy proved himself a hero. If ever there was any doubt about McLarnin's gameness, his courage, that was dispelled by the wonderful exhibition he gave while taking a terrible beating from Petrolle. Twice on the verge of a knockout, once saved just by a fraction of a second, McLarnin, facing the annihilating fists of the Fargo demon, struggled to his feet, gamely staggered about the ring, then, while blow after blow was showered on him, his right hand broken, he just kept up a steady one hand attack and miraculously lasted through two complete minutes to save himself from a knockout.

But that surprise was overshadowed by what took place in the next session. Coming out for the fifth round, when all hands in that vast amphitheatre expected the Idol of Fistiana, the little Vancouver Thunderbolt, to collapse, McLarnin tore into the fighting Petrolle and gained the round by a fair margin. That again showed what Jimmy McLarnin is made of.

McLarnin lost, but he went down to defeat as much a hero as the victor, Billy Petrolle. There was one fight in which the spectators found sufficient to warrant rounds of applause for winner and loser.

McLarnin, his left eye partly closed and blood seeping from the wound, his mouth cut and swollen, his lips split, his nose flattened and his body a crimson splotch, dropped his colors to the hardest hitting lightweight since the days of Leonard, Charley White and Lew Tendler—and that was no disgrace.

Although on the form displayed by Petrolle, I believe he would have beaten McLarnin that night even had Jimmy's right hand not been injured, yet it is my opinion that with McLarnin's powerful right at his command, Petrolle would not have scored by so wide a margin. It would then have been a case of either Jimmy or Billy taking the full count.

In a return match, with his right hand properly healed, I favor McLarnin to reverse the decision. At any rate, in the eyes of the fight public, both boys are heroes and well do they deserve the hero worship accorded them.

An Interesting Letter from an Australian

I AM one of many boxing enthusiasts in far-off Australia who welcome the addition of your publication, THE RING, to the athletic publications of our home land. THE RING brings back to me memories of days long past in which the greatest fighters of all time were in their heyday. I spent many years in America traveling with Griffo and Fitzsimmons, and stories of these great Australians appearing in your splendid book, bring back to me the wonderful times I had in the good old U. S. A. Perhaps some of your readers would be interested in the whereabouts of a few of the old-time star fighters of the Antipodes, who at some time or other during their careers were visitors to your shores. Here goes:

"Billy Murphy, former great featherweight, who lost the Australian title to Young Griffo, is now a tailor in New Zealand.

"Jim Barron, a good middleweight, who fought Bobby Dobbs and Kid McCoy in America, is now boxing instructor at several colleges here. Jim has just celebrated his sixty-seventh birthday.

"Billy McCarthy is in the Old Men's Home.

"Mick Dunn, who beat Fitzsimmons three times before Ruby Robert gained fame in America, and was beaten by Joe Walcott, is a man of independent means.

"Old Bill Squires, Boshter Bill, who lost to Tommy Burns at Colma, is a successful farmer.

"Dave Smith, former middleweight, who fought Eddie McGoorty, is a boxing scribe.

"Colin Bell, who fought Joe Jeannette in England, and Sam Langford and Gunboat Smith, is a bus driver.

"Jack Dunleavy, brilliant featherweight, who fought Willie Jackson in Philadelphia, is a gymnasium proprietor and manager of Australia's latest ring marvel, Jack Haines."

A Little Humor of the Ring

BLACK BILL, Cuban featherweight star, figured in a humorous incident not long ago. Luis Gutierrez, Bill's manager, was unable to make a trip to Pittsburg with him and sent in his place Moe Fleischer, who trains Luis' fighters.

"When you collect the dough," Gutierrez instructed Fleischer, "give Bill five dollars and hold all the rest until you get back. If you give him his cut, he'll spend it before he leaves town. You know how he is. Bring the dough back and I'll cut it with him here."

So off they went to Pittsburgh, Black Bill who spoke no English and Fleischer who spoke no Spanish. It was a quiet and not altogether pleasant journey.

After the fight Bill asked for money. Fleischer handed him a five-spot. The little Cuban ink spot protested vigorously. Though Moe understood not a word, it was plain that the boxer wanted more. He did not get it. That strained relations. Also Bill became suspicious. He did not trust Moe any too much.

Finally they got on the night train for home. They had a section, Bill in the lower and Fleischer in the upper. By this time Fleischer also was suspicious of Bill.

The train rolled along. After about half an hour Fleischer stuck out his head to peer down and see if Bill was asleep. If the boxer was in the land of nod Moe figured he could go to sleep himself without too much risk of Bill frisking him for his share of the roll.

But Bill was not asleep. In fact, he was wide awake and when he saw Moe looking down at him his eyes rolled.

All through the night it went on, with Fleischer waiting for Bill to go to sleep and the boxer waiting for Moe to drop off. Neither slept a wink the whole night through.

Back in New York each rushed to the office to tell Gutierrez all about it. Bill got there first. For several minutes there was a sputtering of machine-gun Spanish. Bill begged his manager never to send Fleischer out with him again.

"He stayed awake all night waiting for me to go to sleep so he could jump off the train and get away with my money," complained Bill.

Then came Fleischer's turn.

"Listen, Luis," he said, "I like you and I like this job. But don't ever send me out again with that egg or I'm through. You know what he did? He stayed awake all night waiting for me to go to sleep so he could cop the dough off me. I'm going home and get some sleep and I hope I don't dream about that little back imp."

In God we trust but no other.

That's the motto of the sock market.

Memoirs of a Promoter

(*Continued from page* 35)

a three-inch headline on the front page:

DR. ROLLER ARRESTED!

The appended article set forth that Roller had been apprehended under a state law which made it a felony for an individual to furnish false information to a newspaper, the "falsity" of the Doctor's information to the *Times* being "proven" by an affidavit from Green, who denied without reservation that he had approached me with an offer that amounted virtually to blackmail.

Col. Blethan sent for me and questioned me about my conversation with Green and I made an affidavit supporting Roller's version of it. Moreover, at his request, I wrote a three-column story exposing the methods of the Maybury gang and Marsh's connection with it.

Meanwhile, Roller, rather inclined for the moment to take his arrest as a joke, but eager, nevertheless, to get out of jail, telephoned to me and I soon arranged bail for him. I was inclined, too, to look upon the affair as a joke but the seriousness of it was borne in upon both of us when we conferred with Ryan following Roller's release. He convinced us that we would have a difficult time of it impressing a court with Roller's credibility because it was well known we were unfriendly to the *Star* and that to support our story, we had only the testimony of young Blethan, a minor.

* * *

AGAINST our testimony would be that of Green who, in the absence of evidence to the contrary, must be presumed to be an honorable man and who had no reason to inject himself into our wrangle with the *Star* except on orders from his superiors, who already had stated under oath that they issued no such orders. For the first time the outlook appeared dubious.

Ryan, whose practice was confined to civil cases, urged us to retain a criminal lawyer, one of the most celebrated in that part of the country, and this we proceeded to do. We went into court the following day before a justice of the peace, who held Roller for trial. Our lawyer had received an urgent message that morning summoning him to Olympia to plead before the government for a client who had been sentenced to die and he asked that Roller's trial be set for the following week but the justice of the peace, obviously prejudiced against us, ruled that we must be ready for trial on Thursday.

* * *

WEDNESDAY night was a black night for us. Our lawyer, we hoped, was on his way back from Olympia but we could not be sure. We could only be sure that powerful interests, recruited in a manner we could not fathom, were working against us. The gates of the penitentiary seemed swinging back to admit Roller.

We were due in court at one o'clock Thursday afternoon. I arose late and telephoned to Roller to ask him to come in from his home in the suburbs and have breakfast with me but he was so upset he had no appetite. Nor, for that matter, had I, but I felt I should eat something and so went down to the hotel restaurant, which faced on the street.

As I sat there picking at my breakfast my thoughts were gloomy. Roller was in real danger of going to prison, for the offense with which he was charged was punishable by two years at hard labor. Worst of all, he was innocent, yet couldn't establish his innocence in a hostile court.

Suddenly there was a commotion in the street. The voice of a newsboy shrilling, the babble of excited men.

"Extra! Extra!"

Startled, my nerves on edge, I jumped to the door which led to the street.

"Here, boy!" I cried. "Give me a paper!"

"Extra! Extra!"

The boy shoved a paper in my hand.

MAYBURY GANG ROUNDED UP!

The headline seemed to dance before my eyes.

GOVERNMENT CLOSES IN ON NATION-WIDE BAND OF CROOKS! MARSH, SHORES, HARRIS ARRESTED!

To this day I cannot tell you what I did or said at the moment. I suppose I was incoherent in speech, outlandish in action. It had worked out exactly as though it had all been a carefully planned melodrama.

Marsh, Shores and Tom Harris, the last named a steerer for the gang, had been seized in Seattle when the government agents, having finally completed their case founded on a complaint of a man by the name of Cavanaugh of Davenport, Ia., who had been bilked of $65,000 on a fake fight, had trapped eighty-eight of the gang members in various parts of the country at one sweep.

The three were brought down town in chains and put on a train for Council Bluffs, Ia., for arraignment in a Federal court. There they subsequently pleaded guilty and were sentenced to terms in Leavenworth Prison, Marsh for eighteen months, Shores for sixteen months and Harris for one year.

* * *

BEATON, acknowledging that he had been misled by Marsh and embarrassed by his unwonted connection with the Maybury gang, dropped proceedings against Roller and apologized in full to both the Doctor and myself. That night, as Roller and I boarded a train for Chicago, Col. Blethan was there to bid us Godspeed and we were serenaded by a band composed of the *Times* newsboys.

It was the traditional happy ending following the interval of suspense when the hero, as portrayed by Roller, had been in the villains' toils.

(*To be Continued in Next Issue.*)

Blue Blood vs. Red

(*Continued on page* 6)

Details were perfected speedily and without the slightest publicity, perhaps because newspapers did not follow things as closely in a sports way then as they do now. The amateur had agreed readily to enter the test. He was not the least afraid.

They fought one late afternoon in a large carriage house on a big Long Island estate, the owner of which was much interested in the encounter. Outside of the "five men a side," under the agreement for handling the corners, there were exactly sixty-two spectators present and every one of them had paid $100 for his ticket. This admission fee constitutes a record for all time for boxing. For fear of any leaks in the plan, all hands were carried to the scene by New York Y. C. yachts over the water route, not a soul knowing in advance what the destination was.

That made a pot of $6200 in ticket money and $1250 in the main stake for Sullivan, perhaps by far the heaviest money he had ever cleared for any of his engagements up to that time, there being no training or managerial expenses to come "off the top."

No complete details of that peculiar scrap ever became public. I got the main facts from a near relative of the amateur and he, then just a kid, later got them from the fighter himself.

The bout went the full ten rounds and the amateur, trained to the minute, easily outlasted the fast-fading and decidedly tired Sullivan after John's futile attempts for five rounds to catch up with the powerful and fast-stepping young 200-pound giant who was opposing him.

The amateur was Herman Oelrichs, scion of an old Manhattan family and son of the American representative and part owner of the White Star steamship line—a marvelous athlete in several departments of sport. The Sullivan people for a time denied any knowledge of such an encounter, even attempted to laugh it off, but thousands of dollars in bets were paid over on the outcome and years after, Sullivan admitted to me that he had clashed with "a damn tough kid of an amateur in a barn on Long Island."

Oelrichs was one of New York's most generous patrons of sports of all sorts. He died at the age of 57 on an ocean liner while returning home from a Eurpean tour, passing away on the sea that he loved so well.

Brains and Brawn in Wrestling

(*Continued from page 26*)

management, have been gathered from the collegiate field. They are genuine rah rah boys who, with proper matchmaking, are developing into formidable matmen.

I will not go so far as to say that the sport will soon be dominated by collegians, but I will go on record with the statement that the leaders in the field within the next five years will be men who have a college degree. Every indication points to that.

* * *

ONLY recently I imported from Japan one of the best wrestlers turned out in the Far East in many moons—Taro Myaki. He is a good-sized fellow for a native of Japan, and scales 184 pounds when in condition. A few years ago, when he made his first trip to this country, he came as a lightweight jiu jitsu exponent but, finding little opposition here in his field, he took a fancy to the catch-as-catch-can style of wrestling and soon became highly proficient.

Now Taro is of an observant nature and, seeing an opportunity to make a name for himself and also to better his financial condition, he went back to Japan and there became a teacher of wrestling. Myaki is an educated man, a college graduate, hence he found it easy to become an instructor. He set the example and today his home city of Osaka, the largest and most thriving community in Japan, is the home of many star athletes, many of them catch-as-catch-can wrestlers, although boxing also has become a favorite pastime. Especially is this true among the collegians.

The same situation holds in the centers of learning in Europe, especially in Germany, Austria and Hungary. Sandor Szabo, who only recently arrived from Hungary, is one of the leading college grapplers in Central Europe. He is a graduate of the Budapest University.

In this country, most of the institutions of learning are sending forth wrestlers who can hold their own against the leading professionals. So good are these collegians that I have had no hesitation in placing a number on my best programmes. This holds true in other wrestling centers than New York.

Billy Bartush, who recently was thrown by Dick Shikat, former world's heavyweight champion, made a name for himself athletically while enrolled as a student at Chicago University. He was an outstanding athlete, especially in football and wrestling. He stands 6 feet, 1 inch and weighs 215 pounds.

New York City boasts a Jewish star in Herb Freeman, who gained his education at the College of the City of New York. He has a big following, not only among fans of his own race, but among other New York enthusiasts because he is home bred.

The South has sent into the ranks of the wrestlers Bill Middlekauf of Florida University. Bill, who failed as a fighter, is a Bachelor of Arts and a Bachelor of Law.

He is 24 years old, weighs 210 pounds, stands 6 feet, 3 inches and is a member of the swank Alta Tau Omega fraternity. Middlekauf was a sensational four letter college athlete, played on baseball teams, starred on track teams where he ran a 100-yard dash in ten and three-fifths seconds, was guard on the basketball team for two years, captained the football team, playing fullback position, and represented Florida on the swimming and boxing team. And now this brilliant young man, since taking up wrestling, is devoting all his time to the mat game.

Purdue has a representative in the mat game in Doc Wilson, a promising fellow.

The University of Virginia has graduated a fine wrestler in Wee Willie Davis, who is only 5 feet, 5 inches but is as slippery as an eel on the mat.

Then there is Ed George, a University of Michigan grappling star; Paul Harper, of Dallas University, Toots Mondt, who was handling the affairs of Richard Shikat but is now back in the sport as an active competitor, and who hails from Colorado College of Mines, and Jim McMillan with quite a "rep" at the University of Illinois as running mate of Red Grange. His tackle is sensational and his speed, lightning fast.

John Firpo Wilcox is another college graduate. Part Cherokee Indian, a graduate of Oklahoma University, he became the Missouri Valley heavyweight wrestling champion, made his mark on the football field and is now making a hit all over the country with his spectacular grappling and perfect physique.

* * *

TINY ROEBUCK, professional wrestler and recently victor in a finish fall match over Hans Steinke, which caused a complete upset in professional wrestling circles, is greatly handicapped by having made a mistake of first tackling professional fighting instead of wrestling. Fighting just wasn't in his line, but neither was it adaptable to Frank Gotch, than whom no greater wrestler ever trod the canvas.

Tiny is trying to live down his past as a fighter and in the opinion of experts, is succeeding. He is a Choctaw Indian and is a graduate of Haskell University, at Lawrence, Kansas. He was a great football star, a champion college wrestler, a real behemoth, weighing 240 pounds. He stands 6 feet, 2 inches in his stockinged feet. The late Walter Eckersall and the great Knute Rockne have pronounced him one of the most perfect athletes of all time.

The Push-Over

(*Continued from page 39*)

best blow. Ned tried to hold his gloves. When the referee broke them, it was the champion who was bleeding at the mouth.

"Box him, box him!" shrieked Lamonde's manager, his bald head bobbing like a billiken's just above the ring floor. "Stand off and box him. Make him lead."

The fight progressed—five, six, seven, eight rounds. Lamonde was hammering away again to break through Pete's guard, an intricate network of arms. But the champion could hit. He could swing a terrible blow with his right. And in the eighth round it broke through the webbing of Bigelow's defense.

Pete was jarred. His knees felt suddenly as if they had come unhinged. He speculated how he could stay upright so long with nothing underneath him.

Again the champion's fist shot forth, but there was no need. Poor Pete's body fell limply out of range to the floor. The fallen gladiator pawed feebly with one gloved hand, contrived to seize the lower rope and drag himself to one knee. There he hung, gasping, fighting for breath.

* * *

THE referee's count had reached six. Pete glanced up at him in irritation, looked away. He stared glass-eyed through the ropes. He saw a face. It was a girl's face, bruised under one eye—Grace. She was almost in hysterics. He was failing Grace.

"Eight!" brawled the referee in his ear, and Bigelow saw the downward swooping finger.

"Nine!" continued the man in the gray shirt, preparing to lift the champion's right arm aloft.

But he never said, "Ten!" Ned Lamonde's lips were drawn back in the sneer of victory. Eyewitnesses said afterward that Pete's glove fixed that sneer on the champion's lips. Lamonde still wore it as he measured his length on the canvas.

Somehow Pete had struggled to his feet. He wrestled the titleholder clear across the ring and, working one glove free, his strength miraculously pouring back into his muscles, Bigelow suddenly shot up the old deadly uppercut. Lamonde was lifted into the air and laid on his back, but not gently. It was a knockout in a million.

The new champion's cowboy manager stood at a little distance while they were unlacing Pete's gloves. "Say, buddy," he asked, "who was the little lady in the seat down there who caught your eye and made you start to fight all over again?"

Pete looked up proudly. "It's quite a long story, Bill. But I'm going to meet her in half an hour for chop suey. If you want to come along, we'll tell it to you together. She was Lamonde's wife, but she is my sister again now."

Brooklyn's Part in Boxing

(*Continued from page* 31)

Robert Fitzsimmons and Edward Dunkhorst, the "Human Freight Car." This took place April 30, 1899, during the Horton Law regime.

Fitz saved the climax for the second round, when he shifted on Dunkhorst and drove his left to the pit of the stomach. Sharp-eyed spectators declared that Fitz's left arm disappeared in the capacious folds of Dunkhorst's diaphragm up to the elbow. When Fitz extricated his arm, Dunk fell like a crashing aeroplane, and, as jocularly claimed, was raised with a derrick.

Nearly all of Fitz's really important fights were staged either in the South, or in places where prejudice was not so strong as in New York. Strangely enough, he dropped his title to Jeff during the second year of the Horton Law.

The most sensational battle ever staged at the Empire A. C. of Maspeth was that between Joe Wolcott, who in his old age is employed in Madison Square Garden, and Kid Lavigne, who passed away a few months ago. The contest took place at the Maspeth arena, December 2, 1895, and ended in a draw. It was one of the greatest bouts ever staged in New York.

* * *

THE managers made a $500 side bet on the outcome of the contest and Maurice Daly, the famous billiardist, was the stakeholder. By the terms of the match, Walcott was required to stop Lavigne within the limit of 15 rounds or lose the stake. Tim Hurst, the well-known baseball umpire, was referee.

Walcott, who reduced considerably to make the desired weight, was not up to his usual standard of aggressiveness. Lavigne on the other hand was full of energy and he set a hot pace. Walcott was on the receiving end for several rounds and the fact that he kept on his feet was a strong tribute to his courage and inherent stamina.

In the closing five or six rounds, Walcott regained much of his natural vitality and gave Lavigne a terrific beating. The battle was a furious one and both fighters were so beaten and bruised they were confined to their rooms for a week after the fight.

Referee Hurst decided the bout a draw and as the Kid was on his feet fighting like a gamecock at the close of the fifteenth round, Daly turned the side-stakes over to Fitzpatrick. This fight goes down as one of the fiercest encounters in the history of the ring.

* * *

ALTHOUGH Jack McAuliffe, and Nonpareil Jack Dempsey were born in Ireland, they developed pugilistically in Brooklyn, and with John L. Sullivan formed the THREE JACKS of the roped square.

Aside from his 74-round draw with Jem Carney at Revere Beach, Mass., the ring being broken into at a time when the American champion was practically done for, McAuliffe compiled a good record. The fact that he retired from the ring as soon as Lavigne showed his class may have been only a coincidence.

McAuliffe was the recipient of one of the most remarkable decisions ever made by a referee. On August 27, 1892, McAuliffe and Young Griffo met in the Coney Island arena in a bout limited to ten rounds. Griffo was in top form at the time and was practically unhittable, but was by no means a heavy puncher. Yet for ten successive rounds the Australian wraith peppered McAuliffe with a succession of jabs, hooks and uppercuts and escaped without one serious blow. At the conclusion of the bout Referee Maxey More declared McAuliffe the winner.

* * *

NONPAREIL JACK DEMPSEY, middleweight champion of America, who was born in County Kildare, Ireland, in 1862, had his first fight in America in a lonely spot on Long Island, April 7, 1883 where he won from Ed McDonald, in 27 rounds. Dempsey was a particularly clever boxer, and he outpointed nearly all opponents with the greatest ease.

His first reverse was when George LaBlanche, the Marine, felled him with a pivot blow in the thirty-second round of a fight staged in San Francisco on August 27, 1889.

His most serious setback was when he was stopped by Fitzsimmons in 13 rounds at New Orleans in 1891. Fitz, a physical freak, was required to make 154 ringside and scaled, to the amazement of Dempsey and his handlers 150½ pounds, to 147 by Dempsey.

Terry McGovern was born in Johnstown, Pa., yet he achieved his prominence in Brooklyn rings. As the holder of two titles, bantam and feather and the conqueror of Frank Erne, lightweight champion, in a handicap match made at 128 pounds ringside, McGovern was by long odds the leading boxer of Brooklyn.

Among other reputable fighters were Spike and Dave Sullivan, George Monroe, Kid McPartland, who was born in New York, but did most of his boxing in Brooklyn, Billy Ernst, Matty Matthews, and many others.

EDITOR'S NOTE—*This is the first of a series on centers of boxing in this country. There will be two more articles on New York, then articles on Boston, Chicago and California will follow.*

John L. First to Rouse Hero Worshippers

(*Continued from page* 29)

morsel with you. He'll stick whether you're rich or broke. He knows no loser and he doesn't quit.

"You can gamble on this one—when all those fellows forget that you ever lived, and push you aside for another sucker, the dog will still be there. He'll never desert you."

And the fallen champion leaned over in a maudlin way and laid his huge hand caressingly on the shabby head of his dumb but faithful companion. It was only a short time after, when Sullivan went on the water wagon and began preaching against the evils of drink.

There never were two more popular idols than John L. Sullivan and Jack Dempsey. One was the ideal devil-may-care, roystering, ever-spending fool, a gruff fellow with a kindly heart, a terrific drinker, who, when under the influence of liquor, was as much to be dreaded as a bull in a china shop, yet a man whose heart was in the right place and whose purse was always responsive to a tale of distress. For years Sullivan coined money only to blow it as fast as he made it.

* * *

JACK DEMPSEY, on the other hand, made far more than did John L., but unlike the Bostonian, he has husbanded a good portion of it. Though a liberal spender, Dempsey will never have need to call on his friends for a benefit as did Sullivan.

Sullivan and Dempsey had this in common—they were strictly honest. They went into the ring at all times with only one intention—to win.

Both were defeated, but there was no stain of crookedness on the record of either. Each fell victim to the prowess of a better man. They proved that, as in all other callings, "honesty is the best policy." The respect the fight fans of past generations and those of the present have for fistiana's most popular heroes is the best testimony that can be offered.

Sullivan was known in Boston as the Strong Boy even in the days when baseball had more charms for him than the roped square. He was a very proficient ball player and in 1878 was offered $1,300 a season to play with the Cincinnati club but turned it down because the club refused to give him a two year's contract. Fortunately for boxing, the offer was turned down.

A great character was Sullivan—a man who popularized boxing in America.

Rickard in Retrospect

(*Continued from page* 19)

travel through the sticks. He'd have him right here in the Metropolitan district where by this time he would have primed Carnera for a gigantic outdoor bout. A showman—that was Tex Rickard.

A fascinating devil, too. One simply couldn't help but like poor 'ole Tedge. Enemy or friend, if Tex wanted you to like him, he had a way all his own to win his point and once you got through with him, you were one of his admirers.

For a strangely successful man, Tex Rickard was the least boastful of any fellow I've ever met.

An interview with him seldom got you anywhere. He would talk about anything and everything but himself. But when you least expected it, when you caught him in the proper mood, there was no better story-teller than Tex Rickard.

His tales were most delightful. They were tales of the Wild West, of the Yukon gold rush, of the frontier fights. and so on—the kind that caused that red corpuscle to reach the red-hot point. He never gave himself any the better of it. Always his friends—his associates in those hectic gold rush days—they were the fellows who came in for the greater portion of the yarns.

* * *

I KNEW Tex as probably few others did and to me, he was the fairest man that ever lived. In the twenty years I knew him, I don't know of one lie that he told me. When he tried to hide a story to prevent a coup and I questioned him about it, he would sometimes say:

"Hype, between you and me, but not for publication, the story is true. But publicity now will hurt me and the Garden, Hype."

And that is why I always respected him. He had confidence in his friends and his friends shared such confidence with him.

I was often told many of his big promotion secrets beforehand but, true to my trust, I never betrayed Tex. When he said: "Now, Hype, don't go putting nothing of that in the papers," it remained a secret with me.

Rickard was always "good copy" for any newspaperman. The kind of "copy" which he furnished is no longer available for there is none in the field who compares with him and that is why good fight stories are so scarce nowadays.

Jim Jeffries was Rickard's idol. He loved Jack Dempsey, but he thought more of Jeffries as a fighter than any battler that ever graced the roped arena. We argued the point one day, and Tex most emphatically informed me that it was his opinion that Jeffries would have knocked out Dempsey.

It was a never-ending argument with us. I always insisted that Jack Dempsey, with his two great, punishing hands, could have whipped Jeff at his best, but you couldn't convince Tex of that. When I challenged Tex with the remark that no one-handed heavyweight ever lived who could whip the Manassa Mauler, Tex would shoot back:

"Hype, you're crazy. You didn't know the Jeffries I knew. You only think you did. Say, that feller was the man-killer of the modern heavyweights. The strongest, greatest puncher in the game. You never seed an athlete in all the world like Jeffries. Boy, what I would have given to see the real Jeffries tackle Jack Johnson!"

Yet they say that Tex Rickard was not sentimental. Can you beat it?

Here we have Jack Dempsey, the man who made Tex Rickard rich, the man who enabled Tex to reap international fame and fortune, the idol of the fight world, playing second fiddle to the fellow Rickard promoted years ago.

Dempsey was the cornerstone of Tex Rickard's monument, Madison Square Garden, yet Tex wouldn't change his mind about the prowess of Jack and Jim.

* * *

DEMPSEY made $10,000,000 for Tex and his organization, and Tex would admit that there never was a more colorful fighter in the game than Dempsey, but when it came to fighting, that was a horse of another color with Tex. To him, the greatest of all heavyweights was his friend, Jim Jeffries, and no amount of argument could alter that opinion.

It makes no difference whether Dempsey makes a come-back. He may draw another million-dollar gate, but one thing you and I never again will see, will be a pair like Tex and Jack. Thanks to Rickard and Dempsey, we've "seed everything" in the promoting line. There's nothing new left.

Goldberg Goes Into a New Business

(*Continued from page* 11)

This boy had given it the full money's worth.

Jake Goldberg sat crying. Rose McGeeghan was up. In a trice she was at the ringside.

They carried Sidney to the dressing room, and he still was out. As a matter of fact, it wasn't for an hour that he came to.

"The Kid's Last Fight, Logan!" Sidney said to his manager the next morning when Logan visited the offices of Savoie Styles, Inc.

"Last fight, hell," and Logan spat. "Not if the signs are true."

Miss Rose McGeeghan blushed. Old Jake came tearing in, jubilant. "Listen, Sidney, Ike Wise sends in this order—six hundred of that number A-234. Nothing but orders all day. Looks like business is picking up."

* * *

BUSINESS *was* picking up—for Sidney Goldberg and Rose McGeeghan were discovered in a fond embrace.

"The wedding should be soon, or maybe sooner; on account long engagements is bad for business," beamed old Jake.

"As for that Salzer—let him have his champeen, and the money. Who wants a son should be a fighter?"

Jake chuckled. "As for a grand-son, if he turns out a fighter—well, the battling Goldbergs and the fighting McGeeghans ain't so bad."

Jake resumed. "I still think I had a fine idea. Anyway, it woke Sidney up. He was fast asleep around here, with a fine, pretty girl like you in the office and maybe you could be as ugly as the Dampfer girl for all the attention he gives you, Rose."

"Pop, you need new glasses," volunteered Sidney.

The Ruse That Failed

(*Continued from page* 36)

that I be not interrupted when making points in the controversy.

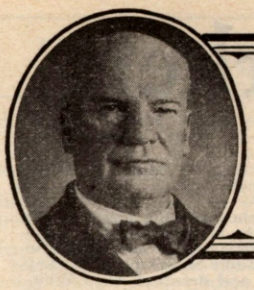
"Permit me to add that I think you are entirely justified in calling this meeting, as all the questions of rules should be definitely settled before the men enter the ring. It would be embarrassing, to say the least, if the opposing boxers had variant ideas of the rules after the battle had started.

"My client will be well satisfied with any fair settlement of the questions at issue, and I will now, with your consent, take up the rules, paragraph by paragraph, and discuss them until such time as we thoroughly agree on them."

And Manny Friend certainly did take up the subject seriatim, and discuss it in most thorough manner. He discussed till the huskies leaning against the wall were so weary they could barely stand on their feet. Corbett fumed and perspired, but there was no checking the flow of oratory that Friend turned loose on the persons present.

Fitz was the only one who seemed to enjoy it. With a grin on his face, he listened intently to every word of his counsel, who ended thus: "And gentlemen, I think I have made this matter clear to you. Good afternoon."

Thus Corbett's ruse resulted in complete failure.



IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By CHARLES F. MATHISON

Joseph Kervin, Duke Center, Pa.

Q.—Who is considered the best all-round fighter of modern times? Is Sharkey considered a better man than Schmeling? Are Sharkey and Schmeling likely to meet again for the title? Who is the better, Kid Chocolate or Jackie Berg? Is Primo Carnera a good fighter? Is he likely to become champion and would he be a good one? What should I weigh and how tall will I be at maturity? I am five feet three inches, weigh 106 pounds and am sixteen years of age.

A.—Jimmy McLarnin. Sharkey is better than Schmeling and they will most likely meet again next summer. Jackie Berg. Carnera is a good prospect but needs plenty of experience. If he becomes champion he will make a good one. You will weigh around 130 pounds and be around 5 feet six inches when you reach your majority.

Harry J. Brown, Orlando, Fla.

Q.—Can the final bell save a man in case of a knockdown the same as the bell in the other rounds?

A.—If the bell ends a contest before the count of ten over a fallen boxer is completed he is saved from a knockout.

Q.—Can a fighter use the ropes in the ring to hold to for leverage to pull himself to his opponent?

A.—No rule on that point, but there should be. Some boxers habitually use the ropes to their own advantage.

H. G. Hawkins, Jackson, Ga.

Q.—Of the two fighters in their prime, Bob Fitzsimmons and Jack Dempsey, which do you think would have won?

A.—Fitzsimmons.

Q.—How many rounds would it have gone?

A.—Probably not more than 8.

F. J. W., Detroit, Mich.

Q.—Is there any special qualification a manager of boxers must possess?

A.—He should understand boxing and be able to impart his knowledge to his boxer. Get copy of "How to Second" from THE RING office.

Q.—What must a manager obtain before he can handle a stable of his own for the first time?

A.—A manager's license from the local boxing cvommission.

Q.—Where can I get a gym in Detroit where I can direct my own fighters? What is the cost per year, month, etc?

A.—Grand River A. C., and Archie Stillman's gym.

Q.—Is it harmful to train in the evening after 7 P. M.?

A.—Harmful to train very soon after eating, otherwise it is O. K.

S. A. Hernera, Detroit, Mich.

Q.—Is 25 years too old to start boxing?

A.—No.

Q.—I have fought as an amateur eight times—won five and lost three. Is this good?

A.—A fairly good record.

Q.—Do I have to box some more to become a real boxer?

A.—Better continue as amateur for a while, and then seek a preliminary bout as professional.

Q.—How will I get a chance to be sparring partner to a good boxer?

A.—Inquire at the nearest gymnasium.

Q.—How was Aurelio Herrera rated?

A.—Terrific hitter.

Q.—What class was he in?

A.—Lightweight.

James Evans, Abilene, Texas.

Q.—I am 20 years old and weigh 175 pounds. My height is 5 feet 9½ inches. What will I weigh at full growth? Am I overweight?

A.—Probably 5 ft. 11 in.; 190 pounds.

G. J. F., Corry, Pa.

Q.—My age is 15, height 5 ft. 9 in., weight 126 pounds. What will be the figures when I am 21, and what class?

A.—Probably 5 ft. 10 in., 145 pounds, welterweight. Present class featherweight.

Fred C. Roberson, Delray Beach, Fla.

Q.—I weigh 142 pounds. How many pounds of sand must I put in my sack and how often must I use it?

A.—By sack I assume you mean punching bag, heavy type. It is much more beneficial to a youngster to use a light punching bag than a heavy sand bag. A light bag tends to develop speed, a very necessary quality in boxing.

Milton G. Horn.

Q.—Who were the five most scientific boxers of all time?

A.—"All time" too comprehensive a period. Bare knuckle and glove methods differed. Jem Mace best bare knuckle boxer. Peter Jackson and Jim Corbett greatest glove boxers. In lighter classes, Young Griffo, greatest, followed by Jim Driscoll, Jimmy Wilde, Joe Gans, Benny Leonard, Abe Attell.

Herbert Niles, New York City.

Q.—Who is the greatest featherweight in the ring today?

A.—Kid Chocolate on performance.

Q.—Do you think Chocolate will ever win the lightweight title?

A.—Needs a bit more weight. Suarez a dangerous competitor.

Q.—Would Carnera be defeated by Godfrey in another contest?

A.—In top form Negro would be favored to win, but is a very uncertain performer.

Q.—I wish to become a boxer, but have not money enough to pay for instruction. Do you know anyone who would take an interest in a promising youngster?

A.—You might see Jimmy De Forrest, 340 West 44th St., New York City.

A Reader, Cleveland, O.

Q.—What were the heights of Tommy Ryan, Paul Berlenbach, Billy Papke, Sam Langford and Joe Walcott?

A.—Ryan, 5 ft. 7¾ in.; Berlenbach, 5 ft. 10½ in.; Papke, 5 ft. 8¾ in.; Langford, 5 ft. 6½ in.; Walcott, 5 ft. 1½ in.

Q.—Is Mickey Walker a boxer or fighter?

A.—Both. His hitting is the predominant feature of his ring work, and he is by no means deficient in boxing skill.

Q.—What was the most Bob Moha weighed?

A.—From 1905 to 1922 he fought as a middleweight and never scaled more than 160 pounds.

O.—At what age does a man stop gaining weight?

A.—No set time. It depends largely on a man's health and manner of living. An athlete who ceases active participation in contests will take on weight rapidly. Jack McAuliffe, in one of his later lightweight battles scaled 137 pounds. He is now 64 years of age and scales 200 pounds. Retired athletes who continue to exercise, should not gain much in weight, and the same is true of a non-athlete, whose health is good. He should not gain any weight after passing his fiftieth year. Failure to retain normal weight is usually due to illness or an inadvisable mode of living.

Constant Reader.

Q.—I am a featherweight, 19 years old, and come from another city than New York. Where can I obtain a manager who would like to have a real, good fighter.

A.—Address G. Eissing, Ponce De Leon, (4), 5701 Boulevard, North Bergen, New Jersey.

A Reader.

Q.—What record book has Con O'Kelly's record in it? Has O'Kelly met anyone since his last fight with Jim Maloney?

A.—Boxing's Book of Records, London, contains O'Kelly's record from 1910 to 1914. No bouts since last one with Maloney.

Q.—Of these three boys who have fought in American rings, Boy McCormick, Bombardier Wells and Phil Scott, who has the best American ring record?

A.—McCormick.

Q.—How would you rate the following: Jim Coffey, Boy McCormick, Con O'Kelly.

A.—Coffey, McCormick, O'Kelly. The latter does not class with Coffey and McCormick.

Victor M. Castro, San Jose, Costa Rica.

1.—What is the nationality of Ernie Schaaf, Max Baer, Tuffy Griffiths, Maxey Rosenbloom and Walter Cobb.

2.—How tall and what is the weight of: Paulino Uzcudun, Jack Sharkey, Max Schmeling, Jack Dempsey, Johnny Risko, Victorio Campolo and Luis Firpo.

3.—Where can I get books of the life of Tunney, Jack Sharkey and Paulino Uzcudun, with pictures.

1.—Schaaf, German-French parents; Baer, American-German parents; Griffiths, American; Rosenbloom, American-Jewish parents; Cobb, American.

2.—Uzcudun, 5 ft. 11¼ in., 200 pounds; Sharkey, 6 ft. 1 in., 195 pounds; Schmeling, 6 ft. 1 in., 185 pounds; Dempsey, 6 ft. 1 in., 190 pounds; Risko, 5 ft. 10¾ in., 188 pounds; Campolo, 6 ft. 6½ in., 220 pounds; Firpo, 6 ft. 3 in., 216 pounds.

3.—There are none. The only book published on any of the above is one on Gene Tunney, without photos. The price is 35 cents.

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

NEVER, in the recollection of this writer, has been seen such an array of overwhelming upsets as during the month of November. The three principal reversals occurred in New York in three straight shows at Madison Square Garden. Singer lost his title to Canzoneri, McLarnin was given a terrific beating by Billy Petrolle, Chocolate was trounced by Fidel La Barba, in the lighter divisions, while in the heavier, Tommy Loughran regained his old time boxing form when he outpointed King Levinsky and Mickey Walker started his heavyweight quest by whipping Johnny Risko. Angel Cliville, Porto Rican, created a surprise when he kayoed the veteran Rene De Vos in one round.

The heavyweights were active last month. Young Stribling has started a busy campaign in the heavyweight division by defeating Arthur De Kuh and kayoing K. O. Christner and Whitey Gorsline in three rounds each. De Kuh beat Big Bill Hartwell. George Godfrey disposed of Seal Harris in four rounds. Tuffy Griffiths outpointed George Neron.

Tommy Loughran, in addition to the Levinsky victory, won from Dave Maier. Maier kayoed Frankie Wine in four rounds and Levinsky won the verdict over Jimmy Slattery. Angus Snyder kayoed Jim St. Clair in two rounds and drew with Emmett Rocco.

Jack Dorval asserted himself forcefully with victories over Babe Hunt and two round kayo over Knute Hanson. Dick Daniels whipped Charley Belanger and won on a foul from Johnny Risko in seven rounds. Tony Galento disposed of Ted Sandwina in the second round.

Stanley Poreda came through by stopping Bud Gorman in three rounds and winning over Al Friedman. He sure looks like a comer. Friedman also whipped Frankie Wine and was beaten by Ralph Ficucello. Otto Von Porat bested Jack Renault. Charley Retzlaff kayoed Mike Mandell in two rounds, Andy Shanks one round and lost on a foul to Antonio Mata in the first session.

Ernst Guehring, the German, turned in knockouts over Jack Shaw in one round, George La Rocco three rounds and a decision over Salvatore Ruggirello. Buddy Howard kayoed Paul Rodriquez in two rounds. Marty Fox whipped Pietro Corri and kayoed Armando Di Carlis in five rounds.

Elzear Rioux kayoed Fred Wilson and was beaten by Maurice Griselle.

In the light-heavyweight division, Larry Johnson whipped Natie Brown. Tait Littman kayoed Vincent Forgione in one round but was held even by Harry Smith in New York. This was Littman's first eastern appearance. George Courtney whipped Joe Goeders but was beaten by Tom Patrick in Hollywood. Billy Jones disposed of Murray Gitlitz in two rounds. Tiger Payne and Fred Lenhart battled to a draw.

Rosy Rosales trounced Jake Warren in Boston. Warren scored over Eddie Benson. Roy Wallace won from George La Rocco. Dan Gasparo kayoed Chester Bush in two rounds. Mickey McFarland disposed of Joe Zelinsky in one round. Babe McGorgary kayoed Tommy Murphy in St. Louis.

Mickey Walker, champion middleweight, is attempting a crusade against the heavyweights and letting his 160 pound title rust with inactivity. During the month Mickey trimmed Johnny Risko in Detroit. Dave Shade and Jack Hood battled to a draw in England. Gorilla Jones was beaten by Harry Smith but scored over Abe Lichtenstein. Angel Cliville, Porto Rican middleweight, stole into the limelight with his one-round kayo over Rene De Vos. Harry Ebbets kayoed Paul Rojas in two rounds, defeated Battling Tracey but was whipped by Ben Jeby. Vince Dundee scored over Joe Rene. Jack McVey won over Roy Dunn.

Pal Silvers defeated Jackie Aldare, Vincent Forgione and Frankie Boja. Roy Williams drew with Tom Jones. Billy Light outpointed Frank Battaglia. Henry Firpo scored over Joe West. Larry Marinucci kayoed Nick Palmer in the twelfth round. Johnny Roberts bested Jack McKenna.

In the welterweight group, Jimmy McLarnin's stock took a drop due to that defeat suffered at the hands of Billy Petrolle and Young Corbett assumes the lead in the role of leading challenger. Corbett kayoed Farmer Joe Cooper in one round. Jackie Fields defeated Pete Suskey and Pete beat Clyde Hull. Bucky Lawless scored over Paul Pirrone, Billy Townsend and Jackie Horner.

Andy Di Vodi stopped Tony Portillo in two rounds. Paulie Walker kayoed Sammy Aguirre in the first round. Jackie Brady bested Canada Lee and Young Ketchell outpointed Sammy Baker. Ignacio Ara stopped Pinky Kaufman in the fourth round.

Eddie Ran scored knockouts over Pee Wee Jarrell in six rounds and Irish Tommy Jordan in four. Jarrell kayoed Howard McLean in nine rounds. Harry Mason scored over Alf Mancini in England. Joe Trippe was beaten by Sam Bruce and whipped Jimmy Kelly. Emil Rossi scored over Johnny O'Keefe.

King Tut, sturdy junior-welterweight, turned in a fine victory when he kayoed Billy Townsend in six rounds at Detroit. Johnny Jadick beat Tommy Grogan. Grogan kayoed Urban Liberty in two rounds. Sammy Mandell outpointed Tony Ligouri. Henry Perlick was beaten by Joe Glick and Young Lefty but stopped Pete Petrolle in the seventh round. Herman Perlick lost the decision to Jackie Shupack and kayoed Shupack in one round in another match.

Stanislaus Loayza knocked out Lois Vicentini in the tenth round of a titular match in South America. Ray Kiser bested Mickey O'Neill. Joey Goodman won over Danny Delmont. Delmont outpointed Johnny Melton. Joey Kaufman and Mickey White battled to a draw. Tommy Cello stopped Louis Kid Perez in two rounds.

Tony Canzoneri is the new lightweight leader following his sensational one round victory over Al Singer. Billy Petrolle came right up with his rivalling victory over Jimmy McLarnin and one over Spug Myers. Tony Herrera came through with a seven round knockout over Joe Glick. Steve Haliako outpointed Jackie Pilkington.

Lew Paluso whipped Joe Trabon and Trabon bested Art Palmer. Andy Callahan won over Sammy Fuller. Harry Dublinsky whipped Freddy Tompkins and drew with Barney Ross. Ross kayoed Petey Mack in one round. Billy Wallace won over Jose Diaz. Young Firpo scored over Herman Follins. Follins whipped Al Bryant and Bryant turned in a win over Jimmy Rivers.

Joe Barbara won the award over Davey Abad. Al Rossi won over Joe Blanco and Georgie Day. Solly Schwartz defeated Jimmy McNamara and Augie Pisano. Mel Aragon scored over Solly Ritz. Eddie Provoe whipped Patsy Ruffalo.

Benny Bass, head of the junior-lightweight class, kayoed Bud Mancini during the month's activities. Maurice Holtzer scored over Bud Taylor. Johnny Farr trimmed Freddy Miller. Miller scored over Babe Ruth. Jimmy Slavin captured the verdict over Pete De Grasse. Mike Dundee kayoed Ted Miranda in three rounds.

Lew Feldman outpointed Koli Kolo and Koli kayoed Tommy Murray in the fourth round.

Mike Delb beat Leo Dazzo and Maxie Leiner. Young Zazzerino won from Teddy Watson. Johnny McMillan scored over Frankie Martin. Eddie Cerda bested Billy Purnell.

Fidel La Barba furnished the big upset in the featherweight class with his victory over Kid Chocolate. Chocolate kayoed Mickey Doyle in one round at Newark. Eddie Shea kayoed Mickey Goldberg in two rounds and defeated Allen Whitlow. Tommy Paul defeated Bushy Graham and knocked out Phil Verdi.

Johnny Cuthbert and Nel Tarleton drew in Liverpool for the British featherweight title. Tony Leto kayoed Davey Atler in the tenth round while Atler bested Jimmy Watts. Sindulfo Diaz won over Al Girardi, kayoed Frankie Neve and drew with Johnny Vestri.

Al Brown won the verdict over Mick Bensa in Paris. Brown is still the leading bantam contender for the vacated throne. Archie Bell scored over Willie Davies. Pete Sanstol defeated Willie Gannon and stopped Benny Tell in the seventh round. Domencio Bernasconi kayoed George Holmes in the third period.

Newsboy Brown won the award over Claude Varner. Dick Corbett whipped Benny Sharkey. Peter Jackson defeated Harry Hill. Petey Hayes whipped Davey Brown. Ollie Bartlett scored over Billy McBeigh. Paris Apice bested Young Grenado and Joe Diefenbach. Jackie Sharkey bested Johnny Ryan. Juan Cruz whipped Dave Braun.

Steve Rocco won the verdict over Marty Gold in Toronto. Very little interest displayed among the smaller fellows with the absence of Wolgast and Genaro. Gold defeated Frenchy Bellanger. Frankie Kid Anslem won over Eddie Burl. Art Giroux won over Johnny McCoy twice and kayoed Scotty Adair in the fourth round.

Antol Kocsis bested Black Bill. Jackie Harmon won the award over Tommy Palacio. Bud Walley whipped Charley Cohen. Freddy Lattanzio scored over Ernest Torres. Dick Welsh kayoed Routier Larra in one round.

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH OF NOVEMBER

The following are my ratings for the month ending November 22:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights	Junior-Welterweights
World's Champion Max Schmeling	World's Champion Maxey Rosenbloom	World's Champion Mickey Walker	World's Champion Tommy Freeman	World's Champion Jack Kid Berg
1—Young Stribling	Larry Johnson	Len Harvey	Young Corbett	Manuel Quintero
2—Jack Sharkey	Jimmy Slattery	Dave Shade	Jackie Fields	Johnny Jadick
3—George Godfrey	Lew Scozza	Jack Hood	Jimmy McLarnin	King Tut
4—Tuffy Griffiths	Tait Littman	Harry Smith	Young Jack Thompson	Sammy Mandell
5—Tommy Loughran	Pete Latzo	Angel Cliville	Johnny Indrisano	Billy Townsend
6—Jim Maloney	Joe Banovic	Rene De Vos	Baby Joe Gans	Joe Medill
7—Paulino Uzcudum	Tom Patrick	Gorilla Jones	Sammy Jackson	Stanislaus Loayza
8—Primo Carnera	George Courtney	Vince Dundee	Bucky Lawless	Mickey Cohen
9—Jack Dorval	Al Gainer	Jack McVey	Paulie Walker	Herman Perlick
10—Dick Daniels	Billy Jones	Ben Jeby	Paul Pirrone	Jackie Shupack

Lightweights	Junior-Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
World's Champion Tony Canzoneri	World's Champion Benny Bass	World's Champion Battling Battalino	Title Vacant	Title Vacant
1—Jack Kid Berg	Al Foreman	Fidel La Barba	Al Brown	Midget Wolgast
2—Billy Petrolle	Roger Bernard	Kid Chocolate	Kid Francis	Frankie Genaro
3—Justo Suarez	Pete Nebo	Earl Mastro	Archie Bell	Frankie Anslem
4—Louis Kid Kaplan	Mike Dundee	Lew Massey	Pete Sanstol	Phil Tobias
5—Tony Herrera	Johnny Farr	Eddie Shea	Vidal Gregario	Steve Rocco
6—Sammy Dorfman	Maurice Holtzer	Bud Taylor	Domencio Bernasconi	Marty Gold
7—Lew Paluso	Freddy Miller	Tommy Paul	Newsboy Brown	Art Giroux
8—Steve Haliako	Jimmy Slavin	Joe Scalfaro	Dick Corbett	Happy Atherton
9—Billy Wallace	Cecil Payne	Bushy Graham	Willie Davies	Jackie Harmon
10—Andy Callahan	Lew Feldman	Pete De Grasse	Harry Fierro	Antol Kocsis

---

The ten best prospects of the month are:
Flyweight—George Aziz, Egypt.
Bantamweight—Juan Cruz, Mexico.
Featherweight—Martin Zunega, Los Angeles, Calif.
Junior-lightweight—Eddie Koppy, Detroit, Mich.
Lightweight—Tommy King, Fall River, Mass.
Junior-welterweight—Young Firpo, Philadelphia, Pa.
Welterweight—Eddie Ran, Chicago, Ill.
Middleweight—Ray Tramblie, Rockford, Ill.
Light-heavyweight—Dan Gasparo, Chicago, Ill.
Heavyweight—Stanley Poreda, Jersey City, N. J.

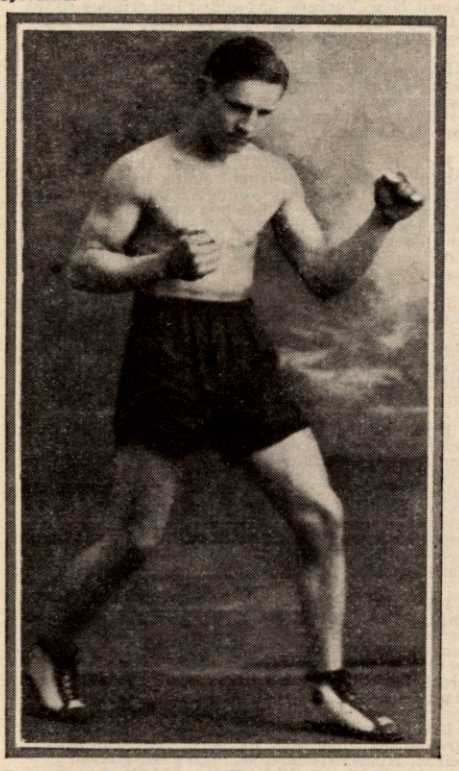
PITTSBURGH GOSSIP
By WILLIAM PIKOR

BATTLING GIZZY, "The Donora Windmill," continues to be one of the busiest performers around here. By lambasting Benny McArthur in his Motor Square Garden debut, Gizzy put himself in a position to fight on Scotty Monteith's Olympia card in Detroit. Gizzy is a miniature Harry Greb in action.

Gizzy has topped about everything this section has to offer in lightweights, also outsiders, including Georgie Balduc whom Gizzy licked inside of ten rounds and Al Rube Goldberg, who was kayoed by Gizzy. Big things are predicted of the Battler.

George Panka, young Homestead heavyweight, ran into a tartar in the person of Emmett Rocco at Motor Square Garden. The burly Italian knocked out Panka in the sixth round.

Panka and Rocco both fought Tom Heeney in each's previous bout. Panka dropped a close ten-round decision to Heeney while Rocco pulverized the Hard Rock later in another ten-spot. Rocco's battle with Panka has settled the heavyweight supremacy in western Pennsylvania.



Joe Todd, Western Pennsylvania lightweight

Willie Davies, of Charleroi, who has been rated as the uncrowned flyweight champion, will leave the little boys and will box as a bantam hereafter.

Tiger Joe West, clever Indian middleweight, decisively defeated the hard-hitting Harry Harris at Moose Temple arena. Jimmy Kelly, of the north side, stopped Paul Oger in the semi-final.

Buck McTiernan, stablemate of Panka, and the best middleweight in these parts, in his last four battles beat Farmer Joe Cooper, drew with Joe Dundee, trimmed Clyde Hull and lost a questionable decision to Bucky Lawless. Buck met another seasoned welterweight in Sargeant Sammy Baker at Motor Square Garden.

Indian Tiger West, local middleweight, is dickering for a bout with McTiernan. And so is Jack Wilson, middleweight under James (Red) Mason's wing.

A local fighter who met some of the best boys in this section and who has yet to lose a pro bout, is Ted Yarosz, of Monaca. The Monaca Mauler holds a kayo victory over Benny Burns and has beaten Tiger Joe Randall and Jimmy Belmont, tough welters.

Bucky Lawless, the Syracuse star, appeared in his second battle at Motor Square Garden. His opponent was Paul Pirrone, Cleveland's best bet. Lawless was awarded the decision after ten rounds, though many of the fans gave Pirrone the edge.

Battling Gizzy pounded his way to an easy victory over Benny McArthur, formerly of Michigan, but now of McKeesport.

George Nichols, of Buffalo, won over Sunny Jim Williams in ten rounds at Franklin. Johnny Evans, Cleveland, was knocked out in two rounds by Andy Tomosky, local 118-pounder.

Willie Davies made his bantam debut at Motor Square Garden in a ten-round fight with Archie Bell and lost the decision.

Motor Square Garden is drawing good crowds Monday nights despite the general boxing slump. Its successful matchmaker is Jules D. Beck.

Emmett Rocco is coming along. The big Italian, in his last three local starts, defeated Patsy Pirrone, won over Tom Heeney and kayoed George Panka.

Henry Firpo, Louisville, Ky., middleweight, put the skids under Tiger Joe West, of Donora, after the Indian piled up an early lead. George Annarino, of Newark, O., gave Anastasio Vaquerio a drubbing in the semi-final. Walter Gallagher, 199-pounder, and Frank Novak put up the best fight of the evening. Novak lost.

The most important contest of the month here occurred when Tony Herrera, Mexican lightweight flash, knocked out Joe Glick, of Brooklyn, before a capacity crowd at Motor Square Garden. There was plenty of action from gong to gong.

Herrera and Glick opened the Motor Square Garden season with a draw some time ago.

TRENTON FISTIC FLASHES
By JOSEPH (SOX) PINTO

JOHNNY BRENNAN, Trenton bantamweight, caused a big sensation when he beat Tommy Maroon of Kansas City. Two weeks previous Maroon scored a sensational win over Willie Cubic, and because of that, the wise money was down on Maroon at three to one. Brennan left hooked to the pit of the stomach to perfection and that was the big factor in his victory.

Sammy Moffo of Bristol, came back to the ring after a lay-off of a year, and boxed a fast and furious draw with Eddie Marks of Perth Amboy.

George Levy, Joe Reno's sensational featherweight, scored a knockout over Al Wilson in the first round.

Bushy Brooks of Trenton, and Johnny Vack of Perth Amboy, boxed a six-round draw.

Benny Bass, junior lightweight champion, scored a knockout over Bud Mangino of Bound Brook in the eighth round.

The semi-final brought two lightweights of Trenton together, Ralph Fulton and George Sacco. There was plenty of interest in this bout. From a local point of view, these boys did not disappoint their followers, as they put on a great fight. Fulton won the referee's decision.

Tipperary Manze of Trenton, made an auspicious debut when he knocked out Tony Candeolori in the first round.

Willie Smith, colored lightweight, formerly of Baltimore, but now making Trenton his home, made a sensational debut before the Trenton fans when he beat Frankie Polo, Phil Glassman's up and coming boxer from Philadelphia, and what a fight it was! Polo dropped Smith twice in the second round, and was dropped himself in the seventh. In the third round, Smith forged ahead and continued to win the remaining rounds. This writer predicts a bright future for Smith around these parts. Angel Pellieteri is looking after Smith's interests.

Freddie Polo of Silver Lake, stopped Billy Tosk of New York in the second round. It was a poor mill.

In the semi-final, which took the play away from the wind-up, Tommy Maroon beat Willie Cubic in eight rounds. This was an upset as Cubic had yet to lose a bout in Trenton.

George Levy scored a knockout over Tommy Leland in the second round.

Willie Smith, colored lightweight of Trenton, and Bud Mangino of New Brunswick, put on a fast bout at New Brunswick, with Referee Manley giving Mangino the decision.

Charlie Carter, Trenton middleweight, who takes a notion about twice a year that he wants to fight, came back to the ring after a lay-off of almost a year and knocked out Eddie Dempsey of Philadelphia in the fourth round.

Jesse Goss, Trenton lightweight, won the referee's decision over Harry (Kid) Wallace of Philadelphia in ten rounds.

Meyer Goss, brother of Jesse, won by a knockout over Pat Donahue of Belleville in the fourth.

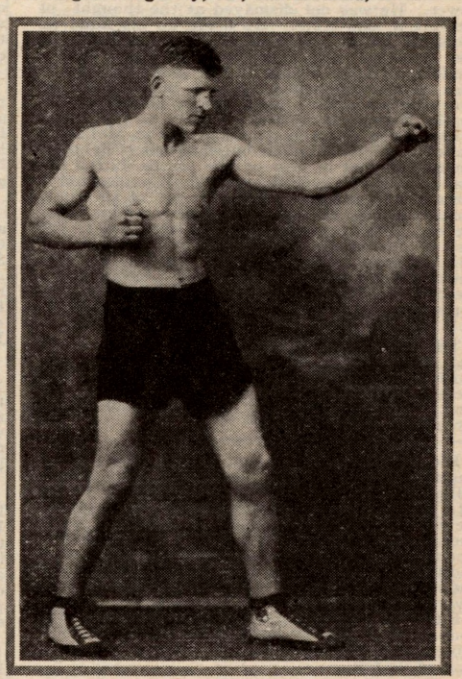
Rattle Ketch, light-heavy of Phillipsburg, won over Willie Henry of Belleville in six.

Nick Trignani of Beverly, won by a knockout in the third round over Homer Keyes of Trenton.

FROM WESTERN NEW YORK
By TERRY J. BATTLES

AT Rochester, Bucky Lawless, of Syracuse, won from Jackie Horner, of Rochester, in 10 hard rounds of milling. Lawless is going great at present, and more likely will get a shot at Jackie Fields, former welterweight king, who is scheduled to appear either at Buffalo or Rochester this winter.

Joe Lillich, Rochester heavyweight star, knocked out Joe Juhasz, of Tonawanda, in the fourth round. On the same card Matty Michaels, 148½, Buffalo, outpointed Babe Amos, 147½, Syracuse, in 6. Dominick Angelo, 174½, Rochester, knocked out Roger Dougherty, 167, Lackawanna, in 2.



Andy Todd, brother of Joe. Andy is a middleweight

Heinie Pietsch, Buffalo German, lost a six-round decision to Virgil Kinkade, also of Buffalo, at Toronto. Middleweights. Sid Sherry, of Lockport, was stopped by Cosmo Canzano, of Toronto, second round.

Tommy Russo, one of the best club fighters in this district, is on the injured list due to an auto accident.

Phil Verdi, of Rochester, lost to Tommy Paul, the referee stopping the fight in the second round to save Verdi. George Parker, 144, Buffalo, beat Harry Pinti, 138, Syracuse. Matty Matheson, promising young bantamweight from Buffalo, defeated Ernie Brooks, of Toronto, six rounds. Jimmy Burns, 149, won from Matty Michaels, 148. Pete Limon, 131, Mexico, knocked out Sam Greco, 130, Buffalo, in the first round.

Tommy Ryan's Crescent Gym in Buffalo is the most popular in Western New York. The writer dropped in the other day and among the boys who trained there he noticed Gorilla Jones, Bobby Tracy, Tommy Tozzo, Jamie Katz, Sam Bruce, Matty Matheson, Tony Sciolino, Lou Scozza, Virgil Kinkade, Tommy Jarrett and Frisco Grande.

Matchmaker Anse Carroll has revived boxing at Rochester. His last card headed by Gorilla Jones and Abie Lichenstein drew a capacity crowd. Jones won quite handily.

In a six-round bout that was supposed to decide the welterweight championship of Western New York, Sam Bruce, colored battler from Buffalo, outclassed Joe Trippe, of Mt. Morris.

BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK

By EDDIE BORDEN

A NEW peril has invaded the boxing game—the inaccurate expert. The most startling upsets recorded in the history of boxing since the Horton Law days took place in New York within the past few weeks. In the three greatest reversals the experts failed to give the underdog a chance.

Jimmy McLarnin, super-welterweight magnet, considered the greatest piece of fighting machinery of the present era, fell before the two-fisted, heavy-hitting of Billy Petrolle in ten vicious rounds of fighting. MacLarnin was outclassed, floored twice in the fourth round for nine counts and took a severe pummelling. He was a sorry sight at the finish of the fight.

Petrolle scored the victory mostly through will power. He was not dismayed at the thought of meeting a man-killer. He made up his mind he could hit Jimmy and he waded into him from the first round on as if McLarnin were a preliminary product. Jimmy always in the past enjoyed the edge from a psychological angle, most of his opponents fearing the alleged hitting powers carried by the Vancouver lad.

There was something missing in the McLarnin makeup that could be attributed to lack of fighting. Jimmy indulges in four or five scraps during the year in which he gathers tremendous purses and is content with remaining idle the rest of the time. McLarnin must keep fighting to preserve his fighting edge and keep his eyes properly tuned to the task of judging of distance. It was a costly defeat for McLarnin and a worthy one for Petrolle. Petrolle is a conscientious fighter. Always gives the best that is in him and never dodges a worthy opponent.

The McLarnin-Petrolle bout, Chocolate-LaBarba and Canzoneri-Singer tilts did much to disillusion those fans who are forever thinking that there is something wrong with every fight they attend. The under-dog can and often does come through.

Kid Chocolate, five to one favorite, was given a sound whipping by Fidel La Barba in ten rounds before a crowd that paid $55,000 to witness the upset. La Barba fought a plucky, determined battle. He forced the issue throughout, battering away unceasingly with two busy fists for the mid-section. There was no question about the justice of the award and it was the opinion of many that Chocolate did not show the form that established him as a prime favorite in New York.

Either Chocolate was over-trained, he scaled 123 pounds, or the heavy body battering that he was subjected to at the hands of Berg last summer exacted its toll.

The third and more astonishing upset was recorded when Tony Canzoneri won the world's lightweight championship from Al Singer with three punches. Two left hooks and a right hander that landed on the back of Singer's neck, settled matters. Singer was favored at three to one and the finish was brief and unexpected. Canzoneri looked the picture of health entering the ring while Singer appeared nervous and uncertain of himself.

Singer was a bundle of nerves waiting for the action to start and his downfall started psychologically when Jimmy McLarnin stepped into the ring to be introduced. This was the finishing touch to Singer's nerves. The reaction of seeing his erstwhile conquerer introduced was too much for his sensitive nature to fathom and his immediate downfall was due to causes beyond his control. Hard times were not in evidence judging by the receipts which amounted to over $60,000.

Dan Taylor, in the Cleveland News, tells how Johnny Farr, veteran featherweight, a smart business head, could have bought the contract of Max Baer, promising Coast heavyweight, three years ago for $3,000. Johnny was stuck on Baer in the gymnasium and paid a sum of money for an option on his contract but forgot to renew the option and when he volunteered to take it up, found it was too late.

Farr, in spite of his forgetfulness in that affair, bought the contract of Billy Wallace, brought him to Cleveland and made plenty of money on the original investment. Farr is well to do and has heaps of money but is still fighting and doing great.

Only recently he defeated the fast rising youngster from Cincinnati, Freddy Miller, and that feat is something to be proud of.

Roger Bernard, on the strength of his wonderful performances during the past season, is about due to come to New York. Here is a kid weighing around 128 pounds who has performed miracles around the middle west and could certainly be shown to advantage around here. Both Chocolate and Battalino have stepped out of matches with him in Detroit.

Phil Buccola, well known Boston manager, has brought Michel Banaglia, Italian light-heavyweight, to this country and is ready to turn him loose against the leaders of his class. He holds knockouts over Hein Muller and Gypsy Daniels.

Sutre Pearl, who promotes shows for the Cudahy A. C. of Wichita, Kansas, writes that he intends coming East with Baxter Calmes, a young heavyweight who bears plenty of promise. In spite of the vast amount of fighters around New York today, they could still use plenty of good ones.

Pierre Charles, officially recognized as the European heavyweight champion, arrived a short time ago with Albert Nokin, another heavy, and placed himself and Nokin in the care of Gus Wilson. Gus has them at his Orangeburg training quarters and has the boys busy getting acclimated before they get started.

Nat Rogers, who handled the affairs of Marty and the late Joey Silvers for many years, has finally taken over the reigns of the third member of the Silvers family, Pal, and expects to make a leading middleweight figure out of him. Silvers has already whipped Vincent Forgione, Jackie Aldare and Frank Boja under Nat's guidance and is ready to clash with Harry Ebbets, Vince Dundee or Ben Jeby.

Sol Gold is now in England where he joined Frank Jacobs and Jack Berg and is arranging a busy theatrical schedule for his charge. Berg is the sole remaining member of Great Britain's flock of pugs who has remained vertical and he is a big rage there. He is getting $3,000 weekly for vaudeville bookings and that is real money, in any language.

The novelty of the Two Perlick Twins scoring knockouts on the same evening was quite an event. Herman flattened Jackie Shupack in one minute of the first round while Henry kayoed Pete Petrolle in in seven in Paterson. They are past the freak stage and have shown on numerous occasions that they can stand on their own feet without the aid of exploiting the fact that they are Twins. Something else is needed besides that phenomenon.

Dewey Fragetta, former manager of Bushy Graham, has joined hands with Don Dero in the management of boxers and are handling a group of upstate boys around Utica.

Whitey Bimstein made another trip over the pond and those trips are getting like Coney Island excursions for Whitey. He accompanied Lew Brix for the Carnera-Paulino scrap and is really becoming the trainer de-luxe. He will find plenty of American company over there with Sol Gold, Frank Jacobs, Dave Shade and Benny Valger among those present.

In other days promoters used to boast about how successful their boxing shows were staged and how much money they made from each promotion. Now-a-days most of the promoters are suffering heavy financial losses with shows drawing hardly anything.

Comes along Max Waxman, who runs shows in Newark, with the original boast that he has staged seven shows this winter and has broken even on the seven enterprisrs and is proud of his achievement. Which will give you a fair idea on just how good boxing conditions are.

Jack Laken came into New York for the purpose of showing clippings and exploiting the prowess of Eddie Law, whom he claims is the featherweight champion of the Orient and his record shows that he has whipped some mighty good men, among them being Max Tarley.

An inheritance of fistic ability is something to prize and Willie Beecher, crack lightweight of another decade, is around telling folks just how good his eighteen year old youngster, George, is, and how far he is destined to climb the ranks. George, unlike his Daddy, is both boxer and fighter, while Willie possessed only strength, ruggedness and bulldog courage to the nth degree. George is now embarked on a fighting career and we hope a very successful one.

Young Stribling certainly has his share of misfortune when it comes to maintaining the prestige that he gained when he flattened Otto Von Porat and Phil Scott in successive order. The latest difficulty was his inability to kayo Arthur De Kuh down South. This is one match that was expected to end quickly and Arthur put a hitch in W. L.'s aspirations and Stribling will have to go some to redeem himself.

Barney Ross, Chicago youngster, is the latest to stand out on the fistic horizon. His two knockouts over Petey Mack and Sammy Binder, both well known New Yorkers, has added importance to his feat and they are beginning to mention his name more than casually.

Peppy Bleir, formerly identified with the management of Lew Kersch, is now running the Plaza Gymnasium in Brooklyn and doing very well with his stable of promising mitt-wielders and staging impromptu boxing matches in the vicinity.

Jack Hurley's Duluth heavyweight looks like nothing can stop him from coming to New York. Charley Retzlaff, is the youngster's name, and the manner in which he is bowling over all opposition speaks well for his prowess. Everyone knows that they could use a good heavyweight around here and there is nothing like giving a newcomer a chance.

Jimmy De Forest, well known handler of pugilists and a real sage if ever there was one, is now touting the cause of Mickey Donato of Ashtabula, Ohio. Mickey is the result of the De Forest system in correspondence boxing school developement and Mickey has the real goods. Who would dare dispute Jimmy's word?

Jackie Brady and Bucky Lawless are two welterweights from Syracuse and Joe Netro and Henny Andrews are handling the affairs for them. Netro returned from the Coast with Lawless and somehow they did not get along while Andrews was having his burden of headaches with Brady. Merely by the process of exchange the four parties are satisfied and now Andrews is boosting the cause of Lawless while Netro is tooting the horn for Brady and both have profited by the exchange.

Jimmy Slavin again showed his vicious fighting ability when he nosed out Pete De Grasse on the La Barba-Chocolate program. Slavin has only begun to find himself and will be a dangerous opponent for any of the 128 pounders to mingle with. He is a ferocious body puncher and gives all appearances of a destructive, two fisted fighter.

Lew Burston is out with the plaint that no one cares to exchange with his South American heavyweight, Norman Tomasulo. This lad arrived here at the same time as Vittorio Campolo and seems to have some trouble in getting matches. In his one Garden appearance he flattened Jimmy Bryant in short order and there is nothing like quick action to keep the wolf from the door.

Jimmy Bronson suffered a severe shock when his remaining headliner, Rene De Vos was flattened by Angel Cliville in short order at the Olympia. Jimmy has been out of the limelight for some time now and can recoup his lost standing with some new talent. At one time Bronson controlled the leading drawing cards in the East and was a powerful figure among the managers. With the passing of time, the younger generation of managers began to assert themselves and control the cards in the East. Jimmy is far from retired and is biding his time until the proper moment arrives.

Al Sweeney, who works in conjunction with Eddie Long in their stable of fist flingers, was in town with Prince Saunders, Chicago lightweight, for several weeks and worked with Taylor for his bout with La Barba. Al is one of the youngest pilots in the boxing game but is a hustling fool and always manages to get results.

Lew Pacion, up-state 122 pounder, is coming along in great style and seems to be headed for something big in the future. He resides in Watervliet and is managed by Jerry O'Conner.

Tait Littman celebrated his New York debut by getting a draw with Harry Smith. They fought the ten round semi-final to the McLarnin-Petrolle tilt and Littman got off to a good start. He has a pleasing style, presents a good appearance in the ring and carries plenty of hitting power in his right hand. He is managed by Ritchie Mitchell and trained by Doc Hoffman of Milwaukee.

Eddie Ran, Polish welterweight, began his career on the big time when he kayoed Pee Wee Jarrell in the sixth round on the same card. This Ran is only a youngster but is a dead rap for Sammy Baker when Sammy was keeling over all opposition. Ran can punch and every blow that he lets loose is almost felt by the audience.

King Levinsky was beaten but not disgraced in his bout with Tommy Loughran. He had the satisfaction of flooring Loughran for a nine count and that is good enough recommendation of the King's prowess. Levinsky needs plenty of experience and as long as he is matched properly should make the grade. Barney Ross was held even by Harry Dublinsky and considering Dublinsky's greater experience, it was more or less a moral victory for Barney.

If Mussolini, Italian premier, ever reads the sporting pages he is probably elated to know that the three biggest upsets that we have had in some time were all scored by Italians. La Barba, Canzoneri and Petrolle are all Italian subjects and they have been making up for the lost prestige suffered by Carnera.

No matter where one travels, one always finds bad decisions. Al Brown got a bad one in Spain with a local product. George Courtney got one from Hollywood when Tom Patrick was presented with a gift. The latest to suffer was Nel Tarleton, British feather, who stayed here for several months and went back to fight Johnny Cuthbert for the British featherweight title. Tarleton won, according to the critics and spectators, but the official reckoning was a draw. And the decision was given in Tarleton's home town, Liverpool.

Even though boxing conditions could be lots better at the present time, conversation is never at a lull. Various parts of the country where the boxing fraternity gather to discuss their troubles they never seem to run out of conversation. In New York the Gayety Theatre Bldg. and Victoria Hotel monopolize attention. Capitol Lunch Room constitutes the Boston hangout. New Haven its Harry's Smoke Shop. Cleveland has the Hollenden Hotel. Chicago has the Morrison Hotel. Fall River uses Sam Mark's sporting goods store. Izzy Grove has started on another comeback with a new manager. Al Weill's vest is a thing of the past. He is now one of New York's leading Beau Brummells. Eddie Walker has returned from the Coast disgusted, disheartened and disillusioned. Frank Flournoy is due to get a break with his coming heavyweight, Stanley Poreda, who came into prominence with a victory over Al Friedman. In his start before the Friedman go, Poreda stopped Bud Gorman in three rounds. Sammy Fuller and Andy Callahan's cohorts raised plenty of cain while their rivalry was going on. The sidelights furnished more action than the fight itself. This is one fight that was really a grudge affair extending to the managers of the two gladiators. Callahan entered the ring 10-9 favorite and after the bout before the decision was rendered, Fuller was favored at 4 to 1 but Callahan got the award. Some excitement in an affair of that kind. It's little things like that, that makes life worth living.

Davey Abad is still in New York waiting for the call to come to St. Louis. Abad is one of the best cards in the Cardinal City and will revive boxing interest there when he settles down to real business. Lew Raymond is running shows in Salt Lake City and doing very well. His lightweight, Mickey Cohen, is still laid up. Billy Ames is assistant matchmaker for the Boston Garden with Alex McLean holding the reins. Jack Corcoran is the latest promoter to oppose Playfair Brown in Toronto. Ray Alvis is the big gun behind the many activities of Jack Kearns. For ballyhoo purposes Kearns stands alone in his class. If Walker is ever boosted into a match with Schmeling it will be chiefly through the exploitation powers of the eminent Doc Kearns. Harry Bloomfield is Lew Feldman's best friend and severest critic. Feldman was on the short end of 8 to 5 against Koli Kolo and all of Harry's friends pleaded with him not to bet on Feldman and he heeded their good advices? Needless to say, Feldman won by a comfortable margin. Babe Barren arrived in New York to wager a few shekels on Canzoneri against Singer and that smile didn't wear off until he went home.

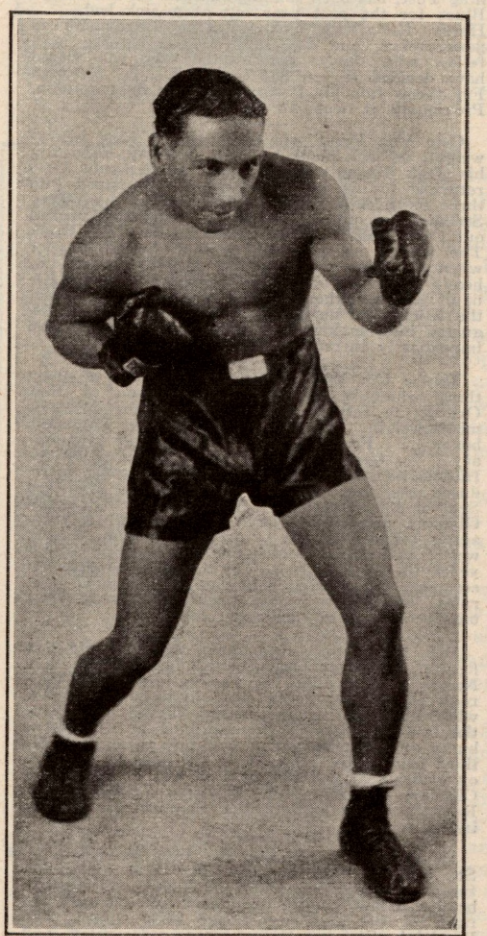
Joe Johnson, former boxer, is now managing the Spa miniature golf course for the winter which is taking the place of Roxy's. Eddie Long brought back Carl Johnson from Seattle who is a ringer for Bud Taylor in looks. 5 to 1 Chocolate—3 to 1, 8 to 1 McLarnin. That's the prices the boys in New York lay but what grief they have suffered in those few upsets. Maxey Rosenbloom finally went through with that Canton fight with Patsy Pirrone. Bucky Lawless came through with two good victories over Paul Pirrone and Billy Townsend recently. Juan Cruz, Mexican bantam, left here by Babe McCoy is the real goods. Every place he has shown so far has been after him again. Mickey Cohen, a good little bantam from Cleveland, seems to be suffering from inaction. His brother Harry is booking him and can be reached at the Sovereign Hotel, Cleveland. "Boston" Tony Polozola expects to be interested in a Newark Club shortly.

CENTRAL AND WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS

By FREDERICK R. GLASSMAN

GUS SONNENBERG returned to Worcester for two wrestling shows during the past month and proved himself still to be one of the greatest professional drawing cards in the "Heart of the Commonwealth." With his assistance wrestling has again ascended to its former heights. Axel Anderson, towering Swedish iron-worker, met his first professional defeat at the hands of "Dynamite" Gus in two straight falls. On the undercard, Rosario Impelletiere, Catskill giant, held Stanley Stasiak to a 20-minute draw. Dan Koloff was pinned in 10 minutes, 9 seconds by Boris Demitroff, Texas cowpuncher.

In a sensational match featuring science and speed, the elusive Count Zarynoff disposed of Chicago Freddy Myers in two straight falls. On the same card Andreason disposed of Fred Carone in 6 minutes, 27 seconds. Boris Demitroff conquered the rugged Gothamite, Tony Rocco, in 30 minutes, 32 seconds.



Eddie Provoe, recent conqueror of Patsy Ruffalo

Vernon Cormier, sensational featherweight boxer, won the New England title in ten rounds from Roy Brooks of New Bedford. This was the first defeat suffered by Brooks in 53 contests. A return bout found Cormier easily defending his title, pounding Brooks unmercifully from start to finish. Aldo Nocchi put away Lefty Nunez of New Bedford in three and dropped a most unpopular decision to Hershey Bar of New Bedford in six.

Al Brouillard, brother of the well-known welter "Dynamite" Lou, scored over Nocchi in six in a great scrap. Al Zoziol of Norwich stopped Nocchi in the third at Taftville when an injury to Nocchi's nose prevented his continuing. Nocchi is a great crowd pleaser.

Frankie Costello won his second decision over Young Forcier of Webster in four at Worcester. Joe Preston, middleweight, defeated Eddie Masters in three and later in six. Harvey Peete, Clinton featherweight, played the hero in continuing to fight after being dropped with a low blow. Hughie King of Providence, his opponent, received the decision in six. King later returned and was beaten by Johnny Yagjian in eight. Jack Perry won on a technical knockout in the first of an eight from Frankie Woods of Taunton after Woods broke his thumb early in the first canto. They are light-heavies.

Young Grandberg, local middleweight, returned to the squared circle after a long layoff and was shaded by Johnny Devens of Fitchburg in eight. In a great return bout, Johnny Thompson, promising bantamweight, lost a close decision to Rene Fontaine of Northridge. Fontaine, who is undefeated, later kayoed Freddy Healy of Lynn in the sixth. Thompson dropped a questionable decision to Pat James, Brown University student.

Jack Perry kayoed Joe Johnson of New York in the fourth after dropping the dusky five times for counts of eight and nine. Harry Alexanian lost to Manuel Burgess of Providence in a hectic six-rounder. Al Brouillard returned to Worcester and defeated Billy Muir. Eddie Forrest, New Bedford southpaw featherweight, scored a victory over Rene Peloquin of Danielson in six.

At Southbridge the Elmwood A. A., under the direction of Promoters William Grenier and John Pezzetti and Matchmaker Dan Russell, conducted their second show of the season with Harry Devine stopping Benny "Kid" Carter in the second stanza in the feature bout. In the semi-final, Ruby Levine of Lewiston found little difficulty in winning from Lou Petrone, Worcester lightweight.

Jack Dudley, New England heavyweight champ, who resides in Worcester, traveled to Portland where he beat Danny Regan of Gardner for the second time. Ero Peterson, Worcester lightweight, bowed to Vic Darr of Norwich at Taftville. Jack Perry journeyed to Portland and battled Steve Gorman of Boston to a sensational draw. Harry Devine, local lightweight, was outpointed for the third time by Bobby Mays at New Bedford. A cut eye in the third caused Lou Petrone to lose to Tommy King of Providence at New Bedford.

The Worcester Sporting now has a membership which totals 312. Growing every day, it stands out as a promising organization which should help boxing back on its feet in Worcester.

For information in this section, address the writer at 68 Arlington Street, Worcester, Mass. In signing off, the writer wishes to extend his greetings to the readers of this column for a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year. May the New Year find boxing back with a bang.

IN FALL RIVER, MASS.

By TOM BRINDLEY

YOUNG LEFTY, Fall River lightweight, has started the 1930-31 indoor season by chalking up wins over three sturdy rivals, Eddie Holmes of Povidence, Hy Diamond of Boston, and Henry Perlick of Kalamazoo, Mich.

Frankie Hennessey fought Darcy White of New Bedford and broke his hand in the second round. He remained the distance but lost the decision, as he was unable to use the fractured member after the third chapter.

On the same program, Joey O'Connell, outstanding bantamweight in Southern New England, pelted his way to an eight-round win over Patsy James, Brown University student; Billy Brown of New Bedford outpointed his rival townsman, Tony Rego, in six rounds; and Eddie Castro of Fall River flattened Tony D'Attilio of Providence in two rounds.

Jackie Britt of Fall River, who formerly fought under the name of Johnny Dias, outpointed Tommy Rawson, Jr., of Boston at New Bedford, November 17. The boys are junior welterweights.

Tommy King, latest lightweight sensation in Fall River, chalked up two more victories during early November, outpointing Lew Petrone of Worcester and Pancho Villa of New Bedford. Both bouts were staged in Jimmy Burke's New Bedford Arena.

Jose Santa is still in these parts. In the Providence Auditorium, he flattened Carl Carter in three rounds. On the same night, Billy Lynch of Providence clearly outpointed Henry Janco, Lawrence lightweight, in six rounds, and Joey O'Connell of Fall River stopped Bert Sciarri of Providence, former national amateur bantamweight champ, in four heats.

O'Connell's other recent wins include a four-round knockout of Frankie Callahan, his keenest home-town rival in Fall River.

The night before the State elections saw a fairly large crowd at the Fall River Casino for an all-lightweight card staged by Sam Price. In the main bout, Darcy White outpointed Eddie Holmes in eight rounds. In the sixes, Harry Scott of Atlantic City bested Red Durpe of Dartmouth; Nick Fusaro of Fall River outpointed Al Porter of Providence; Tony Rego of New Bedford squeezed out a win over Billy Brown of the same city, and Hershey Bar of New Bedford defeated Irish Joe Sullivan of Boston.

In and Near Chicago

By FRANK MASTRO

THE agitation subsequent to the King Levinsky-Jimmy Slattery contest at the Chicago Stadium caused no panic in the offices of the Illinois State Athletic Commission. It was the other way around. The boxing moguls are preparing to go before the legislature this month with a request for about fifteen amendments calculated to make stronger the body's legal powers rather than to abolish them, and with a financial statement to show that lawful boxing has been a success instead of a failure in Illinois.

Commissioner Fred Gardner denied that there is any necessity for requesting any changes in the laws pertaining to referee's verdicts following the Levinsky-Slattery decision, when the spectators booed the Levinsky win for some minutes.

"There is no question in my mind that Levinsky was entitled to the decision. My own score card shows 51 points for Levinsky and 49 for Slattery. That hardly tells the whole story. As a matter of fact, Slattery never actually led once during the whole ten rounds."

Previous to his Levinsky match here, Tommy Loughran startled the gymnasium onlookers with his work against Frankie Cawley, Tom Jones and Art Malay. They tried to plaster the name of a has-been on the popular Loughran but they failed. Tom, who is a real gentleman and a credit to the game, weighed 184 pounds, eight notches more than when he last appeared in this city. He was quoted a 9 to 5 favorite over Levinsky because of his experience and cunning, and his decisive defeat of Dick Daniels, highly regarded Minneapolis heavyweight who beat Al Fay earlier.

Barney Ross, Roosevelt Road lightweight star, earned a semi-windup shot with Harry Dublinsky in the Loughran-Levinsky show. Previously he knocked out Sammy Binder and Petey Mack in short time and made impressive showings. Nate Lewis talked of a Tony Canzoneri match for the winner following the former featherweight champion's annexing of the lightweight crown from Al Singer.

Canzoneri will be a popular title-holder in this vicinity. He engaged in many encounters here and every one was a humdinger. He always gave his best in local rings, and has many friends among Chicagoans. His victory came as a pleasant shock to his friends. Charles (Babe) Barron and Jim Emery were two of the Chicago ringworms who made the trip and earned expenses by winning wagers.

One of the greatest combinations in the pugilistic world is Jim Mullen and Jack Kearns. Mullen, who is fast regaining his lost laurels as the leading promoter in the Middle West, and Kearns, who is managing Mickey Walker, have joined forces to bring the Jersey Toy Bulldog to the front as the next heavyweight championship foe of Max Schmeling of Germany. Although Walker, who holds the middleweight title, would probably not scale more than 166 pounds to Schmeling's probable 190, Kearns and Mullen are working strenuously to complete arrangements for the match to take place at Soldier Field, Chicago, this summer.

In his first real heavyweight test, Walker handed Johnny Risko an artistic ten-round lacing, flooring the Cleveland baker boy during the journey. He made his second encounter with the big men when he faced the hard-punching K. O. Christner at the Coliseum for Promoter George Ferguson and Matchmaker Jim Mullen. Neal McKenzie of Duluth, Minn., was the silent third partner along with Mullen and Ferguson, letting his money do the talking.

Personal nomination of the best fight of the month—the George (Biff) Bennett-Grant Fortney four-rounder at the Knights of Columbus clubhouse on West Madison St.

Peewee and Johnny Gale, Three Rivers, Mich., bantamweights, arrived in the Loop broke but ready for the Harry Fierros, Willie Pellegrinis and such. Both little men battled Georgie Nate, the South Bend, Ind., youth who made good here, and they aim to do likewise. The morning of the day Peewee and Johnny arrived in town they went to Mullen's offices to see about some work. Jim promised the boys matches about ten days later and asked if they had enough money to tide them over. Peewee said Johnny had $10 for the both of 'em. Jim dug into his jeans and handed Peewee a tenner and said: "Now you have $10 too." The Gale brothers look good and may make the grade.

About local sports writers—Charley Fredericks, embryonic Tribune writer, will not take complimentary fight tickets unless they are marked "Press" . . . Howard Martin is a midget but has a man-sized job. He gets out the Sunday "bulldog" for a morning sheet . . . Forest Meyers, Daily News, writes good copy, being a veteran newspaper man . . . Jimmy Gallagher, Leo Fischer and Eli Whitney, Evening American, are crack hockey, track and bowling men . . . Jud Hendry, John Carmichael and John Carey, Herald-Examiner, take their orders from Warren Brown and Howard Denby.

Ralph Reeves, Bill Margolis, Mike Fish and Marvin McCarthy are kept busy on The Daily Times. Reeves was the football contest editor, Margolis is all-around man while Fish and McCarthy work together getting up a dose of news photos for the picture paper . . . Harvey T. Woodruff, who conducts the widely-read Wake, reports at the office about once a week for his mail . . . Westbrook Pegler was acquired by a morning paper from the United Press . . . John W. Keyes types his Right In The Mitt column in the editorial department although it appears on the sports pages . . . Harry Hochstadter, Evening Post, has been sending in stuff for his Hochs Blues for the past year out of a sick bed . . . Harry Neily, the colorful One Dozen Shorts paragrapher, one day said a good referee is a fellow who always decides the way you would have decided if you had been ref. . . . Kenneth Fry threw into his Postscripts some fight opinion. Previously it was all football.

Otto Von Porat, vicious hitting Viking heavyweight, is back home in Oslo, Norway, following his Jack Renault bout. The gentlemanly Otto returned to his homeland when he bumped into three setbacks in a row. His first was the Young Stribling encounter when the Georgian knocked out Otto with a widely publicized sore left hand. The second setback was against Angus Snyder when Von Porat kayo'd the Dodge City, Kan., heavy after the first bell. The third was the Renault affair, although Otto received the verdict the Norwegian made a sorry showing and it disgusted him, making up his mind to return home immediately thereafter.

Maybe I'm Wrong—Barney Abel did a smart thing when he brought Jack Johnson to New Orleans to referee a bout between the former's middleweight, K. O. White and a Louisiana boxer . . . Frank Bruen's middle name is January . . . George Hilton, former member of the Illinois legislature, is credited with having introduced the first bill to legalize boxing and not Senator Ed Hughes . . . Scotty Montieth, Detroit Olympia matchmaker, was a waiter while managing Johnny Dundee . . . Jack Britton, former welter champ, never took the count during all his years in the pit . . . The Chicago Stadium is seriously considering adopting the London ring rules, which means the "ref" will work from outside instead of inside the ropes.

Bob Levy came into town with two foreign fighters, Antonio Mata, Spanish heavyweight; and Nando Tassi, Italian light-heavyweight, and both received bad breaks in their local bows. Tassi, who met Paul Pantaleo, looked like he would give the latter a warm argument until he received a bump on the nose and a hemorrhage started, the third man in the ring giving the bout to Pantaleo on a technical knockout. Mata was in there with Charley Retzlaff, Jack Hurley's Duluth giant. Retzlaff fouled out to his Spanish foe in the initial round.

Dave Barry's gymnasium, 180 W. Randolph St., is under new management. Bill McCarthy, former theatrical man and Joe Brown, McCarthy's brother-in-law, bought out Barry and changed the name of the gym to Chicago Loop Gym. The Randolph St. pugatorium was redecorated and remodeled. An added attraction will be an outdoor handball court and a miniature golf course on the roof.

Ringside Sights.—Eddie Sears, who piloted Mushy Callahan to the junior welter title, is in this vicinity and opened up a restaurant at 179 W. Lake St. . . . Willie Capitano, Howard's assistant at the Arcade gym, knows his fighters and any information can be acquired from Bill concerning the ringmen . . . "Tiny," Chicago Loop gym elevator operator, noticed William (Doc) Morris' knock of George Neron in the New York Evening Post . . . Bat Nelson, the Durable Dane, at Washington and Wells with a head covering . . . Art Winch worked in five corners at a local show and produced a victor in each . . . A. B. Cranston has added Babe Kellar to his fight barn. He also handles Al Kline . . . Buddy Kernes, Eddie Stanton's bantamweight, is a reminder of Bud Taylor in looks . . . Harold Fair, W.B.B.M. fight announcer, walking to work from his Delaware Place apartment with a new pair of high yellow gloves . . . Eddie Mack, Argonne A. A. matchmaker at Boston, had 50 girl ushers . . . Dave Miller has been reinstated as referee . . . Mickey Patrick, Tom Ford's light heavyweight, won a decision over the veteran Benny (Kid) Stanley . . . While Danny Gasparo was knocking out Chester Bush at the Olympic ballroom in Cicero, a galleryite hollered "Back to the bushes, Bush."

Results of the small local clubs.—Steve Hess defeated Frankie LaMarre (8); Jackie Davis defeated Bill Kenny (6); Babe Keller defeated Roy Peters (6); Paul Dazzo defeated Bobby Allen (4); Kelly Kulak knocked out Mickey Harrison (2); Hamburg Wiskany defeated Albin Skerll (4) at Englewood Arena. Jimmy Richie knocked out Felix Young (5); Earl Williams defeated Eddie Anderson (6); Lou Vine knocked out Frankie O'Farrell (3); Bud Saltis knocked out Mike Parch (5); Small Change knocked out Balmere Martin (3) at Logan Square.

Johnny Rich defeated Angelo Garlow (6), Tommy Wilson and Jimmy Becker, draw (6); Al Reese knocked out Victor McGee (4); Carl Smalick knocked out Stanley Stack (2) at Congress Arcade. Joe Barlow defeated Al Klein (6); Phil Ross knocked out Frankie Boyle (1); Juan Lira knocked out Jimmy Ryan (4); Joe Espinozo knocked out Balermo Martin (4); Tommy Wilson defeated Kelly Kulak (4); Mickey Mack defeated Felix Young (4) at Englewood Arena. Sid Speck knocked out Billy Galriel (5); Kid Stanley defeated Frankie LaMarr (6); Bobby Hyans and Angelo Garlow, draw (6); Jimmy Richie and Johnny Barnes, draw (4); Sammy Genaro and Freddy London, draw (4) at Logan Square.

Full speed ahead. The boss now wants the Chicago notes by the 20th of each month. That means information and data concerning doings on the fistic rialto must be in before the above date.

I Once Thought.—Boxing was legal in all Illinois. It isn't, and if a certain city or village wants boxing it must vote on it . . . Schmeling was heavyweight champion of Germany but according to a tip from the German country, Schoenrath is.

Some of This and a Little of That.—My Sullivan, St. Paul welterweight, and Miss Twyle Woodward, Hallock, Minn., were married at the Twin Cities . . . S. P. Hall and Sammy Wolfe were being examined for the army of the last war and the doctor said everything was O. K. but Wolfe's feet. The doc said Sammy had Kosher feet . . . To show he didn't think his victory over Slattery was a fluke, Levinsky challenged Jimmy to a re-match and really meant it . . . Judge John L. Lyle, noted enemy of moneyed vagrants and gun toters, was designated as the right person to fire the starting gun at Chicago's 24th international six-day bicycle race . . .Cousins of Earl Mastro, Jimmy and Ceaser Petrillo, president of the musicians' union and Mark Fisher's trombonist, respectively, are named alike and yet different: Ceaser's surname is James and Jimmy's surname is Ceaser . . . Slanz Gambino, a barber who is still lathering faces on W. Roosevelt Road, is a real fight fan and can be seen at almost any boxing show here, large or small . . . King Tut's right name is Henry Tuttle . . . Johnny Toran, Chicago flyweight, is punching good in Erie.

Thoughts While Reading The Ring.—Boss Fleischer gave Earl Mastro a break just when the featherweight brother needed the spotlight . . . Nat's latest book, about Dempsey, is good. Wish I could write like that . . . The boss' editorial, "$1,000 Offered For The Muckrakers," is great and merits due credit . . . Battling Siki, Negro, defended his light-heavyweight title against Mike McTigue in Dublin, Ireland, on St. Patrick's Day . . . Lank Leonard's Cartoonettes are a good feature . . . Believe covering training camps is a tough job . . . Dull and a grind . . . Daniel writes interesting ring fiction . . . "Along the Great Fite Way" . . . Clever title. That fellow Sullivan sure can type . . . Mathison may be right about winning championships in the ring but what if a leading contender can't get the champ to fight him at the weight . . . Nice page of photos of New York boxers . . . Ought to give Chicago lads a break like that . . . Local amateurs must have been interested in Humphrey's story of McLarnin.

Vince Dundee's photo under caption "New Jersey's Flock of Mitt Wielders." Thought Dundee hailed from Philly . . . Willard looked bigger than Carnera . . . Dempsey, Berlenbach, Wiggins, former greats . . . Cliville must be a great fighter to knock out DeVos . . . Spider Kelly and Tim McGrath always mentioned together, it seems . . . Picture of Shade and Len Harvey in mixup, which took place in England. Wondered what Harvey looked like . . . "Doc" Almy, A. D. Phillips, Clarence Riordan, Eddie Shevlin and a host of others who write Ring copy. Must be quite a payroll . . . Eddie Borden's monthly ratings are read with interest . . . "In and Near Chicago" in the concluding pages . . . May move up soon . . . Writer trying hard to improve page . . . Advertisements must be limited and high . . . Not many used . . . Al Foreman just another fighter around here . . . Couldn't stop the veteran, Don Davis. Now they're talking of a Berg-Foreman tussle . . . The Ring book shop has a good many books, and interesting . . . Colorful back cover ad.

AUSTRALIAN NEWS
By SAM HART

AUSTRALIA has a new star lightweight in Bobby Blay who recently knocked out our Teddy Nelson. He is only nineteen but is a good boy. Later he knocked out Young Gilds.

A good heavyweight prospect has been found here in Jack O'Mally, who is managed by Sam Chapman. O'Mally knocked out Ted Dargin in the fifth recently.

Young Halliday is going well. He knocked out Tommy Barber and won from Archie Hughes, and then stopped Tommy Doble.

Tommy Fairhall, our welter champion, is doing good work. He knocked out Billy Richards and won from Wally Hancock in his last two starts.

Tommy Cribbe, Australian middleweight, expects to come to America shortly

Jack Carroll, contender for the welter crown, wins consistently.

Jack Haines, middleweight champion, has been taking things easy for several months. Now with his rest over, he is tuning up for a busy campaign.

George Blake, manager of Fidel La Barba, is sending over to Australia a fellow named Tuzzolini to fight Haines. Tuzzolini will have to be mighty good to beat our star.

Pete Sarron of Birmingham, Ala., is still in New Zealand. He is a fine drawing card there and has cleaned up big money. Others from the states here are Lou Bloom and Sammy Schack. Schack will leave in a few weeks for South Africa.

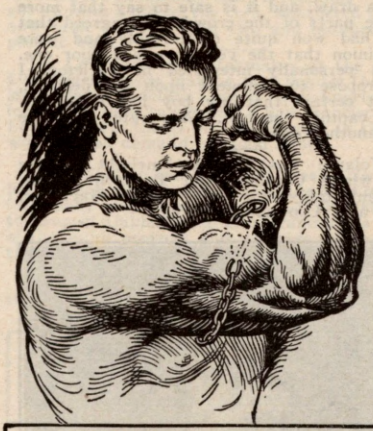
In one of the best fights seen in Australia in many moons, Allen Edgecock stopped Tommy Elgey in the fifteenth round. These boys are junior lightweights and mighty good ones.

Johnny Shepherd, picked by many as the next Australian welter king, knocked out Mick Waters.

Jack Haines fought a thrilling battle when he knocked out Artie Hay, New Zealand champion, in the third round. Hay didn't have a chance. There isn't a fellow in the Antipodes who classes with Haines. He'd be a hit in the U. S. A.

Moulding A Mighty Arm

Get a 17 Inch Bicep

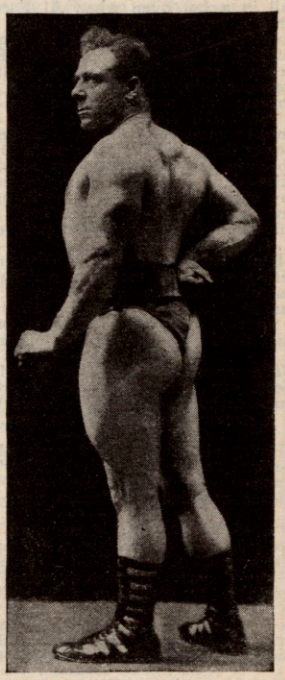


Complete Course on Arm Building

25c

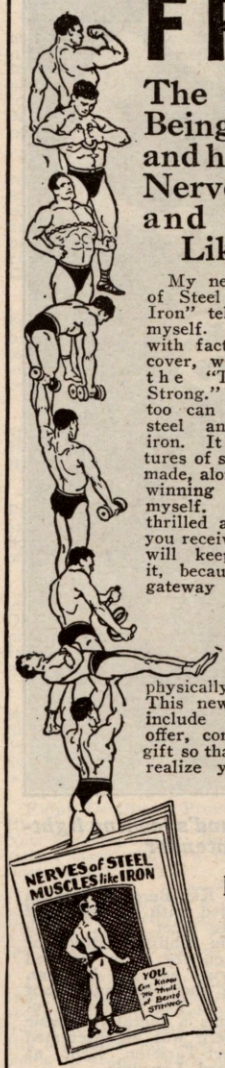
By George F. Jowett
"CHAMPION OF CHAMPIONS"

Get an arm of might with the power and grip to obey your physical desires. Within 30 days you can now build your arm from a scrawny piece of skin and bone to one of huge muscular size. I don't mean just a 17-inch bicep, but a 15-inch forearm and an 8-inch grip. This specially prepared course will build every muscle in the arm because it has been scientifically worked out for that purpose. You can develop a pair of triceps shaped like a horseshoe and just as strong, and a pair of biceps that will show their double head formation. The sinewy cables between the biceps and elbow will be deep and thick with wire cable ligaments. In that arm of yours, the forearm will belly with bulk, and the great supinator lifting muscle can be made into a column of power, while your wrists will grow alive and writhe with cordy sinew. All this you can get for only 25c—send for this course today and within 30 days' time you can have a he-man's arm built to be as beautiful, brawny and magnificent as the village blacksmith's.



GEORGE F. JOWETT
Champion of Champions

You can't make a mistake. The guarantee of the strongest armed man in the world stands behind this course. I give you all the secrets of strength illustrated and explained as you like them. Mail the coupon now while you can still get this course at my introductory, get-acquainted price of only 25c.



FREE

The Thrill of Being Strong and how to Get Nerves of Steel and Muscles Like Iron

My new book "Nerves of Steel and Muscles of Iron" tells you all about myself. It is crowded with facts from cover to cover, with stories about the "Thrill of Being Strong." It tells how you too can have nerves of steel and muscles like iron. It shows many pictures of strong men I have made, along with the prize-winning photographs of myself. You will be thrilled and excited when you receive this book—you will keep it and prize it, because it opens the gateway to health and strength. These are times of opportunity for young men who are strong, both physically and mentally. This new book, which I include free with this offer, comes to you as a gift so that I may help you realize your ambition to become a powerful giant both physically and mentally. Do not delay.

Rush Coupon Today!

Just sign your name to the coupon and mail it to me along with 25c (stamps or coin). I will send by return mail my illustrated course "Moulding a Mighty Arm" and also include absolutely free a copy of my new book entitled, "The Thrill of Being Strong." Grasp this opportunity—do not delay. If you lay this offer aside you might forget and lose out on this special limited offer. Action at this time might be the turning point in your entire career. Therefore, do not gamble with fate but sign your name and address to the coupon now.

Jowett Institute of Physical Culture
422 Poplar Street, Dept. 57N, Scranton, Pa.

Dear Mr. Jowett: I am enclosing 25c. Please send me the course "Moulding a Mighty Arm" and a free copy of "The Thrill of Being Strong."

Name.....

Address.....

Timely Chatter from Great Britain

By TED BROADRIBB

JACK HOOD, our welter champion, put up the fight of his life against Dave Shade in what was possibly the greatest contest seen here for many years. There was the usual difference of opinion when a draw was declared and personally I thought that Shade had just done sufficient to win, but in fairness to the referee, Sam Russell, it has to be admitted that he is always in the better position to see all that happens within the four ropes. A return bout has been arranged.

Dick Corbett registered another good victory when he outpointed Benny Sharkey on the Hood-Shade card. Corbett has now negotiated three hurdles which were too steep for Teddy Baldock, for he has halted the climb of Spider Pladner, Willie Smith and Sharkey. It is true that Baldock received the verdict on a foul over the French Spider, but Teddy had been the underdog so far as the fight had gone.

Moe Moss, Bill Haines, Jack Fiford, Tony Arpino and Tom Banks all performed admirably at the Royal Albert Hall upon the Hood-Shade night, and it is admitted on all sides that Jeff Dickson had staged the best all-action programme ever seen in this historic building. About three-quarters of the audience was made up of folks who made the journey from the Black-country to see their idol, Jack Hood.

Johnny Peters is pursuing his winning ways with a vengeance for he beat Jerry O'Neill in nine rounds in workmanlike manner, and only a few days later, he stopped Gideon Potteau in 11 rounds. The latter victim recently provided a bundle of trouble for Teddy Baldock for 13 rounds. An interested spectator at Peter's contest with O'Neill, was the former King George of Greece.

Mr. Lionel Bettinson has made an offer for a Baldock-Corbett contest to be staged at Olympia. Corbett immediately agreed to the terms offered but whether Teddy will agree is a horse of another color. If the pair do come together then it will be a case of house-full with a vengeance because this is a fight that the public does want.

George Rose of Bristol dissolved like a snowball in a hot oven when Al Foreman connected with a hefty punch when they fought for the Lonsdale lightweight belt at Manchester. Well, October is not the month for Roses, and why George was chosen as a contender for the championship, will ever remain a mystery. Harry Corbett has surely proved his worth and he it was who should have been tossed into the ring to quarrel with Al. Corbett has had big money deposited for some time for a fixture with Foreman and it looks very much like a Safety First device of the champion in selecting the boy with the 'flowery' name in preference. Corbett will take some 'finding' when Foreman unleashes that dig if the pair ever meet.

Bert Kirby, our flyweight champion, has met with a very bad motoring accident, consequently his championship contest with Jackie Brown has had to be postponed. The pair have each a victory to their credit over one another and this third 'go' has been eagerly waited for.

The contest between Don Shortland and Reggie Meen, our young heavyweight prospects, created much enthusiasm. Meen's home town, Leicester, is a great supporter of its star.

Harry Mason did good work when he beat Alf Mancini at the Blackfriar's 'Ring' the other day. Mancini was a very distressed man when the referee sounded the 'cease fire.'

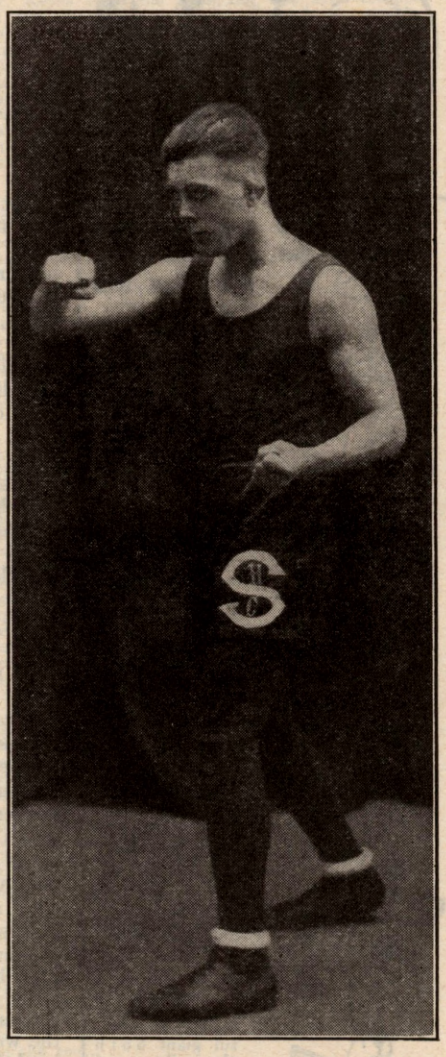
"Great Scott." It is reported that Phil Scott has asked £2,000 as his price for defending his title against Charlie Smith. Well, I think that I know some promoters who would not be agreeable to give him 2,000 shillings (£100) to do his stuff in their ring, after what he didn't do to Stribling. If it be true that he values his services at two thousand nicker, then his modesty is on a par with his fighting ability.

Len Johnson, the classy colored cruiser-weight, was much too 'hot' for Giuseppe Malerba (Italy) whom he met at Manchester, the referee intervening in the early stages to save the Italian further punishment.

Jeff Dickson's show at the Royal Albert Hall on November 18th was devoted to men of the lightweight division, Al Foreman vs. Eugene Drouhin, and Harry Corbett and Fred Webster featuring.

November 6th was a red-letter night for Liverpool. Johnny Best co-operated with Mr. Bettinson in staging the fight for the featherweight championship and Lord Lonsdale belt. The gladiators were Johnny Cuthbert, the holder, and Nel Tarleton, fresh from America. The contest went the full 15 rounds and the referee's verdict was a draw, and it is safe to say that more than three parts of the crowd were agreed that Tarleton had won quite comfortably and were of the opinion that the verdict was a poor one. As I am personally interested in Tarleton, I do not propose to comment upon the decision, but I felt certain that my boy had done sufficient to capture the belt. Any rate, they live to fight another day.

Dom Volante was in the limelight at the Stadium where Cuthbert and Tarleton fought, for he comfortably defeated Francois Machtens, the very able Continental boxer.



Harry Corbett, England's leading lightweight contender

Waterloo Station, where Kid Berg arrived on the boat train, was besieged with thousands of his admirers who came to meet him. Much horse-play was indulged in whilst waiting for the train to arrive. When the train steamed in, there was a general rush for the barriers. Wives got separated from their husbands (not legally) in the mad rush to get a glimpse of the wonderful Kid. He has a lucrative Music Hall engagement here. Berg was an interested spectator at the Cuthbert-Tarleton fight at Liverpool, as was also Lord Lonsdale.

At the Ring, Peter Nolan gained a popular decision over Sam Steward, an ex-lightweight champion, in 15 rounds. The winner is shaping remarkably well for a youngster. Jim Learoyd clearly beat Johnny Curley on points. Glyn Moody got the decision over Gunar Andersen (Sweden) in 15 rounds, but the margin was a very close one. Jack Wright and Jim Briley boxed 12 rounds to a draw. Jack Negal easily outpointed Bert Freeman over a dozen rounds. Joe Bull defeated that accomplished South Walian, Nobby Baker, in 15 rounds.

At Premierland, Jules Steyart (Belgium) outpointed Harry Brooks in a very good bout. Evan Lane beat Douglas Parker in a 15-round all-action scrap. Jack Garland, the Irish feather champion, outpointed Francois Machtens of Belgium in a 15-round 'go.' Evan Lane scored another good win when awarded the decision over Henri Badou (Belgium). Bert Taylor got a close decision over Lew Pinkus, and Charlie McDonald won over Jack Hyams. These two latter fights were on the last boxing programme that will ever be staged at this establishment. Premierland, the East-end N. S. C., where Kid Berg and many other champions graduated, is to be demolished.

At the Holborn Stadium, Johnny Sullivan, fresh from his American trip, fought a draw with Jack Hyams over 15 rounds. Archie Sexton beat Clarence Barton.

At Edmonton—Lien Sanders of Holland, a newcomer to this country, made an auspicious debut by outpointing Gordon Cook, the Welshman, over 15 rounds. Arthur Unwin outpointed Harry Jennings, and Archie Sexton kayo'd Bill Webster.

At Kilburn—Jim Travis and Kid Socks boxed a neat 15-round draw. Les Burns and Jim Wheeler also boxed a draw.

At Paddington Baths—Seaman Watson was given a points decision over Jack Garland, the Irish featherweight champion. Harry Connely, a fast-coming boy, outpointed the useful Sandy McEwan. Jack Wright beat Billy Reynolds. Fred Webster defeated Charlie Mack.

At Shepherd's Bush.—Seaman Watson outpointed Joe Cadman over 15 rounds, and Bert Kirby, the flyweight champion, was a comfortable winner over Percy Dexter in 15 rounds.

At Liverpool—The Stadium—Harold Higginson won from Raymond Perrier (France) over 15 rounds. Tom Bailey outpointed Harold Ratchford. Larry Gains K.O.'d Jean de Large (Belgium) in the second. Dick Burke K.O.'d Tommy Brown. Joe Greenwood stopped Tommy Walsh.

At Manchester, Belle-Vue.—The makings of a good fight between Charlie McDonald and the rising boy from Cambridge, Stan Waller, came to a sudden end when the referee stopped the bout in the sixth round in favor of McDonald, owing to Waller having contracted a badly damaged optic.

At Newcastle-on-Tyne.—Jim Learoyd won by a big margin of points over Charlie Davidson in 15 rounds. Billy Farrell quickly disposed of Danny Veitch by the aid of the K. O. in round six.

At Leeds.—Tommy Marren outpointed George Darley over 12 rounds. Joe Cowley beat Little Miner and Jim Learoyd won over Dave Sykes.

At West Bromwich.—Gypsy Daniels K.O.'d Joe Mullins in round six. Alex Law outpointed Fred Cook. Ronnie Sommerton knocked out Minty Rose in the eleventh.

At Smethwick.—Boy Edge won from Terence Morgan.

At Sheffield.—Tommy Dexter outpointed Jack Tierney in 10 rounds.

Scottish Results.—At Edinburgh, St. Mary's Hall.—Dan McGarry stopped Charlie McMillan in round eight. Joe Lynch and J. Duncan boxed a crisp 10-round draw. Walter White stopped Jim Christie and Alex Adams cleverly outpointed Young Chambers over the 10-round journey.

Edinburgh, The Music Hall.—Walter Lemmon gained a narrow points win over Little Miner. This was a brilliant scrap all the way. Tommy Holt made an auspicious debut amongst the pros when he stopped Jack Carl, a Leeds boy. Tommy Barber outpointed Geo. Ballantyne.

At Govan, The Stadium.—Young Higgins and Charlie Smirke fought a 15-round side-stake bout which went the full distance with Higgins getting the verdict by a narrow margin. Tug Wilson beat Frank Clements. Jim McQuade got a points decision over Deaf Burke. Andy Findlay easily outpointed Benny Thomas, and Albert Ryall lost to Bobbie Lees in a great bout.

At Glasgow, The Ring.—Willie Quinn beat Dave Clarkson.

At Glasgow, Premierland.—Joe Winters easily defeated Ted Abbott. Jim McHarg just got a points win over Young Siki. George Gordon beat Bob McGuffog in a real non-stop action scrap. The pair were veritable bulldogs. Premierland is a new boxing venue and is under the management of Mr. Jim Gilmour.

California Gossip

By THERON FISK

AMATEUR boxing is once more in the sporting spotlight of this little community.

"The doorstep of champions," that's the tag the Los Angeles Athletic Club has in amateur boxing circles the world over. That doorstep closed for the past two years, because of the greedy professional boxing manager, is again to be the threshold across which simon-pure boxers will step if the present plans of the Mercury Club are carried out.

With the announcement from Charley Keppen, athletic director of the club, that the Mercury institution was behind an amateur boxing program, life again came into the simon-pure mitt game, resulting in seventy-five boxers from all parts of Southern California taking part in a huge two-day tournament staged at the Olympic Auditorium, Los Angeles.

This was the first amateur card of any consequence stages in the Southland in the past two years and from every neighborhood and community sprung up would-be boxers with entry blanks in hand in their effort to get into the play.

For years the Los Angeles Athletic Club produced the greatest boxing teams in the country. Coached first by the veteran, De Witt Van Court, next by the wily George Blake and now by Clayton Fry, are reasons aplenty why the Mercury boxers have always dominated the game on the Coast. From across the famous doorstep at Seventh and Olive Streets, have stepped the following National and Olympic champions.

Charley Jenkinson	1921
*Fidel LaBarba	1924
Joe Salas	1924
*Jackie Fields	1924
August Gotto	1925
Clayton Fry	1925
Joe Woods	1925
Hymie Miller	1928
Martin Zuniga	1929

The * indicates Olympic champions.

A committee appointed by Governor Young to remedy boxing evils is at work. Hearings are being conducted in San Francisco and Los Angeles. The entire Commission membership is being quizzed and everyone of any importance in the game is to be interrogated.

They want to find out if boxing is in the control of the gamblers; if dishonest referees are employed knowingly by the promoters; if the fights are first rehearsed; if politics play a part, and who the racketeers are and a hundred other things.

On the committee are men of standing, one of their members, Mr. Harry Brand, an ex-sporting editor, ought to be able to get right down to bedrock in a hurry.

There is a chance, according to well posted boxing men that something may come of it all. Certain reforms and corrections are needed and if recommended by the committee and applied by the commission ought to pull the game out of the pitiful and disgraceful slump into which it has fallen. "Boxing needs a Landis," is the cry, more so than baseball ever needed such a standout character, which may all lead, according to gossip along the boxing rialto, to a salaried commissioner or dictator for California. The three present commissioners' term, likewise that of Governor Young, expired on December 31.

Carlo Curtis' annual boxing benefit, staged in his spacious gymnasium, Los Angeles, to buy turkey dinner for the Los Angeles newsboys was a huge success. The highlight of the show was an exhibition bout between Billy Papke, former middle weight champion of the world, and his son Billy, Jr., a likely looking light-heavyweight. James J. Jeffries, fomer heavyweight champion of the world, refereed. Mushy Callahan, former junior welterweight champion, boxed an exhibition with his pal Benny Miller, an up and coming middleweight. Tommy Ryan refereed that bout. Four four-round bouts all filled with action and vaudeville, rounded ou an evening of wonderful entertainment. And furnished funds to make happy 2,000 newsies on a turkey dinner.

Curtis, now a prosperous business man and gymnasium proprietor, never forgets his former associates on Thanksgiving.

The struggle to build up Al Fay, Jack Kearns' heavyweight hope, reached its last dispairing gasp at Hollywood. Fay, lost to the lumbering "Dutch" Elliotte and against the wobbly Vigo Doman, and showed nothing to make one suspect him of being of championship material.

While Kearns had a mortgage on the club, he slipped George Courtney into what looked like the softest kind of a touch—against Tom Patrick, a muscle-bound semi-windup performer. Courtney couldn't or wouldn't get out of the path of Patrick's left hook and as a result lost the decision.

"Pickles" Heinz, a 19 year old kid from the navy, weighing close to two hundred pounds, looked good in his only start hereabout. "Pickles" got up from a biff on the chin, weathered the round and came out in round two and stopped his opponent cold.

Joe Levy, former matchmaker at the Olympic, Los Angeles, now making matches for the Dreamland, San Francisco, was a Los Angeles visitor looking for fistic talent with a San Francisco appeal. Levy, reports things on the upgrade in the North with a brisk demand for good fights.

San Francisco and the Bay Cities at the November election voted bonds to the tune of $420,000,000 for public improvements. A $35,000,000 bridge to connect Oakland and San Francisco is just one of the major projects, this will give employment to thousands from which boxing will draw.

A Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to the many Ring readers of this column.

BIG SHOTS FROM LITTLE RHODE ISLAND

By ANTHONY PETRONELLA

THE month of November was a dull one in the Rhode Island fistic mart due to the cancellation of the Jimmy Maloney-Salvatore Ruggerillo match. Price decided to halt all proceedings until this month, because of the holidays and football sharing too much interest for the fans hereabouts. He has two stellar attractions in the making for December shows in the Sammy Fuller-Young Montreal, and Jose Santa-Riccardo Bertazzolo pairings. Each is a "natural" for this sector.

Jose Santa, gigantic Portuguese battler, has already exhibited at the Auditorium twice this season and good houses have been the result on account of the large Portuguese following he has around Southern New England. In his first appearance he stopped Gordon Munce in three chapters, and then he applied the payoff on Carl Carter, also in three innings.

Frankie Travis, young and energetic Providence fight-manager, has joined the ranks of benedicts, but that didn't stop him from keeping his stable of leather-pushers busy. Tony Caprio, Pat James, and others of his charges have been working with regularity and doing so-so.

Jim Kiley, Woonsocket matchmaker, is at present operating an indoor fight club in his upstate city. Jim is pairing the boys for shows at the Joyland Ballroom.

Benny Ritchie, former handler of Paris Apice, Providence featherweight, has acquired the managership of Bert Sciarra, Providence bantamweight. Sciarra is an aggressive, two-fisted lad with plenty of crowd-pleasing attributes.

Pat James, Brown University student, was the victim of a bad verdict in his scrap with Joey O'Connell at the Fall River Casino in a six-round prelim to the Young Lefty-Henry Perlick bout. James took the bout at short notice and clearly won four of the rounds.

Sam Price would have liked to stage the fourth meeting between Andy Callahan of Lawrence, and Sammy Fuller of Boston, at the Auditorium, but owing that Callahan is one of Johnny Buckleys fighters, it's off the books for this section as Buckley is banned here.

Ralph Destino of Providence, is now a manager. His protege is none other than Jimmy Bianco of New London, Conn. Bianco boxes in the featherweight class, and is a former amateur performer from Albany, N. Y.

Paris Apice scored a good victory over Young Granada of Hartford, at New London. Granada is a terrific puncher, but Paris knew too much about the hit and duck art for the Spanish clouter.

LITTLE SHOTS: Eddie Holmes, Providence 140-pounder, has been forced to the sidelines on account of cut eyes—Billy Lynch, 135-pounder from Providence, has regained his stride once more. His last time out he meted out an old-fashioned lacing to Henry Janco of Lawrence. Jimmy Abruzzesse, former star amateur welterweight from Warren, has all the boys in his class on the run. They have two alibis: one that he is a southpaw, and the other, he hits too hard.

Michele Bonaglia, European light-heavy champ, arrived in this country recently and enlisted his forces with Phil Buccola's stable. One of the best seconds in this part of the country is Walter Travers of Boston. One of the best prospects in New England today is Tommy King, Fall River 138-pounder. Tommy is yet to taste defeat in the pro ranks, but is only a mere youngster and shouldn't be rushed to the fore with too much speed.

Win Admiration for Your Physique —Strongfort Tells How

STRONGFORT
Builder of Men

You may have brains; you may have ability to burn; you may be ever so talented; you may be clever—but none of these, or all combined, will match the magnetism, the compelling power, the hypnotism of a beautifully developed, well-rounded-out, muscular, powerful body. *There isn't anything in the world that will more instantly win you favor, of both men and women, than a splendid physique.* Test this assertion for yourself—in any group of men or women—in high or low society—in business places or work-shops—in sport or on the stage—and see what happens when the man of fine physical presence enters the group, or the room. Instantly all eyes are centered upon him! Immediately men ask one another who it is! Every woman seeks an introduction! *Admiration is universal.*

Gain Magnetic Manhood

If you are lacking in rugged strength; if your powers are sagging; if you no longer feel peppy and eager for action; if your day's work drags on you; if you do not enjoy company; if your love affairs are failures; just take my advice and let me pull you up and out of this shameful discouraging condition.

Whatever brought you to this pitiful plight—neglect, abuse, over-exercise, dissipation, disease or common ailments like catarrh and constipation—Lionel Strongfort can brace you up and make a real he-man of you—that's as sure as you are reading this message of hope.

Your ailments, your weaknesses, your lack of manliness will disappear almost magically under my instruction, and you will see the dawn of a new day from the moment you take up my Course in

STRONGFORTISM

The Up-to-date Science of Strength

—recognized the world over as the best method of strengthening the bodily organs and removing disease and weakness.

I urge you to be frank with me—take me into your confidence and tell me all about what you lack in health and strength. When you become my pupil you should realize you are selecting for your instructor the world's outstanding athlete and strong man whose perfect bodily development won honors in many countries.

Individual Instruction

Lionel Strongfort's methods, as used to develop his own body, will be revealed to you. After you have enrolled your case will be individually analyzed and charted and a plan of development and restoration outlined for your particular case, with special personal directions and suggestions.

More Than Mere Muscle

Big, bulging muscles, without a properly developed body, internally as well as externally, get you nowhere. They won't eradicate weakness and disease. They won't make you cheerful and hopeful, as Strongfortism will.

Don't be fooled by pretenders. Come to the teacher whose lifetime background proves him to be the outstanding exponent of true physical culture and real health building.

Note—No drugs, pills, dope or apparatus are prescribed in this Course in Strongfortism. Only a few minutes of your time in the privacy of your own room are required.

There's Hope in My Free Book

Send for my latest revised and illustrated edition of "Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength and Mental Energy," telling how I built up my own body—how I can build up your body. This book is priceless—and it is yours FREE for the asking. Fill in the coupon and mail it right away.

STRONGFORT INSTITUTE
LIONEL STRONGFORT, DIRECTOR
PHYSICAL AND HEALTH SPECIALIST
DEPT. 94 NEWARK, NEW JERSEY, U.S.A.

Send This Coupon

FREE CONFIDENTIAL CONSULTATION

Strongfort Institute, Dept. 94, Newark, N. J.—Please send me absolutely free my copy of your book, "Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength and Mental Energy."

My Ailment Is.....

Name.....

Age..... Occupation.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

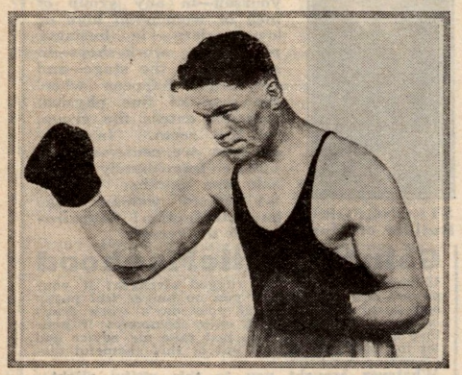
Gossip from European Rings

By "SPARROW" ROBERTSON

THE boxing season in France so far has been a good one from all angles. Promoter Jeff Dickson has been playing to capacity houses since his fall season opening. His first big opening entertainment staged at the Velodrome d'Hiver had Al. Brown and the clever young Frenchman Eugene Huat as the principles. Then followed the Paolino-Griselle fight, both of which drew big attendances. In the latter fight the battering, belligerent Basque almost had Griselle out when Descamps threw in the towel, in the fourth session.

Spider Pladner the former world's champion flyweight and clever Petit Biquet, the Belgium champion, had the supporting bout to the Paolino-Griselle affair, and after ten spirited rounds, the decision went to Pladner on points.

Desmond Jeans, the monocled British actor boxer, knocked out light heavy-weight Rolleri, in



Ernest Guhring, German heavy-weight, who is said to be the real goods

five rounds, and Herzowitz, the Russian-French rugby player, who weighs 245 pounds, knocked out Hugon in the first round, at the same entertainment.

Herzowitz, is developing into a great fighter, but he started in the game at too late an age. He is now 31 years old. But as a football player he is just as fast and speedy as when we saw him several years ago, going through a full game against Wales. He is without doubt the hardest puncher that has been seen in Europe since the war. And how he can take it! Blows do not appear to have any effect upon his body or jaw. He has ended all of his fights inside of one round. His last contest was against Buffi, one of the best Italian heavy-weights. He finished him in one and a half minutes.

Herzowitz, also defeated inside of two minutes, the new heavy-weight find, Bardos, the Basque rock-crusher. The latter had quite a few knock-outs to his record before he met "Herzo" and he was looked upon as another Paolino, but alas and alack, he was soon sent to the blacksmith shop by "Herzo." Bardos is only a kid yet, and he may develop.

In a fly-weight championship of Italy contest which was fought in Rome, the former title holder, Savo, was defeated by challenger, Magliozzi, on points. At the same entertainment welter-weights Louis Kessler of France, and Rocchi of Italy, went ten rounds to a draw; Fiermonte defeated Oldani on points, and Tunnelli and Marfurt, went to a draw.

Promoter Jeff Dickson's opening Spanish boxing entertainment which he staged in Barcelone, with Al Brown and the Spanish and European champion feather-weight Jose Girones, heading the bill, was the biggest boxing affair ever staged in Spain.

Regarding the contest between Brown and Girones: I took each round down in short hand, which found Brown having away the best of six rounds; the Spanish champion was credited with two rounds and two rounds even, yet the referee called a draw.

Seldom have I witnessed a more hostile crowd at a boxing bout, and if the referee had awarded the bout to Brown, he would have been lucky to have escaped the fury of the mob. As it was, immediately after the decision, promoter Jeff Dickson, by a fine piece of strategy, while another bout was in progress, managed to get the referee safely out of the arena, unawares to the tough bunch at the ringside.

While Brown and manager Dave Lumiansky were on their way to the dressing room after the fight, they were pelted with a shower of cushions.

Al Brown, gave the French champion feather-weight Nick Bensa, quite a bad beating in a ten round bout fought at the Velodrome d'Hiver, Paris.

Judging by the deluge of letters that promoter Dickson is receiving from American managers, times in the boxing line must be a little slack. Dickson is in a position now whereby he is the one to dictate terms to any fighter trying for a job in about all parts of Europe. He is wanted in Glasgow, Scotland, to promote, but he won't consider the proposition.

The feather-weight championship of Belgium was fought for in Brussels between Julien Verbist, the holder, and challenger, Balister. After fifteen rounds of brilliant fighting, the verdict went to Verbist. At the same entertainment Henri Scille, of Belgium, feather-weight, defeated Dubbers of Germany.

At an entertainment held at Spicherming, Germany, Armand Appel of France, knocked out Kohler of Germany, in the fourth round.

Harold Higginson of England, received a decision on points over the French light-weight, Raymond Perrier, in fifteen rounds.

In a ten round bout fought in Paris, welter-weights Chambourg and Agatensi, had an interesting battle which went to Chambourg on a point decision, and Legras and Filhol, bantams, fought a draw.

At the Central Sporting Club of Paris, light-weight Smoucler defeated Varju on points. In another ten rounder, feather-weight Desnoulet of Roubais, defeated Franciose of Marseille, on points.

The boxing managers of Paris declared a boycott on Jeff Dickson's entertainments. They do not approve of his bringing in outside foreign talent for his local shows. Dickson is not worried over the matter, he is glad to be rid of many of the worn out boxers that he has been in many cases compelled to use.

He's in the Army now. Emile "Spider" Pladner, is now doing his one year compulsory military duty. He is not far out from Paris, and if any engagements turn up for the popular little fighter, he will be able to get permission to fulfil same from his officers. While doing service Pladner will give his fellow soldiers instruction in boxing.

Uncle Joe Jacobs and champion Max Schmeling received a big reception on their arrival in Paris on the way to Barcelona. Max looks fine.

In a dual amateur boxing competition held in Copenhagen, between Wales and Denmark, a victory went to the Welsh battlers.

Jules Steyard of Belgium, beat Harry Brooks of England, in fifteen rounds.

Jeff Dickson has been trying the antiquated style of one man in the ring as referee and sole judge. Such has not been much of a success and I learn that the French Boxing Federation will change its rules whereby it will make it compulsory to use judges in conjuction with the referee.

In the Cuthbert Taylor and Pannecoucke fight after twelve rounds the referee, Henri Bernstein, awarded the fight to Taylor on points, a decision which seemed wrong. Afterwards the French Federation of Boxing reversed the decision and recorded it as a draw.

Referee Bernstein is absolutely fair and honest, but it is my opinion that no one man can carry a fight in his head for twelve rounds and give a just decision.

A fine bunch of feather-weights are being developed in France. In a Salle Wagram entertainment the preliminaries were all "feathers." Cornut defeated Kid Jeffries; Kid Labrosse defeated Sandraps, and Landry defeated Hemery, all three bouts went the limit to close decisions.

On the Taylor-Pannecoucke card, Renaud beat Dujardin.

Pannecoucke, the French bantam-weight who fought Cuthbert Taylor of England, is from the north of France. It was his first appearance in Paris. It will not be his last. He is a real fighter.

COPPER SCRAPS FROM UPPER MICHIGAN

By CLIFF SCHIEBERL

ACTIVITY in the fight game here is increasing. Iron Mountain staged a show with Ben Dishaw and Mickey Patrick as the principals with honors even. Patrick is ranked as one of the best prospects in the middle west. Charley Crocker and Nick Broglio went eight rounds at a furious clip with honors even. Kid Koski kayoed Tate Stark, Colombo D'Andrae disposed of Bearcat Koepke, and Pete De Roech stopped Clement Raleau in the first.

The Calumet Laurium Boxing Club put on a show in which Charley Crocker beat Tax Takala substituted. Bull Ferzacca stopped Gordon Lampala in three rounds. Dinty Erkila won over Alcide Delisle. Ed Laiti outslugged Colombo D'Andrae and Don Mack stopped Russell Pelland.

Paddy Jaske was operated on for appendicitis.

MINNESOTA NEWS

By BOB BURRILL

BILLY LIGHT came back into local fistic ranks with a bang. He won the nod over Frankie Battaglia, Winnipeg's scrapper, in a great tilt.

Jimmy Evans won a viciously fought fray with Frankie Petrolle, brother of the famous Billy.

Wayne Short, St. Paul feather, decisioned Sammy Sacco, of Sioux City.

Roy Michaelson came back to win over Johnny O'Hara, St. Paul middleweight, in six spirited frames.

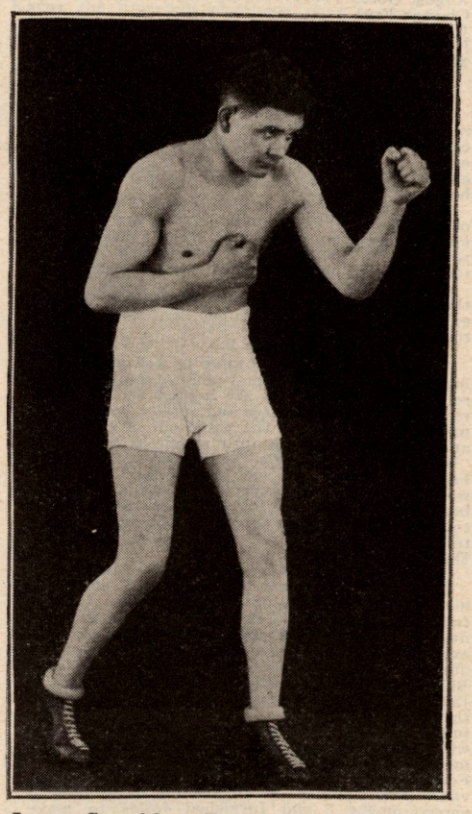
Paul George, St. Paul, won over Midge Palmer, Minneapolis, via a technical kayo in three spasms.

Babe Daniels, cousin of Dick, won over Johnny DeOtis in a four-round affair.

King Tut, Minneapolis' blonde beak buster, belted all the promise out of Billy Townsend, Vancouver welter, in six rounds at Detroit.

Charley Retzleff mads short and sweet work of Andy Shanks, who he put away in one round.

At Duluth: Mel Coleman, youthful middle-weight prospect, knocked out Johnny Larsen, of St. Paul, in two rounds. Frankie Petrolle beat Paul Liberty, brother of Urban, in six heats.



Jean Gavalda, French welterweight

Charley Retzleff, Duluth heavy, put the rollers under Angus McDonald in the second.

Jack Sharkey, of Minneapolis, beat Eddie Smith, Negro featherweight.

Britt Gorman, Minnesota flyweight champ, fought a great battle to decision with Bobby O'Dowd, of Ceder Rapids.

Walter Beasy, Hibbing lightweight, defeated the Mandan mauler, Boomer Brooker, in six rounds at Duluth.

On the Loughran-Daniels card in which Tommy beat Daniels, Art Lasky, Minneapolis heavy, stopped Sammy Baker of St. Paul, in the first. Lasky looks okay, watch him.

KANSAS AND VICINITY

By L. R. FORD

ATCHISON, KANS.—Ortiz Rubio, son of the President of Mexico, battled Gus Glazer three rounds to a draw in the feature bout on the amateur boxing program at St. Benedict's College. Louis (Dick) Roles of Chanute beat Mitch Malinowski of St. Joseph, Mo., featherweights. Joe Reilly beat Ed Brophy in three. Ray Grantham beat LeRoy Reed in three. Billy Horan won (T.K.O.) from Don Reilly in two. Al Guillen beat Martin Stremel in three. Jack Epeler won from Steve Cole in three.

Topeka, Kans.—Baby Stribling defeated Joe Trabon in a fast and thrilling 10-round feature bout. Stribling has been coming along at a fast pace the last six weeks and is in demand by many promoters.

Muskogee, Okla.—Johnny Nichols knocked out Billy Lovan in the first round. Speck Friend beat the tough Mexican Pete Regil in six rounds.

St. Louis, Mo.—Mickey Walker, middleweight champion, knocked out Tiger Johnny Cline in two rounds. John Schwake won from Harvey Martenson in eight. Frank Power beat Jack Milton in six. Hershie Wilson beat Buddy Schleteth in six. Gilbert Terry outpointed Frankie Almarez in four. Dave Barry and Woodrow Williams drew in four rounds.

Wichita, Kans.—Mickey Walker knocked out Homer Sheridan in less than two minutes of the first round. Chester Paasch lost to Red Fitzsimmons. Hugh Gray won from Lou Stanley. Arthur Harzman knocked out Bob Hatch in three rounds. LeRoy Peak defeated Pat Shelby. Ed Cochrane refereed all bouts.

Tulsa, Okla.—Eddie Murdock defeated Kid Kober, the Texas slugger, in 12 fierce rounds. Louie Avery won in a walk in his 10-round battle with the highly touted Artie McCann. Glen Nute came from behind to take a hard-earned decision over Alex Stagg in eight snappy rounds.

St. Louis, Mo.—Babe McCorgory knocked out Tommy Murphy in 10 rounds. Dave Barry, promising light-heavy, knocked out the classy and popular Jimmy Bean of Oklahoma in six rounds.

Clay Center, Kans.—The Armistice boxing program was not so good from an entertainment standpoint, and it fell to the lot of Jimmie Carter, "The Fighting Fool" and old Harvey Thorp, to give the fans eight rounds of fast and sensational slam-bang fighting which sent the fans away in a happy frame of mind. Some 20 odd times this pair have met and what a show they stage!

Enid, Okla.—Dude McCook and Babe Barnes battled 10 slashing rounds to a draw decision. Both battlers hit the canvas on various occasions.

Joe Stevens of San Antonio, Texas, reports that he will head toward Kansas and Oklahoma immediately with a string of real fighters of all weights.

Oklahoma City, Okla.—Angus Snyder was given a draw with Emmett Rocco after 10 blistering rounds. The decision was unpopular. Chic Rains won in eight from K. O. (Kid) Crum and the fans think Crum was handed a bad decision.

Kansas City, Mo.—Jack Gibbs defeated Charley Arthurs in 10 rounds. Walter Dunham and Clyde Chastain fought 10 rounds to a draw. Bob Elliott won from Roy Jacks in eight. Harold Sines defeated Charley Patrick in six. Paul Hamilton and Ned Driskell fought a four-round draw.

Enid, Okla.—Dude McCook knocked out Babe Barnes in the fourth round. This is the second meeting between this pair, the first ending in a draw.

Alec Ross has had from two to three substitute fighters on his last three fight cards. Seems that the fight game is not so healthy in Tulsa at the present time. But Alec is giving the fans some good fights.

Picher, Okla.—Hamp McNally, welter, after a year of inactivity, made his come-back against tough Sam Barnes, and Barnes was given the decision after 10 hard rounds. Hamp thinks he was robbed and wants another shot at Barnes.

Loose and drifting.—That Young Stribling is itching to get Angus Snyder to meet him in a Wichita ring, Snyder is seriously thinking about it. Les Showers and E. Aronis, after being divorced for a year, have kissed and made up and are back in the amateur racket again. Jimmie Carter, "The Fighting Fool," keeps in condition hitch hiking back and forth from Kansas to Louisiana. Louis Lorenzen is planning on one more big fight card to end the 1930 season.

Johnny Wagner has met some tough middleweights around Chicago, and has been on the losing end. Johnny Husong, Wichita promoter, has been angling for some big shots. Jack Slattery of Wichita says he has the greatest stable of amateur fighters of all weights in the United States, and is ready to take them anywhere in the country to back him up in his statement.

Oklahoma City, Okla.—Al Friedman won a clean-cut 10-round decision over Frankie Wine.

Tulsa, Okla.—Wildcat Monte and Lou Terry fought a fast and furious 10-round draw. Wilson Dunn knocked out Joe Rich in four. Jimmy Merriott knocked out Jack Gower in one. Johnny Nichols beat Bobby Calmes in 10. Howard Scott knocked out Donald Greer in four rounds. Fritz Osborne won a decision in three rounds over Jack Henry.

Sutro Pearl has his heavyweight, Baxter Calmes, in fine condition and will start East where he has Baxter booked for several bouts.

SPOKANE AND NORTHERN IDAHO

By EDDIE MAYER, Jr.

WILL MAYLON took three Spokane boys to Walla Walla and made a clean sweep. Orville Darr, veteran Spokane heavy, substituted for Fred Lenhart and won a six-round decision over Tony Talerico. Ace Conlon, Spokane "dark horse" welter, took Don Ruff, of Walla Walla, for a six-round trimming, and Battling Roberts, of Spokane, defeated Billy Lane, Walla Walla 165-pounder.

Bud Taylor won a decision over Eddie Edleman in six rounds.

Del King beat Johnny Hansen, welterweight. They stole the show with a thrilling six-round battle.

Hank Vogt took an easy six-rounder from Johnny La Rossa.

Mickey Trad stopped Freddie Nelson in the second.

George Cheney kayoed Elgin Taylor, 165 pounder, in the first round.

Walter King put Tommy Grasso to sleep in the first.

George Simpson received a broken jaw in his fight with Johnny Walker and he fought the last four rounds of the bout with his jaw out of commission; yet won the decision.

Carl Johnson, Spokane lightweight, has joined Bud Taylor under Eddie Long. Carl looked good to Taylor and Long so they signed him. He has never been kayoed in his seventy-five bouts.

The George Simpson benefit card was a snappy affair. The fans who turned out were treated to a real smoker. Billy Nelson recited "The Kid's Last Fight," Ike Caston sang, Herb Gardon and Happy Jack Hymenese provided instrumental music, and the following boys appeared for short sessions in the ring: Don Fraser, Andy Hottell, Mickey Trad, Lee Roberts, Demon Runyon, Del King, Louie Taylor, Battling Roberts, Lyle Roach, Johnny Walker, Pat Curalli, Sunny Edwards, Hank Vogt and Eddie Thompson. Each donated his services, even the officials, among whom were, Will Maylon, Eddie Quinn, Charles Rosen, "One-Round" Hogan, Joe Adams, Denny Walsh, and Herb Sutherland.

The American Athletic Club of Spokane will stage a welterweight tourney this winter. A diamond studded champion belt will go to the winner. A bantamweight tourney two years ago went over big.

The American Athletic Club is in the market for a number of amateurs. The boys will appear in P. N. A. competition and against college teams.

Lee Roberts, of Spokane, beat Glen Maxwell, of Lewiston, at Colfax, Washington.

Portland defeated Spokane, 3 to 2, in an intercity boxing card staged at the American theater by the American Athletic Club.

Ray McQuillan, Portland Negro, won a six-round decision over Punch 'em Paul Delaney in the main event. Johnny Hansen cuffed Del King, of Spokane, at will and took the decision by a wide margin. Mickey Trad, of Spokane, stopped Billy Wells in the fifth. Hank Vogt won on a foul from Day De Pinto, of Portland.

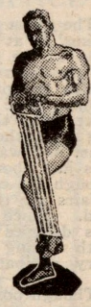
Ace Conlon, in his debut as a professional, made a good showing against the veteran Chuck Borden, although Borden won. Denny Walsh was the third man in the ring for all the bouts.

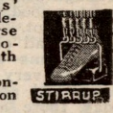
Lyle Roach, Spokane boy, fought a draw with Murdow Morrison, Canadian middleweight, at Trail, B. C.

Complete Home GYM ALL FOR $5.00

You Get All This:

1—Wall Pulley Exerciser
2—Patented Adjustable Head Gear
3—Foot Gear
4—Foot Stirrup
5—Two High Tension Scissor Grips
6—10 Cable Progressive Chest Expander
7—Skip Rope
8—Rowing Machine Attachments
9—12 Weeks' Home Muscle-Building Course
10—Encyclopedia of Health and Strength
11—Special Confidential Lesson



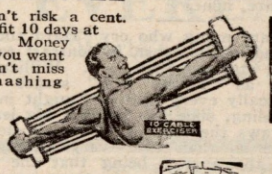


11-in-1 Muscle-Building OUTFIT

Develop EVERY muscle with this great combination outfit. Every kind of an exerciser in one compact Home Gym. And a complete 12 weeks Course in Scientific Body-Building thrown in for good measure. Also Encyclopedia of Health and Strength.

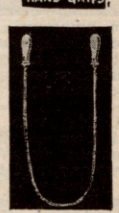
GUARANTEE

You don't risk a cent. Try Outfit 10 days at my risk. Money back if you want it. Don't miss this smashing bargain!



RUSH Coupon Below

You need send no money. Just mail coupon below. Here's the chance of a lifetime to get a complete Home Gym—Wall Pulley, Rowing Machine, Chest Expander, and all the other equipment shown here—all for $5.00. First come, first served.



SKIP ROPE

GIVEN

Great new Confidential Lesson for MEN ONLY. Learn the truth about yourself. Only limited number on hand. FREE if you hurry.

(No Connection with Macfadden Publications)
Michael McFadden, Dept. L-1,
55 East 11th Street, New York City.
Send me ON TRIAL, complete 11-in-1 Outfit as described. I will pay postman only $5.00 plus postage on delivery (or enclose $5.00 and I pay postage.) My Money Back if I return Outfit in 10 days.

Name.....
Address.....
Town.....State.....
Outside U. S. send cash with order

GUS WILSON
For Many Years Connected with
GEORGES CARPENTIER and JACK DEMPSEY
Has an Ideal Training Camp
Open All Year Round at
ORANGEBURG, NEW YORK
ROCKLAND COUNTY
Near Nyack Between Sparkhill and Tappan.
Only One Hour from Center of New York
Modern Indoor and Outdoor Gymnasium
Splendid Surroundings for Road Work
BOATING—FISHING—HUNTING
Riding Academy Five Minutes from Camp
Bridle Path

See Page 3 for Developer of Champions and K. O. Record Holder

Timely Gossip and News from Greater Boston

By DOC ALMY

MUCH as everyone would like to see Jack Sharkey do more fighting, particularly here in his home bailiwick, all of which might help to put boxing back onto its feet in Boston, he is managing to keep himself more or less in the limelight. The world knows of his offer to fight Stribling gratis, Jack thereby passing the "buck" directly to the chap who is regarded by many as the heir apparent to the world's heavyweight throne, also, Strib's answer to the same. While there are those who contend that this was mere ballyhoo—that Sharkey and Strib knew full well that such a meeting would be impossible because of the Georgian's other engagements, there are many here who accepted Sharkey's challenge as genuine—that he meant every word he said and he has assured me he did.

The sport here as elsewhere, though it keeps going, is at a very low ebb, the same due not only to the general financial depression but also to the distressing shortage of talent with "it" which the promoters can afford to use in their rings. The promoters are loth to continue to take all of the gamble—the feeling is fast growing that the active profession should come at least half way. Promoter Mack, of the Argonne, has just about kept his head above the surface—though he continues gamely to carry on—while affairs at the Boston Garden have been very bad. Since the first of the year the Garden has dropped thousands of dollars in connection with boxing and the spirit of retrenchment is very rampant there now.

Though boxing, from the financial end, is going none too good, it is not likely to die out here by a long shot. There is a chance for a return of the small club era—the 50 cents to $1.50 per organizations—and such are badly needed and would go very well. Prior to commission rule, Boston had about eight small clubs, all going. Today there are none.

While there are many who cry "Hard times," the amateur end of the sport, in contrast to the "pro," is going stronger than ever. William H. Cuddy, known as "Father Bill," stages such tourneys practically every Saturday night in the Mechanics Building, once the home of big league boxing, and draws the fans in droves. Boston is becoming—more so than ever—very strong for the amateurs, the answer being that the fans see fighting and plenty of it. In these tourneys the bouts average from 30 to 40 per night, yet, curiously enough, the number of fouls and fakes are practically nil.

Cuddy, who last winter more than put this old town on the map with his big international amateur show, with teams representing Italy, Germany, and the States, will come with another on January 26, when teams of "pures" representing Norway, France, and Ireland will clash with Americans. The affair will be staged in the Boston Garden arena and promises even thus early to be some show.

Con O'Kelley, hailed as the Irish heavyweight champion and now being campaigned by Harry Kelly, former trainer for Jack Sharkey, made his first appearance in Boston for the year, losing a close verdict to Jack Gagnon of this city in an Argonne A. A. feature at the Boston Arena. As a fight it was a good one—went the full route with both men receiving plenty of "hands."

In the preliminary contest, Oddone Piazza, the Italian middleweight, who looks such a real prospect, stopped Billy Gonyea of Worcester in the fourth round. Vincent Trescott of Cambridge, a game, willing and very able feather who has come up from the ranks, stopped Albion Holden of Attleboro, the former feather amateur star, in the sixth.

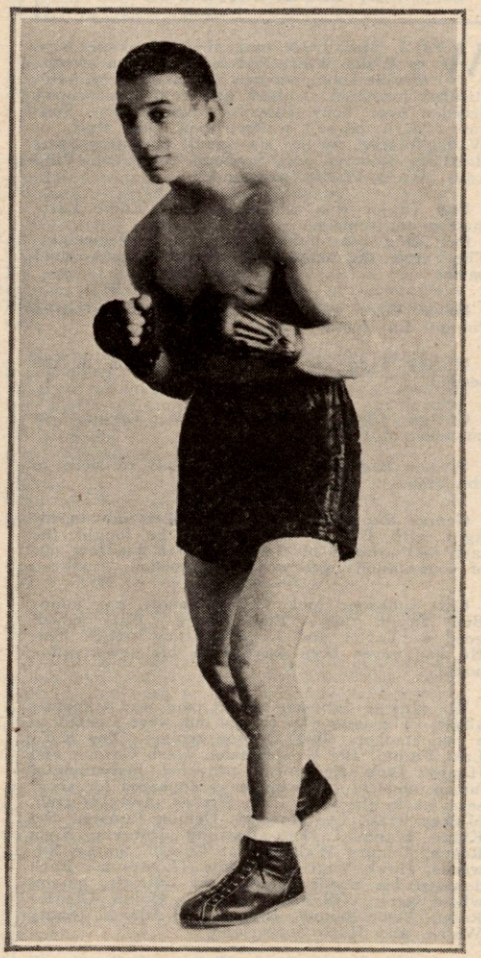
The Boston Garden, the rival club of the Argonne A. A., came to bat two nights later and thereby provided a "This way out" for Johnny Risko. The latter was paired with Dick Daniels of Minneapolis, Minn., a Mike Collins' protege, in the feature, and, while it lasted, it was a great scrap. Risko was disqualified on a foul after flooring Daniels twice. The State Boxing Commission, which has its own way of doing things, instead of suspending Risko as it has done in other cases, usually prelim boys, grabbed his cash—$4,000—as under the rules here, a fighter who fouls or fakes forfeits his end of the purse to the state.

While Risko's services here are about at an end—or, are all done for that matter, he brought along with him a beauty in one George Pavlick of Cleveland, a middleweight, who more than made a hit in his bout with Joe Zelinsky, the former Binghamton, N. Y., hard guy. Joe was in great shape and put up a great fight but he was outclassed, outboxed and outpunched.

Jimmy Walsh, the former New England champion, and a good 'un in the old days when fighting was fighting and there were plenty of classy men working at the trade, was third man in the ring. Pavlick's boxing and ring generalship were a delight to the veteran.

Jack Dorval, formerly under the wing of Jack Kearns, and now being farmed out here with Big Dan Carroll supervising, so messed up Knute Hansen, the Dane, in two rounds, that the referee stopped the affair. On the same card Harold Henderson, a New York welterweight, won from Johnny Casper of East Boston, winning in great shape in six rounds.

Ernie Schaaf, Boston's ex-sailor heavy, and his manager, Phil Schlossberg, having agreed to disagree, following Ernie's indifferent showing against Babe Hunt, have separated. It breaks up a firm which had existed for about five years. Johnny Buckley, manager of Sharkey and others, bought Schaaf's contract for a reported $12,500.



Nick Antonelli, Brooklyn amateur, who holds the record for scoring the quickest kayo in New York. Five seconds and then the finish

Napoleon Jack Dorval got back into action again at the Boston Garden, with Alvin Babe Hunt of Oklahoma, whom he easily beat. Last summer against Jimmy Braddock, Hunt made one big hit here. Later, against Ernie Schaaf, though he won, he was not so much. At the Garden against Dorval, he was mediocre.

In the preliminaries, Harold Henderson of New York was in there with Johnny Donahue, East Boston, who lasted just 60 seconds. Two of Henderson's lefts to jaw did the trick.

The show afforded Big Boy Rawson, the East Boston K. O. king, a chance to show again in a Boston ring. He stopped "Dynamite" Dan Martin of Dover, N. H., a former Granite State champion, in the first.

Boston has had a visit—a fighting visit—from Billy Stribling. Sir William, accompanied by all of the other Striblings, flew into Boston to stop K. O. Christner at the Boston Arena in the third, a bout shifted to this city from Newark, N. J., which, according to reports, attracted about 5,000 spectators and wasn't so much of a fight.

Big Bill Hartwell of Kansas collided with Arthur DeKuh, the New York Italian heavyweight, in the semi-final. They put up a hot eight-rounder. The decision went to DeKuh.

Joe Vincha, the Lithuanian protege of Jack Sharkey, did a fine come-back when he stopped Charley McNeary of Cambridge, a game southpaw, in the fourth round.

While the "pro" boxing game has not been going so good as regards box office receipts, Paul Bowser, the wrestling promoter, with his merry matmen, again has the town by the ears. Boston likes grappling and is willingly kicking in to see it. On the night of Nov. 13, at the Arena, about 7,000 enthusiasts at prices from $2 to $5 turned out to see Gus Sonnenberg, the champion, mingle with Jack Sherry of Ohio. Gus got away with the win—two falls out of the three scored—but also accumulated the worst mauling and bashing ever handed out to him.

Johnny Vacca, the Boston feather, one time twice winner here over Fidel LaBarba, and Al Delmont, his manager, the latter the old time New England Italian star, have had a parting of the ways. After agreeing to meet Tommy Paul of Buffalo, N. Y., in a ring in that city, Vacca suddenly changed his mind, leaving it to the Bison promoter and Manager Delmont to make the best of it. This decision resulted in an encounter between Vacca and Delmont—but not inside ropes. So they have parted.

Phil Buccola, who has got together one of the best fighting stables in this section, has taken under his wing Michael Bonaglia of Italy, claimant of the European light-heavy title, who recently arrived in this country. Bonaglia, who in many respects resembles Georges Carpentier, now is being acclimated and put through the paces at Buccola's training camp in Sharon. He will make his American debut very shortly.

Vittoria Livan, Buccola's hard-hitting middleweight, who proved a riot here, also in Chicago when he came up from the floor to whip Haakon Hansen, is due back in Boston at an early date. He has been visiting in Italy for a couple of months.

There is a welterweight combination here which is being warmed up for a fray that may materialize—Johnny Indrisano of East Boston, and Werther Arcelli, the star welter of the Buccola outfit. While the latter lacks Indrisano's experience, he has made wonderfully good in all of his bouts and has become a real card in Boston. With his brother-in-arms, Oddone Piazza, a middleweight, Arcelli rates as a prospect well worth following.

All efforts to bring Bat Battalino, Kid Chocolate, Fidel LaBarba or any of the leading featherweights to Boston to give Andy Martin of this city a fight continue unavailing, all of which is just too bad as the latter is simply rusting for lack of ring action. Martin, having wins to his credit over Bud Taylor, Eddie Shea, Bushy Graham, Mike O'Dowd, Johnny Datto, Johnny Cuthbert, the British star, and numerous others, has fought himself into the "too good class" and is being left severely alone, all of which is not getting him much.

The New England lightweight championship again came up for settlement here the night of November 17, with Sammy Fuller of Boston, holder of the crown, losing to Andy Callahan of Lawrence, by a close margin at Eddie Mack's show at the Boston Arena. Both really good performers, they put up a sterling contest of ten rounds and drew more than $10,000. These figures are wonderfully good for the times. Callahan received the vote of the two judges—the referee, Jimmy Walsh, decided for Fuller.

In the semi-final to this contest, Stanley Winneryck, of Lawrence, and Vincent Trescott, of Cambridge, considered as two of the best feathers in this section, traveled eight torrid rounds. The award went to Winneryck.

Tommy Rawson of East Boston, lightweight, son of the old-timer of the same name, was ruled the loser to Frankie Britt of Fall River in a 10-rounder at New Bedford. Rawson's slow start in the earlier rounds cost him the verdict, the second he has dropped recently after a long string of wins.

Those double knock-outs continue to occur here and there. At Salem they had one of the near variety. John Gilbert, Glouster, and Gus Cintonz, Peabody, were the performers. First Gilbert went down, then Cintonz was counted out while Gilbert, folded over the top rope, got the verdict.

BOXING IN CUBA
By MILT BARON

JACKIE FIELDS vs. Ignacio Ara is the next big fight scheduled for Havana, if Luis Parga succeeds in signing both boys. Ara is a great attraction here, and Fields needs no introduction. A complete sell-out would be assured.

Joe Gonzalez, alias "Bulldog," lightweight champ of Mexico, clearly showed his worth by defeating Martinez Fort of Spain.

Joe Estrada, the "Aztec Dynamo" in a sensational battle, drew with Martinez Oroz of Spain.

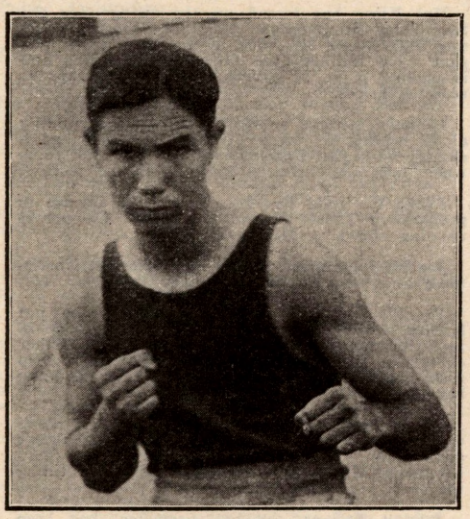
Turner Scott manages both these "Chamacos," and always has plenty of work for them. Scott is the jovial type of manager.

Mario Cotilla, Cuba's veteran pilot, sailed to Panama with Martinez, Oroz, Martinez Fort, and Santiago Alvarez. Goyito Rico did not make the trip.

Kid Montana scored a three-round kayo over Mario Jardines. Montana then took on Julian Echavarria of Spain, who received an unpopular decision.

Johnny Cruz is strong on the comeback trail. Cruz, who held the metropolitan bantam championship three years ago, defeated Anselmo Salgado in two rounds.

Dr. Rafael Quintana and Alberto Sanchez are Havana's new promoters. Quintana is one of Cuba's most prominent lawyers. He manages Johnny Cruz, Kid Montana, Virgilio Corrales and Kid Charolito.



Frank Cruz, Cuban bantamweight with a good record

Albert Sanchez, Quintana's partner, is a local business man of reputed wealth. Sanchez also manages Angel Sanchez and Cuban Honeyboy Finnegan.

Julian Echavarria, Manolo Brana's flyweight importation, was given the nod over Kid Montana. Echavarria looks promising and has a good following.

Angel Kid Sanchez, ebony middleweight flash, kayoed Joe Cobos in the fifth.

Pascual Arencibia drew with Kid Charolito. These flyweights put up a hot battle and received the plaudits of the huge crowd.

Antonio Santana, Cuban bantam, knocked out Gilbert Rojas in the first round.

Sixto Morejon, known as "Pinareno Chocolate" got the duke over Pedro Vives. Jose Cernuda drew in four with Amador Garcia.

Alciby Ortega is Panama-bound and intends to stay a long time. Ortega is a welterweight of note at the Canal Zone.

Jose Coego and Robert Bonar put up a great melee, a close decision going to Bonar. Mike Terry lost to Francisco Macia, Guillermo Martinez lost to Mario Valdez, Eladio Traviesa defeated Ramon Martinez again, and Salvador Coniglio beat Eloy Diaz.

Julio Recio, flyweight champ of the amateurs, scored a two-round kayo over Kid Charolito, and defated Benny Rodriguez in six rounds. In a return bout, Recio was forced to quit in the sixth, due to a bad eye. Avelino Barrera put the K. O. sign on Jose Suarez; Valentin Pedroso bested Felix Mandoza; Felix Enrique, "Al Brown," outpointed Carlos Rios of Camp Florida.

Battling Llano won on a foul in the fifth from Joe Sotolongo. Llano is a good welterweight.

Jose Gandon is easily Cuba's most promising lightweight. He is undefeated and recently knocked out Kid Pitaluga in five heats. Geraldo Ayala defeated Emilio Diaz; Felix Fuentes kayoed Pedro Fontanel, but was flattened himself in the first by Julian Gonzalez. Avelino Vallina kayoed Alberto Martinez; Joe Castro beat Manuel Pineda; Joe Castillo won from Luis Daubal; and Mendez Perez beat Nemetrio Prieto.

Benny Rodriguez, flashy southpaw flyweight, won on a T. K. O. over Julio Recio in the sixth. Rodriguez is handled by Anisio Orbeta, veteran lightweight.

Alberto Fonticelli again drew with Prudencio Arce. Fonticelli is a comer. Virgilio Corrales, after giving away nine pounds, handed out a sound thrashing to Rodolfo Diaz. Benjamin Yayalan, Armenian middleweight, kayoed Eulogio Pinillos in two.

Manuel Aspericueta lost a six-rounder to Benny Rodriguez, and Manuel Arias beat Juan Morales. Silvino Martinez chilled Vicente Tuero, while Vicente Rodriguez knocked out Benedicto de Armas.

Paulino Dieguez won over Domingo Perez in four rounds.

Jack Giraldo, tough, hard-hitting, featherweight, will probably show his wares in Miami rings. Jack is a great crowd pleaser.

Kid Chocolate's defeat by La Barba was a surprise to Cuban fans but they all believe the Kid has an ace in the hole to bring back the featherweight title. "Vamos Yiyi, espabilate, estamos esperando, que regreses con el titulo."

Robert Bonar, alias "Monos" is a little bunch of dynamite. His recent victory over Joe Coego proved that he is ready to mix it with the best in his division. Follow these monthy notes and watch the rise of Robert Bonar.

Milton Baron, Apartado 2469, Havana, Cuba, is the address of the scribe. Information furnished upon request. Please send photos when making inquiries regarding bouts.

BOXING IN PORTO RICO
By ROSSY OLLER

RAY RIVERA, the lightweight champion, returned to San Juan from New York, to defend his title from challenger Al Clemens and lost his crown in ten rounds.

In the semi-final Jose E. Angulo, the Carolina cyclone, whipped Phillip J. Carson, welter of Florida in eight.

Kid 2222 (Luis E. Perez) flyweight champion of Santo Domingo, scored over Mon Rodriguez in four.

Lope Tenorio, Philippine welter easily whipped Atilio Sabatina, the welterweight champion, in ten stanzas at the Victory Garden but only received a draw.

In the semi-windup, Felipe Andrade, Puerta de Tierra's bantamweight star, knocked out Julio Andino in the second round and won the bantamweight championship.

Lefty Zarco, local junior lightweight won from Frisco Bautista, Filipino, in four.

NEWS FROM CHINA
By K. O. KING, U. S. MARINES

Joe Sacasita of Japan kayo'd Young Sencio of Cebu in two cantos; Young Nicko of Siberia won from Pvt. Blackwood, Marines; Young Gonzalo drew with Fred Zavelitch, Marines; Red Walsh, Marines, scored a T. K. O. over Young Walker of Hong Kong; Ben Chaves, Marines, drew with Babe Russ of the Volga River Steppes; Jock Creighton's experience again won for him against Herb Perstein.

In Cheefoo, China.—Elder, Black Hawk, defeated Zavelitch, Marines, in four rounds; Perstein won from Jesenski, Navy; Walsh, Marines, scored a T. K. O. over Bonham, Navy; Rohan, Navy, won from Blackwood, Marines; Lockaby, Marines, defeated Malley, Navy.

Ray Redford, Marines, drew with Young Caplan of Tientsin; Berry, Marines, drew with Kid Segundo of Cebu; Young Gonzalo, Manilla, kayo'd Zavelitch, Marines, in the second canto; Walsh, Marines, scored a T. K. O. over Louie Lee, Shanghai, in the fifth; Dan Searcy, Marines, won easily over Babe Russ of Russia.

NEW!

There's a NEW protection cup, a NEW shaped striking bag swivel, a NEW mouthpiece, and other innovations and improvements in Everlast Boxing Equipment—designed especially for

YOUR COMFORT CONVENIENCE PROTECTION

described and illustrated in our NEW No. 30 R 11 catalog.

SEND 10c TODAY for YOUR COPY

EVERLAST

"World's Boxing Headquarters"

33 Union Square New York

REDUCE—You Can EASILY
In this book "How to Reduce Weight," Bernarr Macfadden gives you the complete regime for weight reduction including full dietary instruction, actual menus, food classifications and reduction exercises. By all means send for it today. Price 50c postpaid. **MACFADDEN BOOK COMPANY, Inc., Desk R-1, 1926 Broadway, New York City.**

CHARLES GOMER
135 POUNDS

Charles Gomer, the French fighting chef who has not lost a bout as yet. Is a great crowd pleaser and aggressive fighter. Gomer wants to fight and **craves action.**

JAKE FRIEDMAN
175 POUNDS

Jake Friedman has created a great sensation by his rapid punching in the Amateurs. **Eleven K. O.'s** out of thirteen bouts, also winning the City, State, S. A., and Maryland N. G. 175 lbs. titles. Friedman is seeking action in the professional ring and is **anxious to get started.**

GENE GOREN, Manager
1737 Jefferson St. Baltimore, Md.

Grupp's Gym
New York's Only SANITARY Training Gym
EST. 116th St. & 8th Avenue, *In The Heart of New York* 1915

Headquarters for out of town boxers. Pioneer trainers of Professional Boxers. Boxing taught scientifically. Our teachers have produced many of the world's best boxers. "You can get in shape at Grupp's."
Call, write or phone for particulars
University 8606
Hours: 9.A.M. to 9 P.M.
Matinee Exhibitions Daily 1 P.M to 8 P.M.
BILLY GRUPP, President
Chas. Grupp, Secretary and Director

See Page 3 for Developer of Champions and K. O. Record Holder

The Ring in Philadelphia

By ROSS E. KAUFFMAN

FRANCIS (POP) O'BRIEN, the best-known figure in Philadelphia boxing for the past half century, was laid to rest on November 10 in Holy Sepulchre Cemetery. He died in the canvas-covered ring, to which he had devoted forty-seven of his sixty-two years, while refereeing a set of amateur bouts at the Henry H. Houston Post of the American Legion in Germantown.

O'Brien had been active as boxer, promoter, match-maker, manager and referee. Before boxing was legalized in Pennsylvania in 1923, he was the highest ranking referee in the State. He officiated for many of the greatest fighters of the last thirty years, including champions of virtually every division.

Among the pall-bearers, active and honorary, at his funeral were Bob Young, secretary of the State Athletic Commission; Bryan Hayes, another well-known veteran referee of this city; Max Hoff, Herman Taylor, Bobby Gunnis, Benny Leonard, Tommy Loughran, Pete Moran, Leon Rains and Frank McCracken.

After a hiatus of four weeks, major boxing has come back to Philadelphia with a bang. Johnny Jadick scored a great victory over Tommy Grogan at the Arena on November 17th in the first show there since Eddie Shea knocked out Johnny Datto.

A near-capacity crowd of close to 9,000 came out the following Monday to see Benny Bass and Lew Massey in their junior lightweight fuss for local supremacy. Bass' 130-pound world championship was not at stake, however, although he came in well under the limit. Massey, on the other hand, had to build up to scale above 130.

It took a lot of dickering to bring Bass back to the Arena, for Phil Glassman's stable had been "out" there for so long that Phil was reluctant to produce his best card for the first offer from Matchmaker Pete Tyrrell. Now that peace has been made, everybody in the stable is getting work from Tyrrell, including Billy Wallace, who beat Jose Diaz in the semi-windup to Jadick and Grogan, Matty White and Emory Cabana. Jack Gross and Tony Falco are due for some "shots" in the big club soon.

Benny Leonard is in town for the winter with the Philadelphia Quakers of the National Hockey League. He transferred the club intact from the Duquesne Garden of Pittsburgh to the Arena.

Pete Moran, well-known matchmaker for Taylor and Gunnis, Philadelphia's big outdoor promoters, is doing a good job of promoting on his own this winter, having opened the St. Hedwig's Auditorium in Chester, Pa., on November 11 with a card featuring Young Ketchell, home-town welterweight pride, and Sammy Baker of New York. Ketchell won before a capacity crowd of 1,800.

The second show saw Milton Jampole, formerly of the Bronx, who moved to Chester last summer and fought a draw with Ketchell at Howard Dougherty's Leiperville Arena, winning over Frankie Hayes of West Philly. A return Ketchell-Jampole fuss is now in the wind and the St. Hedwig's Auditorium won't be half big enough to accomodate all who want to see it.

Joe Kennedy is playing a lone hand in Reading this season. Without partners, he opened the Keystone A. C. on November 18. Gaby Bagdad licked Billy Algers in the eight-round main event.

Joe McGuigan, son of the late Jack McGuigan, is putting on fights in the Norristown Auditorium. He has taken a fancy to a youngster who fought on one of his preliminary cards recently, and who has the same monicker of Joe McGuigan. The youngster scored a knockout over Zolly Lucas. He was runner-up in the lightweight class of the recent amateur tournament conducted by a Philadelphia newspaper which ran three nights and attracted 12,000 fans each night. Tickets were free.

Pat Haley, veteran welterweight of the Kensington district, showed 'em he's far from washed up by pasting the daylights out of Marty Collins at Johnny Burns' Cambria Club recently and following it up with a good win over Young Ketchell.

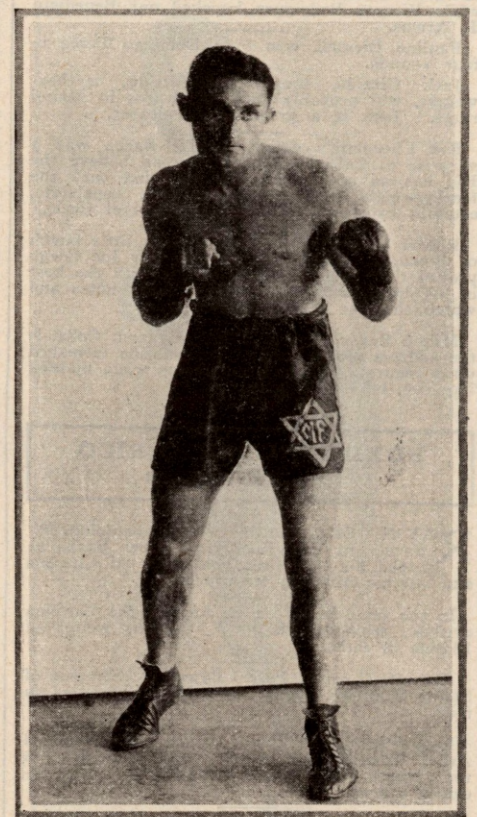
Frank Wiener appears to be solidly entrenched as chairman of the Keystone boxing board. He was on the right side of a hot fight for Governor, the winner being Gifford Pinchot, who signed the McBride Act in 1923 that legalized boxing in this State.

So long as Wiener is boss, it looks like George Godfrey is out of luck in his home State. Big George's license was revoked after he fouled Carnera last June 23 and the chairman is sticking to his decision not to give him a new one—never again. Jimmy Dougherty, the Baron of Leiperville, is moving political heavens and earths to change Wiener's mind, but no results so far.

Chester fans have been coming out for months to see Billy Purnell licked, but Billy, a sturdy 135-pounder, refused to accomodate them. He came a cropper, however, when he tangled with Eddie Cerda, Sammy Baker's stable mate, in Pete Moran's opening show. Cerda handed Billy a very fancy trimming.

Since November 1, the Taylor cup is in vogue for all windup and semi-windup fighters in Pennsylvania. The Commission insists on it.

Tommy Loughran apparently has an idea that everything was framed against him in his two fights here last spring with Ernie Schaaf, in which he lost both decisions. He is reported to have told various people that he would never fight in his home town again. When offered a shot with either Otto Von Porat or Pierre Charles at the Arena, he demanded a $7,500 guarantee, which was entirely out of the question, and which is just about as good as a public statement that he will never fight here again.



Moe Fisher, Newark, N. J., lightweight prospect.

Tommy has been exploring new and little-tried fields recently. Dick Daniels in Minneapolis, and Dave Maier in Milwaukee, fell before his revived left jab, and King Levinsky suffered the same fate at the Chicago Stadium.

Chris Dundee, after a long apprenticeship at handling fighters—and his training included working with such scrappers as Benny Bass and Midget Wolgast—has assembled a small stable of his own and has the goods to make good. One of his boys is Johnny Lussier, whom he plucked out of the Navy at Norfolk, Va., and brought to Philly as a welterweight.

Eddie Reed, who scored a 38-second knockout over Johnny Jadick a year ago, tried to come back a couple of weeks back, after a layoff of eight months, but was not good enough to outpoint Mickey Diamond, who grabbed the decision at the Broadway Club.

Jimmy Toppi has put new life into his Broadway business by putting on great fights and cutting his prices down to dollar tops. He has to come close to a sell-out with his 2,000 seating capacity to turn over a profit, but that's what he's doing.

Billy Jones, who looks like one of the best bets in the light-heavy brigade, has had hard luck for six months or more. Five fights were called off on him in Philly, Buffalo and Wilkes-Barre, be grabbing up every offer in sight, turned down a fight with Billy at the Arena.

Jimmy Smith, Irish boy of this city, and Gene Morretti of Atlantic City, battled it out at the Cambria twice in the last month and had the fans on their ears. The first one was a draw and Smith won the second time.

Mickey Michaels, junior lightweight of Nicetown, has been taken in tow by Jack Valentine on a long-term contract. Michaels has scored 14 knockouts in his two years of boxing out of 29 starts. He recently knocked out Tiger Reid in two rounds, and Joe Joyce in four rounds. He also beat Jack Reno, Mike Marshall and Lew Searles.

EASTERN PENNSYLVANIA

By TED GRESS

GABY BAGDAD, Armenian welter, outfought the veteran Billy Algers of Phoenix, Ariz., in a ten-round windup at Reading to easily win the decision.

Art Feeser, Lebanon welterweight, continued his sensational milling by whipping Henri Miellen, tough Frenchman, in the semi-windup. Feeser also added considerable prestige to his record when he scored a technical knockout over Gene Baldoni of Wilkes-Barre in four rounds at Lebanon.

Mike Kushwara, Morea socker, flattened Wally Sears of Minersville in the first round. Sears, a big favorite in the coal regions, was picked to win but Mike slipped over a sleep-producing left hook.

Hal Kline has tossed up the sponge for the time being at Lancaster and Joe Wenke is letting Harrisburg rest, due to the business depression. Joe Kennedy has taken over Reading and is making it go by giving them great scraps at reasonal prices.

Lebanon, always a small club, is still running along holding its own. Williamsport has had a change with Lee Fogelman taking over the reins when Jack Leisenring dropped from the picture.

Leona C. Todd has been granted a license to promote in Tamaqua, and Dr. H. O. Clapper is running shows at Minersville.

Joe McGuigan put on a bang-up show at Norristown and went in the red plenty.

Frankie Driscoll, the genial fellow who put boxing on its feet in the Lehigh Valley, is sitting tight until things brighten up a bit. Other clubs are trying to make a go of it in Allentown and Easton but are finding the sledding hard.

There is an optimistic note, though, all along the line, that the first of the year will find things picking up. By taking smaller purses and fighting more often, the boxers can assist in tiding the sport over these hard times.

Johnny Ballent, the boy promoter, has been issued a license to run at Mt. Carmel. Here's a lad who should make good.

Herb Noakes, the good-natured but shrewd promoter at Mahanoy City, is dropping a show in now and then when he has something that looks good. Frank Hollister still holds forth at Pottsville.

Danny Dern, East Lebanon welterweight, has improved rapidly, knocking out Harry Hayes in four rounds and losing a close decision to Jackie Bender.

Joe Ness, promising featherweight of Trenton, N. J., is now in this section and is being handled by yours truly. Ness is back in action again, after a lay-off due to an injured shoulder and looks very good.

Spib Styer, Lancaster lad, is bowling them over since turning pro, having scored three knockouts in as many fights. His latest victim was Frankie Deering of Cornwall.

Danny Devlin, Allentown's walloping Irishman, is back in trim again after nursing a bad hand for several months.

Johnny Chiodo, Johnstown's featherweight, with seven straight wins under his belt, is starting to step out. Watch this boy travel. He easily defeated Henry Lennox at Cumberland, Md., recently.

A PROMISING FLORIDA LAD

C. E. Lucas of Merritt, Florida, has informed THE RING that Gordon Fontenberry, who recently knocked out Earl Hurdson at West Palm Beach, did not meet Earl in a return bout. Fontenberry has never been knocked out and looks like one of the most promising boys down in Florida.

CLEVELAND CHATTER
By "PARSON" TOM McGINTY

OLD Santa Claus, Ed Bang, sports editor of the Cleveland News, came back with his usual high-class Christmas Fund Show for the poor kiddies of Cleveland. He staged it on December 10 for the poor kiddies and had on his card six good boys in Paul Pirrone vs. Jackie Fields, Fidel LaBarba vs. Eddie Shea, and Ray Miller vs. Johnny Farr. Quite a card at popular prices.

Rosy Rosales, who has knocked out Art Weygandt and defeated Chuck Burns, went over big in his first start at Boston, when he gave Jake Warren a sound thrashing. He will be used again by Eddie Mack.

Johnny Farr, Cleveland's junior lightweight, evened the score with Freddy Miller, Cincinnati's famous portsider, by winning a stubborn ten-round battle—it being Miller's first defeat in several years.

Tracy Cox, Indianapolis featherweight, who knocked out Eddie O'Dowd, and has quite a record, has signed a contract with Bob Sangster. He is anxious to box any of the local featherweights.

Joe Kelly, trainer of the Hamilton gym, has returned to Eddie Meade, who has taken over Jerry's gym on Euclid Ave. at East 55th St.

Mike Collins of Minneapolis and Tom Andrews have promised to use Phil Zwick but find it hard to get suitable opponents. If Kid Chocolate or Fidel LaBarba will box the fiery Dutchman, Tommy McGinty will put the show on at the Public Auditorium.

Joey Goodman is kept busy by his manager, Jimmy Dunn.

Mickey Cohen, local flyweight, called me on the telephone thanking me for writing him up in the RING. This youngster looks like a real find. He is ready for any of the high-class flyweights. He will probably appear in a Toronto ring in the near future as Jack Jarvis, the Canadian correspondent for the Ring, has promised the writer that he will put him in with Frenchie Belanger. He is certainly a classy little fighter.

Babe Triscaro, Ollie Down's flyweight amateur champ, has been signed to box in New York. He is a sensational youngster.

Tommy Mulgrew has been appointed boxing instructor to assist Johnny Papke at the West Side A. C. Mulgrew is giving Jack Pallat, amateur heavyweight champion, some valuable pointers. Papke now has a day and night class—with several good prospects. He also has several professionals, including Civie Osborne, former member of Jimmy Dunn's stable.

Marshall Croquette, Jimmy Dunn's little flyweight, won at Erie recently.

Jack Barry, Erie promoter, has been laying off at Erie for awhile with Lew Krohn doing all the promoting.

Despite several setbacks, K. O. Christner finds plenty of work. His latest job was with Mickey Walker.

Plenty of Cleveland sportsmen came back broke when Mickey Walker won over the Cleveland baker boy, Johnny Risko. It was a great fight all the way.

Russell Bradford, who fought some good fights around Cleveland and Michigan, is making good out on the Pacific coast where he is being handled by Mike Grealis, formerly with Johnny Kilbane.

Phil Zwick made his score three straight at Philadelphia by stopping Eddie Cool of Atlantic City, N. J., at the Arena A. C. in the third round. Cool was no match for the sturdy, hard-hitting Zwick, the referee calling a halt. Eddie Shea knocked out Johnny Datto on the same card in the fourth round. Datto went into the ring badly handicapped by a sprained ankle and his manager, Moe Donley, wanted him to call the match off, but Johnny insisted on going on.

There is a rumor being circulated around town that Shea is going back with Cowboy Alvis.

Suey Welch is going to start again promoting shows at the Akron armory. He is looking for some good welterweight for Gorilla Jones, as he wants a fight or two under his belt before going to the coast. Welch is still trying to get Chicago promoters to use his Gorilla with Mickey Walker for the middleweight title.

Youngstown is also booming. With the mills running full blast, night and day, Al Zill will get under way, so will Warren and Niles clubs.

Ad Thatcher, Toledo, who has recovered from a severe illness, is putting on a big Christmas benefit show for the poor kids, and is asking the boxers to come up from all surrounding towns and box four rounders for expenses only. Thatcher always puts on the big feed for the unemployed with three big meals on all holidays, plenty of turkey and good eats. He has been doing it for years.

Joey Gunn, formerly flyweight champion and one of the real good fighters of a year ago in the amateurs, has turned pro. He is working out with Phil Zwick.

Joe Semon, Cleveland, and Nick Nickoletta, Lorain, fought a slashing ten-round draw at the Elks' Auditorium, Lorain. Louis Disantis, former Golden Gloves champion, stopped Johnny Murdick of Elyria in the second round. Eddie Latko, Cleveland, stopped Andy Roberts, Lorain, in the fourth round. A capacity crowd was on hand. George Forester plans running shows every two weeks.

Ray Collins, Erie, stopped Dick Landig, Cleveland, in the fourth round. Frank Bojorski, Erie, beat Soldier Dombroski, Detroit, 10 rounds; Frankie Servidio, Erie, beat Barney Davis, Cleveland, four rounds; Marshal Croquette, Cleveland, beat Mickey Donato, Ashtabula, four rounds. Quite a bad night for Clevelanders.

Henry Goodale has succeeded Joe Kelly as instructor and trainer at the Hamilton A. C. Charley O'Connell has taken over the Marotta A. C., East 79th St., where he will promote amateur shows. He has closed his gym on Euclid Ave. Jerry Sachs has retired from the boxing game.

K. O. Kitts is anxious to get another shot at Gene Stanton before one of the local clubs.

Piling up a margin in the last three rounds, Gorilla Jones, Akron, Negro, won the judges' decision over Abie Lichtenstein at Rochester.

Don Gonzales, Golden Glove champ, won another victory over his chief rival, Icky Meznick, on the Ohio Bell Telephone card at Public Hall.

Cleveland amateur boxers took the measure of an Erie team in an intercity match, winning four of the seven bouts. Eddie Rouschkolb, Cleveland, 158, beat I. T. Battles, Erie, four rounds; Eddie Motter, 147, defeated Eddie Pinczewski, Erie, four rounds; Frankie Roberts, Cleveland, won over Billy Held, Erie, welterweight, four rounds; Jerry Felice, flyweight, Cleveland, decisioned Frank Izzi, Erie, four rounds; Micky Felice, 105 pounds, Cleveland, lost to Tony Gamble, Erie; Patsy Rozelle, Cleveland, lost on a technical K. O. to Phil Novack, Erie, first round.

WESTERN RHODE ISLAND
By A. SOLOVEITZIK

THE outstanding boxing achievement of the year in these parts was turned in by Joe Russo, Westerly's slugging middleweight, who won the state middle title by knocking out Johnny Curcio of Providence, former champion, in the second round, at Taftville, Conn. Russo floored Curcio for the count with a terrific right cross to the chin, after a minute and thirty-five seconds of milling in the second frame. The knockout was the first that Curcio has received since winning the Rhode Island middleweight crown nearly six years ago.

By winning the middleweight title from Curcio, it marked the second state championship that Russo has won. In 1928 he won the amateur welterweight crown. His sojourn in the pro ranks following his graduating from the simonpures was nothing short of sensational for a time, but in 1929 he hit the skids, and retired from the game. Stan Linn and Joe Salimeno, his present managers, took charge of him when he decided to quit, and after a long siege of training he was again ready for the wars. His record since joining the Linn-Salimeno stable shows thirteen fights, twelve wins, and one defeat.

Young Rochette, of Westerly, continued his series with Al Rodman, of Goodyear, and during the month these bantamweights engaged in their third and fourth bouts. Both battles were won by Rodman, although the decisions in both were questioned.

Willie Lizzio lost to Artie Weinberg, of New York, in four frames. Lizzio was unable to come up for the fourth session after being on the floor three times in the previous rounds.

Julio Rossi and Al Brouillard, of Danielson, brother to the famous Dynamite Lou, took part in one of the most exciting battles staged in Taftville in many a moon, and at the end of their bout the Danielson boy was given the verdict. The decision was questionable.

Wonderful, new device, guides your hand; corrects your writing in a few days. Big improvement in three hours. No failures. *Complete outline FREE.* Write **C. J. Ozment, Dept. 29, St. Louis, Mo.**

J. P. TAYLOR FOUL-PROOF CUP

Pronounced foul proof by two separate official committees appointed by **N. Y. Boxing Commission,** directly causing no-foul ruling.

Prices: Small, $10.00; Medium, $12.50; Large, $15.00, Postpaid.

Pennsylvania Commission has ordered all finals, semi-finals use Taylor Cup from Nov. 1st.

When sending remittance state weight, waist measure, small, medium or large.

Sole Maker and Distributor

J. P. TAYLOR
14 Lewis Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

$1260 to $3400 a Year

Men—Women—18 to 50
STEADY WORK
Paid Vacations
Common education usually sufficient
Mail coupon Today—SURE

COUPON

Franklin Institute
Dept. T-216, Rochester, N.Y.

Gentlemen: Rush to me FREE of charge, list of U. S. Government big pay positions now obtainable. Send me, FREE 32-page book describing salaries, hours, work, vacation and giving full particulars on how to get a position.

Name.....

Address.....

From Detroit and Vicinity

By RAY BOUSLOG

BOXING in Michigan has crossed its rubicon and after six months of sad depression when purses and gates were flea-sized, everything points to a big winter.

The real reason is the introduction by the Olympia, through Dick Dunn, its general manager, and Matchmaker Scotty Montieth, of fifty-cent boxing with such attractions as Risko-Walker, Lawless-Townsend and Townsend-Tut at that price.

The idea originated when the public failed to respond to the ballyhoo for the King Tut-Billy Townsend brawl, priced at $1 to $3. Suddenly Dunn announced a 50-cent general admission price and the fans began to get interested. On fight night, the building was jammed and a $6,000 house was jumped more than double. Then came Risko and Walker, a complete sell-out.

It was one of the few times in my experience that I saw a building so jammed with humanity that no one else could crowd through the doors. Police drove away more than 5,000 who vainly stormed the doors. The bout drew 19,000 paid admissions, a new Olympia record. Then they brought Townsend and Lawless back and again history repeated with another bumper crowd.

Mickey Walker made his first big start as a heavyweight against Johnny Risko here and won going away, taking seven of the ten rounds. In the second, Walker floored the "rubber man" who managed to last out the round and stay the limit. Walker looked the part of a great fighter and will be a name to conjure with next summer when they are picking opponents for Max Schmeling.

Old Doc Kearns, who took Dempsey to the top, firmly believes in the ballyhoo he is sending around the country that Mickey will be the American to bring the crown back to these shores.

The Tut-Townsend brawl was one of the gas house things. For once in his life Tut entered the ring in condition. Townsend, the boy hero of the west coast, the latest edition of Jimmy McLarnin, never had a chance although his gallant stand brought him as many cheers as it did Tut. The first round was hardly more than a minute old when Tut blasted Townsend on the whiskers. Face forward, the coast lad fell. He struggled to his feet at the count of eight, his limbs numb. Twice more during the round he went down. This continued during the next two heats but in the fourth, after going down twice more, Townsend got his right over and the King, his eyes glazed and his knees sagging, reeled around the ring helpless. Townsend watched him, amazed. Then as he tore across the ring, Tut went into a clinch and the bell saved him. Tut finally won in the sixth on a technical knockout, the towel being tossed in. It was Tut's greatest fight. Townsend has plenty of ring "IT" and will be a big hit when he gets to New York.

Benny Touchstone, Michigan heavyweight champion, has taken on a new lease in life. In his last few bouts Touchstone has belted them all over. He took Andy Shanks in quick time; beat old Joe Lohman decisively, and then kayoed Kid Hans, a southpaw. In between, he went to South Bend and won the newspaper decision over Battling Redmond, the lad who almost bludegeoned Friedman into oblivion.

Another great prospect is Tony Cancela, a light heavyweight, only 19 years old. Tony beat old Joe Lohman, went to Chicago and took the city by storm in a six-rounder at the Stadium. He will go forward fast. His only loss was a 10-round bout to Battling Bozo.

Roger Bernard has had no fights of importance in the last month. He was matched with Kid Chocolate but the bout did not go through as scheduled. Bernard will go east after the holidays and will be seen at the Madison Square Garden. Roger is a much better fighter than the fans realize and will probably get a title shot in Detroit some time next summer if not this winter.

Among the most likely new prospects are Joe Palazzola, former amateur featherweight champion. Palazzola has won something like 12 straight fights, all but one by knockout. Then there is Alex Hadrian, another amateur. He has had only 15 fights but included in this list are wins over Pete Firpo, the tough Roumanian; Soldier Dombrowski, and a draw with Pee Wee Wilson.

Wilson, by the way, is still on the sidelines with his broken arm. He will not fight again until spring. His manager, "Scotty" Strachan, is handling other fighters in the meantime.

Harry Robertson, the Port Huron colored lightweight, who has been beating welterweights all summer, finally dropped a decision. After winning his first bout in Olympia, he went back against Billy Stob, former welterweight champion of Michigan. Robertson entered the ring heavy and was sluggish and lost the duke although he got the biggest hand of the pair and apparently the crowd thought he won. A week later he trounced Johnny Clancy and then trimmed Leo Houck. At Mt. Clemens he repeated his earlier win over Ray Van Hook. Only 21, Robertson looks good.

Boxing has been going poorly in the sticks. Flint has been quiet but at Grand Haven, Muskegon, Grand Rapids, where Young Stribling knocked out Whitey Gorsline, Mt. Clemens and Ypsilanti, they are reporting better crowds.

Charley Young is in the local gymnasiums but unable to get much work. The boys think he is too tough. Besides, he is colored.

A new club, the Carpathia A. C., opened up, and with Touchstone and Hans on top, drew less than $300 for the opener. Their next show was better. That is the only small club running in Detroit now.

Jack Dempsey combined with George Getz to give a benefit show at Holland. It was a sell-out, with Gov. Fred Green present. Touchstone beat Joe Lohman in the main event.

The boxing commission, having tried the policy of naming all referees and keeping their names secret, like the plan and will continue it all winter. Some changes are expected in the personnel of the commission after January 1 when the new administration takes over the reins.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, of THE RING, published monthly at Dunellen, N. J., for October 1, 1930

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Nathaniel Fleischer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the editor of THE RING, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, The Ring Inc., 1926 Broadway, New York City; Editor, Nathaniel Fleischer, 1926 Broadway, New York City; Managing Editor, Paul Keats, 1926 Broadway, New York City; Business Managers, none.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Owner: The Ring Inc., 1926 Broadway, New York City; stockholder: Macfadden Publications Inc., 1926 Broadway New York City; stockholders in Macfadden Publications Inc., Bernarr Macfadden, Englewood, N. J.; O. J. Elder, 276 Harrison Street, East Orange, N. J.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is------
(This information is required from daily publications only.)

(Signed) NATHANIEL FLEISCHER

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1930, Wesley F. Pape, Notary Public, Nassau County. Cert. filed in New York County; No. 542. Registered No. 2P350. Commission Expires March 30th. 1932. (SEAL)

Leon Nichols, a blond youth whose career at the start is something like Willie Stribling's, is coming along nicely and will be a big card in another year. Only 18, he has learned to hit and is winning regularly against light-heavies. He started boxing under his father's tutelage at the age of six and since that time has trained with a ring career as his sole ambition.

Johnny Minella, whose upward rise was stopped by Earl Mastro a year ago, is getting back into shape and looks like he is ready for a successful comeback. Archie Sillman, who was responsible for turning Phil McGraw loose on New York, handles him. Johnny fights like Phil also, taking two for one.

Wrestling is staging a comeback, also. Adam Weismuller, now retired because of bad eyes, is promoting weekly at Danceland and playing to packed houses. He uses the smaller boys. At Olympia the big boys hold forth. On Nov. 22 Gus Sonnenberg defended his title against Stanley Stasiask. Gus formerly played football at the U. of D. here and drew a fair house.

Morrie Sherman, who suffered the first knockout of his career at the hands of Tug Phillips, was matched for a return go but illness prevented his going through with the match.

Marty Stone, after some great winning battles, took on a little more than he could chew against Eddie Koppy and went out like a light.

Charlie Moore, popular Detroit manager, is reported married. It was the first trip for the voluble boss of Koppy.

NEVADA NUDGES

By L. H. TITTLE

HARRY EAGELS was host to the largest gathering of notables ever to attend a boxing show in Nevada recently at Las Vegas. The governors of three states, Secretary of the Interior Wilbur, the chief engineer of the Bureau of Reclamation and his several district assistants, the mayors of California, Utah, Nevada and Arizona cities and other gentlemen of importance.

In celebration of the beginning of construction work on the great Boulder Dam reclamation project, Harry staged a stellar boxing attraction which pleased everyone attending except the parties of the second part. The fans in and near Las Vegas are fortunate indeed in having a promoter of rare ability handling their shows. He gives them what they want without thought of exploitation. Fouls are rare for he won't use that kind of a performer. He deserves closer cooperation than he has been receiving from local authorities.

Man Mountain Erickson visited a few days in Las Vegas recently on his way to the west coast.

Joe Stevens is contemplating moving west for the winter with his good middleweight, Red Foster, and the promising Spanish-American lightweight, K. O. Costello. We predict a successful trip for them for both these boys are real fightin' men, and would welcome their appearance in local rings.

Kid Duff, Las Vegas welter, became too anxious in his go with Jimmy Rivers and cut a low left loose too late and caught Jimmy in the groin.

Indian Johnny Smith stopped Wildman Hannigan suddenly in the fourth on the same card.

Spike Kelly of Chicago met the same fate at the Indian's hands on the next card, but earlier. His came in the third.

The greatest battle fought in Nevada since the Mormon war was staged on October 15. Harry Eagels signed Mickey Wallace, local middle to meet Wildman Pat O'Hannigan. The Wildman was in the best graces of the fans and the decision was met with emphatic boos from the fans when the nod was passed to the Mick.

Howard Fritz, Los Angeles Negro welter, extended Johnny Smith all the way to a close draw for eight rounds.

Dick Schwartz floored Jimmy Raymond twice in the first round but Jimmy shook himself out of the lethargy later and shellacked Dick all over the ring to even the affair.

I suggest that boxers passing through Las Vegas stop over here for a visit. A good place to round out physical conditions. And, if you sign up for a bout, you will be well paid for your time.

This is being mailed from the Texas Panhandle. The duck shooting is great. By the way, a boxing law will be submitted to the legislature at the approaching session. It will pass, according to the opinion of the authorities. This, then, will be the greatest State in the Union for fighters. A territory larger than Europe with a score of large cities will be open range. Here's hoping.

SIOUX CITY, IOWA, SPARKS

By BILL HAWKINS

AFTER making a close study of all the records of Sioux City fighters, ye old scribe hails forth with the following rating for 1930, based on the performances of the boys during the past year. Only the best we have are listed.

Heavyweights—Tuffy Griffiths, Teddy Sandwina, Jack McCann.

Light heavyweights—Freeman Pepper, "Shot" Nunn. Prospect: Farmer Kruger.

Middleweight—Homer Sheridan. Prospects: Kid Carr, Johnny Lambert.

Welterweight—Ray Mann, George Kenard, Carl Hugo. Prospects: Wildcat Smith, Spec Welch, Johnny Lindsey, Archie Jackson.

Junior welterweight—Sammy Martin. Prospect: Bat Slater.

Lightweight—Urban Liberty, Jimmy Johnson, Kid Rippatoe. Prospects: Jack Barnes, Sailor Burke, Reddy Adair, Eddie Graham.

Junior Lightweight—Sammy Sacco, Georgie Atwood, Mickey O'Donnel. Prospects: Ted Mersch, Matty Smith, Kid Brown, Sylvester Jobe, Kid Ferguson, Indian Ray.

Featherweight—Johnny Burds, Carl Mason. Prospects: Kid Miller, Young Tuffy Griffiths, Harold Rogers, Leo Kimberly.

Bantamweight—Jimmy Thompson, Babe Barnes. Prospects: Baby Sacco, Kid Jabo, Kid Howard, Babe Williams, Young Ray, Phil Montgomery, Young Lambert, Newsboy Joey Rich.

Flyweight—Newsboy Brown. Prospects: none.

St. Paul, Minn.—Sammy Sacco, tough Sioux City junior lightweight, lost a fast six-rounder to Wayne Short, of St. Paul.

In a one-sided eight-rounder at the Auditorium, Cowboy Art Maxwell, Omaha, Neb., heavyweight, and a protege of Jack Lewis, socked Hal Mullenhoff of Fort Dodge, Ia., all over the ring for an easy win. Mullenhoff was on the floor five times. Sammy Sacco, local 130-pounder, outpointed Glen Musselman of Fort Dodge in a good semi-final. Al Peresick, of Omaha, defeated Johnny Lambert, local middleweight, in four. Tommy Flynn, Page, Neb., welterweight, outpointed George Fitz, of Fort Dodge, in four, and Jimmy Salvadore, of Fort Dodge, knocked out Red Cross, Des Moines, Ia., bantam, in the second round of their four-rounder.

Enid, Okla.—A fight that kept the fans yelling every minute, saw Babe Barnes, Sioux City bantam, fighting a popular 10-round draw with "Dandy" Dude McCook, of Enid.

Louis Dunkak, of Otoe, Neb., a former South Dakota University star football and track athlete, has turned professional boxer. Dunkak is 21 years old, weighs 190 pounds and is 6 feet 2 inches in height. He is under the management of Andy and Emil Jensen, of Omaha.

Pinky George, well known to Sioux City boxing fans, has opened up a modern gymnasium in Des Moines, Ia. George is also one of Iowa's leading boxing promoters.

At Nate Dax's Auditorium, Ritchie Mack, St. Paul, Minn., lightweight, and Clark Anderson, Omaha, Neb., Negro, fought a great six-rounder. Haskell Lee, Omaha, Neb., Negro, knocked out Johnny Lambert, local middleweight, in the second. Two local welters, Carl Hugo and Spec Welsh, went four rounds to a draw. Jimmy Thompson, now a legitimate bantam, won three out of four rounds with Jay Conlon, Omaha feather. Kid Green and Harold Rogers drew, and Sylvester Jobe defeated Frank Conlon.

Enid, Okla.—"Dandy" Dude McCook, Enid bantam, came back strong and knocked out Babe Barnes of Sioux City in the fourth round. McCook sprawled Barnes three times before hanging the kayo sock.

A match that local promoters are seeking features two heavyweights, Joe Lohman of Toledo, Ohio, and Jack McCann of Sioux City.

Billy Gill, popular sportsman of Sargents Bluffs, Iowa, has just completed an out-door "Barn Arena" on his 800-acre farm and will hold boxing shows there every week next summer. Your scribe will have charge of the match-making.

It remained for Harry Jones, our premier outdoor promoter, to walk off with the "Big Banner" for the best fistic show of the month, when Tommy Grogan of Omaha knocked out Urban Liberty in the second round at the Auditorium. Liberty hit the floor twice before Grogan decided to end matters. Baby Tiger Flowers, Omaha colored junior lightweight, emerged with a six-round decision over Carl Wells, also of Omaha. Al Bork, Nashua, Iowa, bantam, won a fast sixer with Harold Matthews of Lincoln, Neb. Kid Ray Schneck, Waterloo, Ia., middleweight, won over Chuck Patterson of Omaha in a fast sixer. Two featherweights, Young Tommy Corbett of Omaha, and Kid Sweesey of Storm Lake, Ia., boxed four rounds to a draw. The house was just about a sell-out.

Credit should go where credit is due, and I think these few lines regarding Jimmy Thompson are lines that have been earned. Thompson is one of the best looking prospects turned out here this year, and is regarded by local sports editors as the outstanding find of the year. In his last 16 fights, this bantam has lost but one. Thompson is under the management of Eddie Morris.

Looking over the mail bag—My correspondent, Len Victor of London, England, states that the fans "over there" like Dave Shade. He also stated that the old Premierland, in the East End of London, where such stars as Kid Berg, Teddy Baldock, and others received their first starts, would become a garage . . . M. W. Borden, of Winooski, Vt., is looking for boxers for small clubs, and can be reached at 166 East Allen St., Winooski, Vt. . . . Murray McLean, popular St. Paul, Minn., fistic manager, states he has found a great prospect in Juan Cordova, a Mexican bantam . . . A. W. Grieshaber, formerly of Detroit, but now located at Denver, Colo., has found a heavyweight prospect in Cliff Naff, 6 feet 6 inches tall, weight 248 pounds, and age 23 . . . George M. Jordan, colored fight manager and trainer of Sioux City, now in East St. Louis, sends his regards through the RING to his many Sioux City friends, and states he will be back in Sioux City next summer . . . Andy Jensen, one of Omaha's leading fight managers, shows through clippings that his gang made it tough for a lot of the boys . . . We have lots more, reader, but we just have not the space . . . sorry.

Freeman Pepper, well-known Sioux City light heavyweight, has returned home after several months spent in Canada and other parts of the Northwest. He is training daily at the Sportsman club gym.

Buzz Griffiths, brother of Tuffy, is making plans for a come-back, after a year's absence from the ring. Buzz fights around 165 pounds.

Failing to get started at Norfolk, Neb., Paul Anthony, well-known Sioux City boxer and promoter has located at LeMars, Ia. He has opened up a new gym.

Last Minute Sparks.—Eddie Morris, owner of the Sportsman Club gym, has put Bobby Paul, local manager and trainer, in charge . . . Nate Dax, local promoter, states he may give up his rights to the Auditorium, and locate in another spot . . . A good bantam, Young Dandy Dick Griffin, of Oklahoma, will make Sioux City his headquarters . . . Duke Barry, editor of The Blue Book of Boxing, will be back with same again . . . Tom Brisbane, one of our leading promoters, is making plans for a gala heavyweight show . . . In the future, all boxers fighting here must weigh in at 3 P. M. on day of bout . . . Sioux City's official population is 79,212 persons, and is second to none in Iowa for fistic stars . . . Harry Jones never fails to draw the fans to his shows . . . In closing, your scribe wishes to thank his many friends for the help in getting out this column and for the many letters received, and too I wish every one a Merry Xmas and Happy New Year.

EASTERN IOWA NOTES

JOHNNY FRYREAR'S Cedar Rapids benefit show for the bereaved family of the late Battling Nelson was, unfortunately, not a financial success. "Lefty" Louie Mays of Des Moines outpointed Jack McCarthy of Chicago in the feature ten. Hymie Wiseman, Des Moines, kayoed Al De Rose, Chicago, in the third.

In the feature prelim, "Lefty" Martler, vicious Moline, Ill., welter, stole the show when he knocked out Jimmy Ihrig of Des Moines. Harvey Carothers, clever Moline, Ill., welter, spotted Orley Thornington of Cedar Rapids ten pounds and a pasting in six heats.

"Doug" Fairbanks, Iowa City's boy promoter, staged a corking show. Al Bork, undefeated Nashua, Ia., bantam, won over Bobby O'Dowd of Cedar Rapids in the feature. Harvey Carothers, Moline, Ill., welter, defeated Jimmy Hamilton of Cedar Rapids in six.

Pinkie George, Des Moines promoter and manager, has assumed full control of the boxing activities of Kelly and George of Des Moines. Pinkie now is the owner of the Des Moines club, while Joe Kelly, George's elsewhere partner, has the club at Mason City.

Bob Wagner, well-known Iowan of Des Moines, resumes matchmaking for the American Legion at Marshalltown . . . Lou Taylor, great Tri-Cities feather, will soon resume wars . . . "Lefty" Martler has scored three consecutive knockouts in his comeback . . . Al Bork is now battling as a feather . . . Duke Barry of Davenport is working on his Blue Book of Boxing.

Get Strong!
Eight Improved Muscle Builders
All for $3.75

Easily master feats which now seem difficult. If you want physical culture for health this equipment is what you need. SAVE AT LEAST HALF! We furnish ten cable chest expander adjustable to 200 lbs. resistance. Made of new live extra strength rubber to give resistance needed for sure muscle development. Pair of patented hand grips develop powerful grip and arm. Wall exercising parts develop back, arms and legs. Head strap permits exercise of neck muscles. Develop leg muscles with foot strap—gives speed, endurance. Illustrated course shows how to develop any part of body.

GUARANTEE
Entire satisfaction guaranteed or money back.

SEND NO MONEY
Send name and address. We send all by return mail. Pay postman $3.75 plus postage. Price in Canada $4.50 cash with order
MUSCLE POWER CO.
Dept. MDR-1
150 Nassau Street
New York

MONEY FOR YOU AT HOME

YOU can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet.
The MENHENITT COMPANY, Limited
980 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

Pioneer Gymnasium
340 West 44th St. New York City
Eighth & Ninth Aves.

World's famous Boxers train here every afternoon between 1 and 4 P. M. Amateur and Business Men's Sessions evenings until nine o'clock

Jimmy De Forest and Young Otto
Boxing Instructors

Tel. Long Acre 8398

CHAS DOESSERECK, Mgr.

In his new book entitled
"HOW TO REDUCE WEIGHT"
Bernarr Macfadden

gives you the complete regime for weight reduction, including full dietary instructions, actual menus, food classifications and reduction exercises.

It is all simply told and is as simple to carry out.

By diet and exercise, he does not mean starving and working yourself half to death. It is simply a reasonable readjustment of your life along pleasant, natural lines that you will enjoy and which will improve your general health.

It is by all odds the most thorough and effective work on weight reduction that we have ever seen.

Send only 50c for this book

Upon receipt of your remittance of fifty cents, we will immediately send you a copy of this helpful book with the understanding that if you are not thoroughly satisfied with it we will promptly refund your money.

MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, Inc.
Desk R-1, 1926 Broadway, New York

See Page 3 for Developer of Champions and K. O. Record Holder

CANADIAN BOXING GOSSIP
By JACK JARVIS

JACK CORCORAN, president and promoter of the Queensbury Athletic Club of Toronto, opened his boxing season auspiciously by putting on a crackerjack card at Massey Hall. The genial Jack's re-entry into the game has added interest to the sport in Toronto. There is sure to be plenty of keen competition in the Ontario metropolis for the next 12 months at least.

The Queensbury Club featured the dashing, bounding Steve Rocco of Toronto and Marty Gold of Charleroi, a recent winner over Frenchy Bellanger. Rocco came back to the wars in first-class shape, and gave Gold a thorough lacing.

Jackie Phillips, the Canadian welterweight champion, also returned to local rings for the first time since losing a spectacular 10-rounder to Jack Kid Berg. Phillips met Jimmy Burns of Niagara Falls, a recent arrival from Scotland. The joust was a battle of knockdowns, Phillips scoring seven, and the boy from the land of the thistle, two and Phillips won.

Willie McDonald of Toronto walloped Teddy Bearwood over the eye in the first two minutes and split it so badly that the referee awarded him a T. K. O. Young Stappa of Winnipeg, a newcomer, boxing on short notice, turned in a nice win over Vince Glionna of Toronto, while in the opener, Johnny Grant glided past the winning post, a winner over Joe Mooney of Hamilton.

Vic Wagner, Ottawa promoter, drew a good-sized crowd at his Ottawa Coliseum show where he headlined Ronnie Headley of Ottawa and Joe Marsh of Syracuse in 10 rounds, with Marsh winning. Headley, in the eighth, fell over the ropes and struck his head on the floor below. Referee Lou Marsh had Headley examined by a physician and stopped the mill.

Karl Gabersmann, a recent arrival from Germany, and boxing in the light heavyweight class, won a close decision over Herb Purdy of Ottawa. Eddie Edwards of Calgary scored a one-round knockout over Kid LeClerc of Montreal and Tony Pennick, a former amateur star, belted Red Arnold on the chin in the first to score a clean-cut knockout. Pennick is a welterweight and should get plenty of work this season.

The Shamrock Club of Toronto featured an attraction that should have turned the fans away from Massey Hall but instead there were plenty of vacant seats in the downtown emporium. Joe Glick and Henry Perlick were the principals, and staged a rip-snorting battle. The Kalamazoo entry, a protege of Eddie Borden, made a big hit with the Toronto fans and gave the wily Glick a strenuous battle. Perlick received a very low blow in the fourth round and could have won the battle right there on a foul, but he gamely refused to accept this kind of a decision, and from this round on, he fought a smashing battle, but lost by a hairline. It was a great fight, and Perlick will be welcomed back again.

Virgil Kincaide of Buffalo won easily over Heinie Peitch, a newly arrived German middleweight. Bobby Lawrence took the first prize against Teddy Bearwood. Cosmo Cazano of Toronto again scored a win over Joey Mandell of Cleveland. Billy Aryton, popular little Winnipeg featherweight, won over Johnny Grant.

Apparently Leo Kid Roy of Montreal has come to the end of his ring ambitions. This former great little featherweight, after receiving a knockout at the hands of Roger Bernard in Detroit, went down to Quebec City and was again floored for the count in the feature bout against Benny Brostoff of New York. Roy is well fixed financially, and would be well advised to hang up his gloves for all time.

Toronto is the only city in Canada that is showing any real interest in the boxing game, with two boxing clubs, the Shamrock and the Queensbury and operating weekly. There is no doubt that this city will be the stamping ground this winter for Canadian fighters. Montreal is flat, Quebec City runs about every month, Ottawa about the same, and Winnipeg just periodically.

During the winter months this correspondent should be addressed, c/o The Gymnasium, Queens University, Kingston. After March 1st, he will be found on the Queensbury Club staff, 2 Toronto St., Toronto.

The Shamrock Club of Toronto put on a smashing good card when Frenchy Bellanger renewed hostilities with Marty Gold of Philadelphia. These two flyweights gave the fans some sizzling action with Gold the victor.

Ossie Bodkin of Toronto, and Joe Myers of Rochester engaged in a sizzler. Bodkin received the nod, an unpopular verdict. Johnny Grant won over Billy Aryton and in the curtain-raiser Tommy Bland won over Steve Cansonair of Buffalo.

Dick Sharpe of London, England, fought Virgil Kincaide of Buffalo and Sharpe, a rugged, tough middleweight, won the plums.

Jackie Johnstone, former Canadian featherweight champion, won the semi-final against Joe Meyers of Buffalo, after being on the canvas for nine in the first round. The boys put on a hectic battle and the decision was well received.

Johnny Moran of Pittsburgh scored over Tommy McBeigh in a six-rounder. Young Burch of England outpointed Ernie Brooks of Toronto in the opener.

EASTERN CANADA AND MONTREAL TOPICS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

AL FOREMAN, the great Montreal puncher who holds the British Empire lightweight title, attracts the majority of interest in this section, through Pete Sanstol, classy Norwegian bantam, and Art Giroux, Montreal's flyweight sensation, also have their keen supporters here. Al Foreman is punching his way along merrily and is adding more knockouts to his already remarkably lengthy list. His knockout in England of George Rose, the Bristol lightweight star, who was adjudged his leading challenger by the B. B. of B. C., added number seventy to the K. O. list and also added the famous Lord Lonsdale Belt to his other laurels, including the British Empire Lightweight Championship. Foreman blasted Rose for the count in the sixth of a scheduled fifteen-round title match to earn renown as the first Canadian in history to win the noted belt.

To date, Foreman has won all of his ten fights this year, nine by the K. O. route, and the other by an easy ten-round decision over Maurice Holtzer at Montreal.

Rosario Delisle promoted the last show in Montreal which was staged at the St. Denis Theatre. A featherweight elimination tourney was started to determine the Province of Quebec's best feather, but, with the exception of Ray Lirzin, the best ones did not enter while Young Lebrun, the heavy-hitting Sherbrooke book, who would have been a very dangerous and much feared entry, was found to be two pounds over the weight limit. Lebrun did not have time to get down fine as he had only a few days notice.

The card was a snappy one and pleased the thousand or so scattered around the vast theatre building. In the opener, Rene Taillefer, a rugged local lightweight, took the nod after six rounds of interesting milling with Jimmy O'Connor, a very clever boxer from Verdun. Raymond Lirzin showed his old-time skill and sharpshooting when he advanced to the semi-finals by stopping Art Gagne in seven rounds.

Tony Dillulo, clever local Italian, fought a draw with Adelard Pigeon, who was making his ring debut, and both advanced to the next round. Dillulo had Pigeon in a bad way during the first couple of rounds and looked to have a sure K. O. in the third. But the game French lad came right back and slugged his way to a draw. Wilf. Carufel, Jimmie McKimmie's protege, outpointed Young Lebrun in an interesting six-round special.

Art Giroux, Gene Brosseau's brilliant flyweight ace, headed the card against Scotty Adair in the ten-round main event but cut it short with a K. O. in three rounds. Adair was very game but wasn't in the same class as the rugged and hard-hitting Giroux. Artie got revenge for a draw decision against Johnny McCoy by smacking the veteran decisively in two battles following. There aren't many that take Johnny McCoy into camp, much less twice running, and it goes to prove Giroux's calibre.

Benny Brostoff, New York featherweight, is going much better since his initial Canadian bout against Vernon Cormier. Benny knocked out Ralph McNaughton, Quebec star, in the first round of a scheduled top-tenner at the Ancient City and made such a hit that he was matched with Leo Kid Roy for the following show. Brostoff came through again and flattened Roy in the tenth stanza.

H. Rappaport, my correspondent from the Eastern Townships, says that the prospects are none too good around Sherbrooke and vicinity for a while but the small towns are still running fistic events every now and then. Billy James, Sherbrooke flyweight star, and Midget Mike Dundee, smart little New York fighter, fought a draw twice, at both Scotstown and Asbestos, Quebec.

Jack Valcourt came back to knock out Sacro Vasalla in the second heat after catching Sacro's wallops in the first round at Scotstown. Cecil Roe, of Bury, drew with Young Montreal, of Sherbrooke, in six heats while Kid Perusse, Sherbrooke, copped a close one over a local favorite, Jack Gauche.

Kid Perusse also fought on the Asbestos card and drew with his home-town rival, Emil Lefebvre, in six. Ray Dore stopped "Flash" Peters in three, while Jack Dubois beat K. O. Lacroix in six. All of these fighters hailed from Sherbrooke.

Johnny Nemis, leading claimant of the Canadian middleweight title, is resuming his ring activities which may lead up to his official capture of the coveted laurels which are without an owner just now. Nemis is a smart boxer, game and aggressive from start to finish, and should be a good card in Montreal next season at the Forum. Another promising Canadian middleweight, Battling Sig Tracey, the former Sig Hoiseth of Montreal, is doing well down in New York. Tracey met Harry Ebbetts not long ago and the "Freeport Thunderbolt" had his hands full to gain a close and hard fought ten-round decision.

The amateur game is in full swing in Montreal now and the boys battling under the Dennis White regime are enjoying the busiest season on record. Shows are being staged every week and Bobby Leitham is getting plenty of the dates for his newly organized Verdun Boxing Club, where the fights are always satisfactory to the fans. The Y. M. H. A. is also going well.

C. P. Villeray is coming along and the French club is turning out some fine battlers in F. Fiore, a slugging Italian 126-pounder, and E. Pacquette, sturdy flyweight, among others. Joe Glickman, leading referee of the amateur ranks, has secured the Canadian agency for the Everlast Goods and should make it pay.

FLASHES FROM OLD QUEBEC
By PEE AHE EMM

THE valiant protege of Izzy Levine, Benny Brostoff of New York, conquered three champions since his arrival here—Joe Villeneuve, bantam champ of Canada; Ralph McNaughton, the local featherweight champ; and Leo Kid Roy, featherweight champion of Canada. Roy was knocked out in the tenth round.

Kid Johnny won on a knockout in the first round over Young Davis.

Big Jack Murphy, six feet eight inches, 250-pound giant, made fast work of Jack Labrie. Murphy, a comer, won by a knockout in the first round.

Joe Villeneuve, bantam champion, fought ten rounds to a draw with Harry Hill, of Montreal.

Young Burns, flyweight champion of this city, knocked out Joe Dundee in the first round. Burns is coming around great. He is the only Canadian fighter with a decision over Benny Brostoff.

Luger Lamontagne, better known as "Luger the Great," is staging weekly cards at his Canadian Gymnasium. These battles are very good, and the crowds flock to them. Luger gives the fans their money's worth.

Young Burns won a decision from Rene Cantin.

Young Lamothe, midgetweight champion, the youngest professional fighter in Canadian rings, scored his second knockout over Vic Baker. Lamothe is Canada's best prospect.

Lucien Patry kayoed Dick Noel in the first round.

Al Croteau, a fast and furious youngster, scored a decision over Geo. Bolduc. Croteau's father is manager of the Canadian Gymnasium.

Jack Adams, well known throughout Canada, is the popular referee at the Canadian Gymnasium.

Kid, Samson, though as fat as a Jap wrestler, won a decision over Dan Aubertin.

Young Dempsey and Young Tunney, sons of Mr. Croteau, battled to a six-round draw. Young Tunney, the younger, looks most promising.

Harry Wills, the Black Panther of Quebec, won two fights in the same night. Your humble correspondent acted as referee. Wills defeated Maurice Lavigur and then earned a close decision from Lucien Patry.

Young Burns, who cannot make the weight, gave his flyweight crown to popular Billy Green, who has fought the champion so often. Billy deserves the title.

Billy Green in spite of an injured knee, earned a close decision from Young Leblanc, amateur flyweight champ. A return would go good.

I extend to all readers, a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

SOUTHERN OHIO JABS

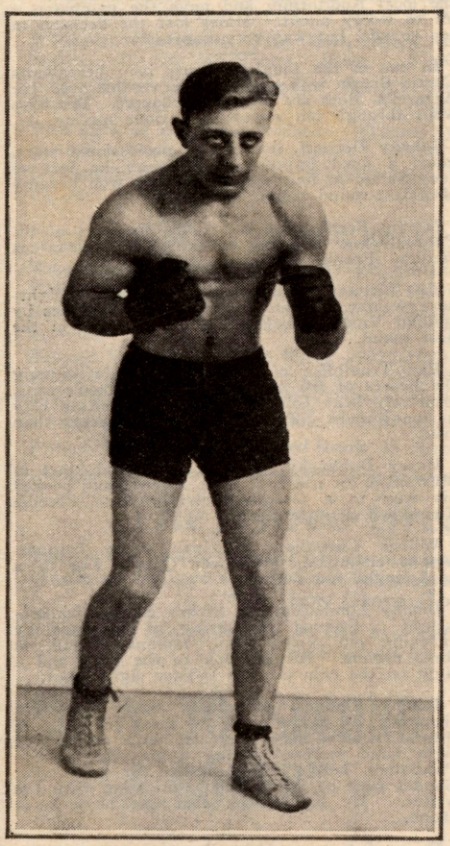
By J. JIMMIE AMANN

AT the Music Hall arena "little barrel chest" Johnny Farr, the Cleveland, Ohio, junior-lightie, copped the ten round verdict over Freddie Miller, the Queen City pride. With the Ohio state title at stake and a return bout to boot, Farr pitched in where he left off a month ago, to win the unanimous decision of the local judges.

Freddie fought the greatest fight of his career and with the score resting one each, a rematch ought to settle the supremacy. Local papers credited Miller with taking seven rounds, but I believe the opposite took place.

The Parkway Club, under Herman and Maxwell Katz, sponsored the match and the receipts hung close to $5,000.

Kid Upright, Richmond, Ind., lost to Young Ford, Miami, Fla., in the six round semi-windup. Max Koshover, the Avondale Avalanche, won on a technical kayo in the third over Al Gahn, Columbus, O. Don Nimmo won a four-round verdict over George Roshler in the light-heavy class and Lou Glaza copped over Clarence Cruze in four.



Albert Townsley, Cincinnati's young middleweight aspirant

According to reports, Elmer Bezenah, Cincinnati welter, is making a hit down in Florida. Recently on an Orlando card, Bezenah battled Tony Dominguez, Tampa middleweight, to a ten-round draw.

The American Legion of Milford, Ohio, under the supervision of Fred Batsche, staged the Howard Mitchell-Charlie Court feature at their arena. Mitchell won on a technical knockout in the sixth. They are junior-welters. Jimmy Harris won from Georgie Young in a six; Johnny Mack, veteran Queen City heavy, stopped Chester Harrous in round 4; Young Heebe shaded George Liddy in 4; Art Worley copped over Billy Neihaus in 4; Morris Vaughn and Harry Welsh battled to a draw in the same distance. Eddie Gerhardt, of Cincinnati, was the third man in the ring.

A bout that would go good in Cincinnati at present is one between Freddie Miller and Phil Zwick, Cleveland, with the winner battling Farr for the state title. Just an idea!

Making his debut in a Wheeling, W. Va., ring, Freddie Miller, Cincinnati's ranking junior-lightweight, won a ten-round newspaper decision over Babe Ruth of Louisville, Ky. Miller floored the Kentuckian twice for nine counts. Jess McMurtry, Cincinnati, drew with Eddie Ruckman, Wheeling, in 6; Bob Brinkman defeated Ruddy Blanchard, St. Paul, in 6; Tony Qunito won from Russ Elliot in 4.

The Frankie Palmo-Pete La Crosse eight-rounder was a slugging match, with Palmo winning the verdict. Joe Walters, the Reaper City's colored middleweight sensation, won an eight-rounder from Hack Blackbourne, of Cincinnati. Tommy Glenn came through with a great eight-round win over the veteran K. O. Jenkins. Don Campbell and Johnny Quirk battled to a draw. Nip Howell, of Dayton, officiated as referee.

Georgie Annarino, Newark, O., kayoed Ollie Bartlett, Toledo, O., in the sixth, for the state bantam crown, in Springfield's second show. Joe Walters beat Nordi Smith in the semi-windup. Tommy Glenn stopped Red Smith in seven rounds, and Bunny Clifford and Johnny Quirk fought a four-round draw.

The writer wishes to announce that he has taken over the reins of the veteran Joe Lohman, Toledo, O., heavyweight, and now is ready to book him throughout the country. Lohman's latest fight was a ten-round win over Frankie Wine, the tough Butte, Mont., miner. The writer would like nothing better than a shot at Long Tom Hawkins in this city. A bout of this sort would be an acid test for the giant Negro. Lohman, through his new pilot, is challenging the world with a direct one at Griffiths, Hawkins, Adgie, Loughran, Sharkey, or any of the top notchers. Promoters wishing to use Lohman can get in touch with Jimmie Amann at 2810 Sidney Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Newark, O.—Nordi Smith, Newark, O., and Alabama Kid, Columbus, fought a ten-round draw. Ray Ganshaw knocked out Sergeant Tommy Ryan in the fourth round; Art Weston kayoed Ernie Payne in three and Speedy Campolo won in four over Dave Wilson.

Information in southern Ohio can be acquired by addressing the scribe at 2810 Sidney Ave., Cincinnati, O. Enclose stamp for return reply.

Howard Mitchell won a six-round decision over Ted Maranda of Detroit, Mich., at Indianapolis, Ind. Mitchell weighed 138 and Maranda 131.

The ten best in southern Ohio, according to my file ratings are: Heavyweight, Joe Sekyra, Dayton; light-heavyweight, K. O. Husk, Zanesville; middleweight, Joe Anderson, Cincinnati; welterweight, Elmer Bezenah, Cincinnati; junior-welterweight, Billy Rose, Cincinnati; lightweight, Max Koshover, Cincinnati; junior lightweight, Freddie Miller, Cincinnati; featherweight, Mike O'Dowd, Columbus; bantamweight, Georgie Annarino, Newark; flyweight, Young Heebe, Cincinnati.

The new Ideal Gym, under the management of Freddie and Charlie Amann, got off to a flying start. Several leading southern Ohio fighters worked out at the gym. Photos for this new gym will be appreciated. Please mail to scribe in c/o Ideal Gym, Inc.

The writer wishes all the readers of this column a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Two world's championships in the wrestling game was held in Cincinnati during the current month. Millard Rauh, matchmaker of the Quality Athletic Club staged both. Hugh Nichols, light-heavy champ, defended his laurels against Francisco Aguaya, Mexican champion, while Gus Kallio came through the winner in his defense of the 160-pound crown against Bobby Chick of Nebraska. Both champions were extended to the limit.

Joe Parelli of Brooklyn, N. Y., beat Joe Domar of Amarillo, Tex., at Music Hall with two straight falls.

The preliminary results to the Parelli-Domar match follow: Jack Humberto, Spain, and Francisco Aguaya, Mexico, drew in 30 minutes; Bobby Chick, Nebraska, pinned Ahmed Abass, Turkey, in 15 minutes and 35 seconds with slam. Walter Hopkins threw Chet McCauley in 21 minutes and 17 seconds with a front jack-knife.

The latest to be heard is that Jack Reynolds of Cincinnati has announced his indefinite retirement from the wrestling game.

George Gable, Cincinnati's only representative in the middleweight division, defeated Joe Parelli in a rough two-of-three fall match.

Southern Ohio lays claim to having four of the most competent wrestling referees in the country today in Bob Cowan, Jay McAdams, Frank Mills and Jack Tibbets.

Up at Middletown, Silent Olsen, Cincinnati, lost to Gentle John Kilinos, of Dayton, in three falls of fierce and rough wrestling.

Frank Wolff, of Australia, and Clyde Robinson, Flint, Mich., wrestled to a 30 minute draw, and Bob Kessler, Dayton, drew with Young Hoppie, Cincinnati, in 30 minutes.

Wrestling news in these parts can be had by enclosing a two-cent stamp when addressing the writer at 2810 Sidney Ave., Cincinnati, O.

BLEEDING MOUTHS AVOIDED

MOUTHPIECES MADE TO ORDER $5.50

Do not be mislead by the claims of manufacturers who say that their mouthpieces are just as good. WHO IS BETTER QUALIFIED TO MAKE A PERFECT MOUTHPIECE THAN A MAN WHO HAS STUDIED MOUTHS? A PRACTISING DENTIST, WHO IS WILLING TO GIVE YOU THE BENEFIT OF 30 YEARS EXPERIENCE.

Our protectors are made from INDIVIDUAL IMPRESSIONS and NOT BY THE USUAL IMPRESSION CARDS. This insures a perfect fit, for the mouthpiece fits snugly over the teeth and gums. Any peculiar conditions in the mouth, any missing teeth are included in the impression, and in the finished mouthpiece. This results in a protector that stays in at all times.

OUT OF TOWN BOXERS CAN ORDER BY MAIL.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Just send money order for $5.50 or check.

M. M. SALOMON, D.D.S.

DENTAL SURGEON

4 West 66th Street, New York City

Tel. Trafalgar 7096

Buddy Goodrich

Virginia's Coming Middleweight

A Fighter Who Fights—A Crowd Pleaser

PAUL HARRIS

2904 Washington Ave. Newport News, Va.

Billy Taub

THE SPORTSMEN'S CLOTHIER

1387 Broadway near 38th St., New York City

Send for my Book

STRONG ARMS and BROAD SHOULDERS

for 25c coin or 30c stamps

Illustrated with 20 full-page half-tone cuts, showing exercises that will quickly develope, beautify and gain great strength in your shoulders, arms and hands, without any apparatus. Equal to a $20.00 Course

ANTHONY BARKER

1235 6th Ave., Studio 60, New York City

STRENGTHEN YOUR NERVES!

Your health, your strength, your success, your happiness depends upon the state of your nervous system. You can't be right and be nervous. The remedy is simple and easily applied. Just common-sense rules—that's all. You'll enjoy practicing Mr. Macfadden's course and the benefit will be immediate.

Send No Money

Just pay postman $3.00 plus few cents postage. Then examine for five days. If at the end of that time you are not satisfied return the book and your $3.00 will be returned. Postage prepaid on all cash orders. Foreign or Canada, cash with order.

MACFADDEN BOOK CO., INC.

Desk R-1 1926 Broadway, New York City

TRY THESE PUNCHES

Secrets of Champions Revealed by World's Greatest Trainer

SOCK! IT'S a KNOCKOUT when you know how to hit. Let Jimmy De Forest, famous trainer of Dempsey and other champions, teach you the sure-fire knock-out punches of all great fighters.

De Forest Boxing Course

In spare time at home you can quickly master every blow, defense and trick. Everything explained and illustrated.

The corkscrew punch which Jimmy De Forest taught Kid McCoy.

WRITE for Book "Golden Age of Boxing"

Just send name, address and only 10c for famous book "The Golden Age of Boxing." Interesting information and pictures for every two-fisted man. Address: Jimmy De Forest Boxing Course, (Dept. 101), 347 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

See Page 3 for Developer of Champions and K. O. Record Holder

BITS FROM GEORGIA
By J. F. BEL

At the Chatham Athletic Club Bob Godwin hung a K. O. on Buster Newberry, and the next week, Sam Crosby beat Willie Norwood in ten rounds.

The next show saw a whale of a scrap in which Joe Knight stopped Cyclone Walker Smith, when Smith's second accidentally got some high powered medicine in his eye trying to stop the blood.

Pat Flaherty, local lightweight, knocked out Savannah's favorite Reddy Pitts. Flaherty should go far in the game if properly handled.

Another Georgia boy who is going to make the grade is Whit Webb of Pelham, Ga. He hung a K. O. on Kid Smoke.

Pat Boynton continues to bring good boys to Savannah. All of his fighters are great crowd pleasers. Promoters will do well to get in touch with Pat Boynton, Waycross, Ga.

Geechy Gatz, one of the gamest little fellows in the south, should take heed. He is taking too much punishment.

Vernon Seeley, of Waycross, is another great little fighter. He looks good on any promoter's card. Young Baisden, another Waycross boy, looks good to me.

Payton Thomson, one of the hardest hitting 130-pound boys in the south, won from Geechy Gatz. Thomson is being handled by Ed Alexander.

Joe Knight, of Cairo, has turned out to be a real fighter. He has class as well as punch. Watch this boy.

Blondy Parker is training hard to get back in shape after his poor showing against Gonzalez.

Patsy McGrath, a Savannah boy, has been going great in the east. He is a good boxer. Patsy should go big. He has had over seventy-five fights.

Assaulting Abernathy, a boy from Forsyth, looks like a real find for Harry Tracy. Harry hopes to have him meeting them all in a few months. Harry is looking for a good Jewish boy for his stable; one that will fight and is not money mad.

Savannah is open to good lads who are willing to give the fans their best at all times. Any fighters who expect to come south for the winter should get in touch with the Chatham Athletic Club and they may be able to use them if they are square-shooters.

Fighters and managers send in your dope on your boys if you want me to publish it. Send it to me care of Chatham Athletic Club.

Young Stribling had a hard time getting loose from Arthur DeKuh in Atlanta the other day. Arthur stayed ten rounds. It is hard to knock-out a man who has his mind made up to stay the limit regardless.

We understand that Pinky May is about to get back in shape. There is one of the greatest little fellows the south ever turned out.

Young Jack Dillon out-smarted Elmer Bezenah in ten rounds.

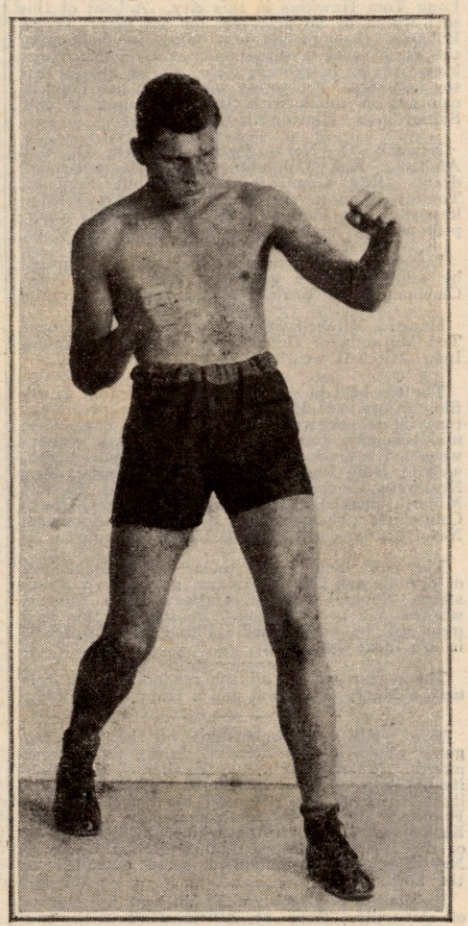
Walker Cyclone Smith went to Florida and defeated Battling Finch. Blondy Parker was stopped by Spike Webb.

Al Morris, who came here from New York, went over big against Ted Moody. His weight is 145 pounds.

BOXING
Scientifically Taught
Without brutality; weight reduced or increased.
GEORGE McFADDEN
Formerly World's Champion
51 EAST 59th STREET
Phone Volunteer 3828
Men I taught and brought out and made world champions:
Mike McTigue, light heavy
Freddie Welsh, lightweight
Johnnie Coulon, bantamweight

MOUTHPIECES MADE-TO-ORDER BY A DENTIST WHO KNOWS HOW,
for only $5.00
Why buy a ready-made ill-fitting mouthpiece that is always falling out, when you can get one made to fit you securely by my own Special Process?
NEW STYLE MOUTHPIECE! STOP BLEEDING & CUT LIPS!
Guaranteed to fit so that you can open your mouth and breathe. Made to defy detection.
Out of Town Boxers May Order By Mail.
Dr. B. HAINES
"THE FIGHTER'S DENTIST"
144 COLUMBUS AVE. (COR 66 ST.) N.Y.
HOURS - DAILY 9-9 SUNDAY 10-1
Tel. TRAfalgar 6050

See Page 3 for Developer of Champions and K. O. Record Holder



Kid Dorsel, eighteen years, weighs 200 pounds, a good looking heavy prospect from Kentucky

IN ALABAMA
By SAM CARPRI

TOMMY BAKER, a 19-year-old welterweight, who is a cousin to Sgt. Sammy Baker, is a good prospect. He hails from Huntsville, Alabama.

The Ensley Athletic Club, through the manager, John Lombardo, invites all visiting fighters in this locality to train here. No charges.

Battling Bozo, of Birmingham, defeated Tony Marullo in ten rounds at New Orleans recently. Boza also beat Cowboy Phelps there two weeks after the Marullo bout.

Ted Lewis, of Montgomery, is the new matchmaker for the American Legion, in Montgomery. He recently paired Gene Tillman, of Birmingham, with K. O. Maddox, a local heavy-hitting welterweight, for the ten-round main event. But Tillman scored a knockout in the fourth.

The local boxing enthusiasts are marking time till the home-coming of Pete Sarron, of Birmingham. The popular Syrian boy, who has been campaigning in New Zealand and Australia with great success, is being made an idol by the local fight bugs. It is also reported that he is making a name for himself as a golfer. On his way home he will fight La Barba on the Pacific coast.

C. A. Glant will make the matches in Huntsville this winter. The bouts will be held in the National Guards Armory, where the capacity is 1000. Glant recently brought Bill Branner, of Gulfport, Miss., and Dummy McKinney, of Memphis, together here.

The local boxing commission has been in hot water the past year through inexperience in handling difficult problems. Yet the commission is doing what it honestly thinks is the proper procedure.

BOXING IN MILWAUKEE AND VICINITY
By LARRY LIGHTIG

DAVE MAIER, Charlie Metrie's star, proved to Milwaukee fans that he will go a long way when he took on Tommy Loughran, former light-heavyweight champion, recently at the local Auditorium and gave the ex-champ a lot to worry about. Maier lost the decision in ten rounds, but was very impressive.

In one of the toughest bouts seen hereabouts Curtis Brown was awarded the verdict over Joe Azzarella. Both are Milwaukee boxers. The boys went through ten rounds of furious mixing.

Johnny Dettlaff, in his first professional start, made a good impression, although he lost to Joey Sutter in four rounds. Sutter won because of a last-round rally.

Martin Franks punched Eddie Bessmer of St. Paul all over the ring to carry off a clean-cut victory. Franks proved too strong.

Tait Littman, Richie Mitchell's promising light-heavyweight, continued his string of victories by spilling Vincent Forgione of Philadelphia in the first round.

Ray Trambline of Rockford, who is winning the hearts of the majority of Milwaukee's fans, decisively beat Johnny Wagner of Kansas City in ten rounds. Trambline looked sweeter than ever.

Harry Dublinsky, making his second start in Milwaukee for nearly a year, stabbed and hooked his way to a clean-cut victory over Freddie Tompkins in eight rounds.

Wilbur Chevalier, Michigan State bantamweight champion, won over Quinta Lee in a hard-fought match.

Johnny Lombardo, Sal Serio's coming featherweight, continued his string of victories by knocking out Virgil Seril, Indiana champ, in three rounds. A left hook to the body and a right on the chin put the Indiana fighter out.

Johnny Gaudes, Wisconsin State flyweight champion, is again ready to meet the best of them. Gaudes had been out with an injured right hand suffered during a training session. Promoters, here's a real fighter for your card. Gaudes may be had by communicating with the writer. He has beaten the best boys hereabouts.

Harry Schwartz, Milwaukee amateur middleweight star, died on Armistic Day morning from an inter-cranial hemorrhage. Schwartz was considered one of the best Milwaukee prospects and is mourned by a horde of Wisconsin friends.

Frankie Hughes registered a one-round knock-out victory over Battling Check of Milwaukee.

Johnny Ryan of Cudahy and Jack Sharkey of Minneapolis staged a real thriller with Sharkey being declared triumphant after ten rounds at La Crosse, Wis.

Any amateurs in the state who desire places on Milwaukee cards are requested to get in touch with the writer.

Managers wanting information regarding boxing in this locality may have it by communicating with the writer.

Dick Sisk, brother of Johnny Sisk of Marquette University football fame, scored his twenty-third consecutive victory by taking Frankie Burns into camp in four rounds. It was Dick's first appearance in a Milwaukee ring and his showing merits him further work here.

Matt Cianciolo lost to Joey Sutter after eight rounds of furious mixing.

Ray Trambline added another victory to his long string by winning handily over Sid Novak in ten rounds.

The Ring Book Shop

11 West 42nd Street, New York City

Carries a complete stock of all books on Boxing and Wrestling

Books for the Boxer, the Trainer, the Promoter, the Second, the Boxing and the Wrestling Fan. History—Fiction—Biography—and Technical. Books on the above sports for sale.

BIOGRAPHY

Jack Dempsey, The Idol of Fistiana—324 pages, 142 photographs—beautiful binding. By Nat Fleischer. Price.....$2.00

Young Griffo, The Will-'o-the-Wisp of The Squared Circle—A story of Griffo's Life and Battles. By Nat Fleischer. Price.....75 cents

The Life of John L. Sullivan. By R. F. Dibble. Price.....$2.50

"Ruby Robert," The Life of Bob Fitzsimmons. By Bob Davis. Price...$1.00

William Muldoon—The Iron Man of Sport. By Ed Van Every. Price....$3.00

The Life of Gene Tunney. By Ed Van Every. Price.....35 cents

The Life of Battling Nelson—Written by himself. Price.....75 cents

In And Out The Ring (Life of Jack Johnson) By Jack Johnson. Price.....$2.00

MISCELLANEOUS BOXING BOOKS

Knockouts I Have Seen. By Ed Smith. Price.....50 cents

Everlast Record Book. Price 45 cents, by mail.

Bound Volumes of the Ring—1922-1923-1924-1925-1926-1927—Price each.....$10.00
1928—Price..$8.00 1929—Price....$7.00

Andrew's 1929 Record Book.....35 cents

Police Gazette 1929 Record Book.35 cents

BOOKS ON WRESTLING

Complete Science of Wrestling. By George Hackenschmidt. 70 full page illustrations. Price.....$1.50

Scientific Wrestling. By George Bothner. Price.....75 cents

Wrestling. By Frank Gotch. Price.50 cents

The Science of Wrestling and Jiu Jitsu. By Earle Liederman. Price.....$3.00

BOOKS ON BODY BUILDING

Muscle Building. By Earle Liederman. Price.....$3.00

Secrets of Strength. By Earle Liederman. Price.....$3.00

Endurance. By Earle Liederman. Price.....$2.00

BOXING BOOKS

Training for Boxers—With a Foreword by Jack Dempsey. By Nat Fleischer. Price.....$1.00

How to Box—With a Foreword by James J. Corbett. By Nat Fleischer. Price.$1.00

How to Second a Boxer—With a Foreword by William A. Brady. By Nat Fleischer. Price.....$1.00

Favorite Ring Tricks. By Freddy Welsh, Bombardier Wells and Jem Driscoll. Price.....85 cents

Ring Strategy and Tactics. By Freddy Welsh. Price.....85 cents

Boxing Through the Slow Motion Film. By Georges Carpentier. Price.....$1.00

My Methods, or Boxing As a Fine Art. By Georges Carpentier. Price.....$1.00

Blocking and Hitting. By George "Elbows" McFadden. Price.....50 cents

Scientific Boxing. By James J. Corbett. Price.....50 cents

The Straight Left and How to Cultivate It. By Jem Driscoll. Price.....85 cents

Scientific Boxing. By Tommy Burns. Price.....$1.00

Modern Boxing. A Guide to Present-Day Methods. By Bombardier Billy Wells. Price.....85 cents

Hitting and Stopping. By Jimmy Wilde. Price.....85 cents

The Art of In-Fighting. By Frank Klaus. Price.....85 cents

Text Book of Boxing. By Jem Driscoll. Price.....$1.25

Out-Fighting. By Jem Driscoll. Price.....85 cents

Ringcraft. By Jem Driscoll. Price 85 cents

PRIZE FIGHT FICTION

Bold Bendigo. By Paul Herring. Price.....85 cents

Sir Toby and The Regent. By Paul Herring. Price.....$2.50

HISTORY

Ten and Out. By Alexander Johnston. Price.....$3.50

All book orders must be sent to The Ring Book Shop, 11 West 42nd Street, New York City.

The Three Greatest Books on Boxing Ever Published

This is the endorsement of famous boxing critics like Jack Dempsey, James J. Corbett, Benny Leonard, Tom McArdle, Madison Square Garden matchmaker; Jess McMahon, Ted Broadribb, famous English manager; Jimmy Braddock, Izzy Grove, Tony Canzoneri, Johnny Dundee and Cannonball Eddie Martin

There are many books on the market on boxing, and training, but not one that compares to the masterpieces on the sport published by* THE RING *and written by* THE RING *publisher, Nat Fleischer.

"HOW TO SECOND A BOXER"

"HOW TO BOX"

(With a Foreword by James J. Corbett)

(The American Way) With a foreword by William A. Brady, is making a hit with fight managers and promoters and boxers. Every manager and second should have a copy and study its contents.

Nothing like it ever published. Contains heaps of valuable information for boxer, trainer and second. The chapter devoted to the medical end, the first aid department of a second's job, is worth ten times the cost of this book. Only $1.00 for a book that teaches you all a handler of a boxer, amateur or professional, need know.

In its pages are instructive illustrations of the correct and incorrect way to handle a fighter. These pictures, gathered at great cost, give you the kind of instruction that is invaluable.

A book that not only tells you how to learn this great sport, but gives a reason for everything you are asked to do.

A book that not only gives you reasons, but explains in minute detail the meaning of each blow and illustrates with many photographs, the correct and incorrect way to handle yourself.

In addition, a special section with fourteen full page photographs by Benny Leonard on his "Lessons on Boxing."—All for only $1.00.

Here is what Benny, the Greatest Lightweight of Modern Fistiana wrote to The Author about this book: "Congratulations. You've hit the mark. 'How to Box' is the greatest book of its kind ever published. Every boxer should have a copy for reference. I'm sending ten copies to my summer camp for boys. Best of luck."

"TRAINING FOR BOXERS"

With a foreword by the greatest of modern fighters, Jack Dempsey

No matter how good a boxer you are, you shouldn't be without this book. Buy it—Read it—Study its contents thoroughly if you want to be up near the top.

A book adopted in many colleges, high schools and even in the Hawaiian Department of the United States Army.

It is a book without an equal. Jack Dempsey, most popular of all boxers, has endorsed this book. He writes that it contains many fine points that he never knew about.

In this third edition, you'll find six full pages of training stunts which Dempsey, The Man Killer, The Greatest of All Modern Fighters, employed in getting in trim for his big battles.

Would you miss such a treat? You can't go wrong by sending in $1.00 for the latest training, or $3.00 for the three books.

PLEASE USE THIS COUPON:

The Ring Book Shop, No. 11 West 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

Enclosed please find { $3 / $1 } for which send me Nat Fleischer's

"How to Second"
"How to Box"
"Training for Boxers"
} Please mark books desired

Name.....

Street Number.....

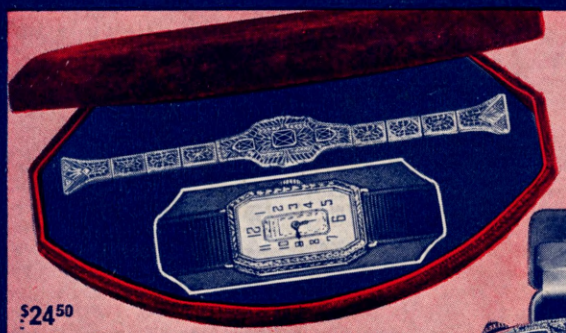
City.....

State.....

Xmas Gifts — GENUINE JEWELRY IN THE MODERN MODE

Guaranteed Savings
Direct Diamond Importations

Sent for $1 — Balance 10 MONTHS TO PAY

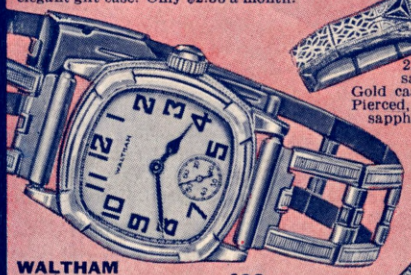


$24.50

EK 41 . . . The new Deauville Combination! Beautifully engraved rectangular case. Accurate, dependable 15-jewel movement. Pierced, flexible, link bracelet with beautiful center design and set with 3 Emeralds or Sapphires and silk grosgrain ribbon—elegant gift case. Only $2.35 a month.

$37.50

EK 8 . . . **Diamond Wrist Watch.** 2 genuine diamonds and 8 emeralds or sapphires. Engraved 14K Solid White Gold case. Guaranteed 15-jewel movement. Pierced, flexible "Wristacrat" bracelet with sapphires or emeralds to match. Only $3.65 a month.



WALTHAM **$22**

EK 42 . . . Nationally Advertised **Waltham** or **Elgin**; guaranteed accurate and dependable. Handsomely engraved lifetime case. Very latest style "Hollywood" bracelet, with extension opening. Only $2.10 a month.

$37.50

EK 43 . . . **Bulova** "Miss Liberty." Beautifully engraved, lifetime case set with six (6) sapphires or emeralds. Guaranteed 15-jewel movement. Patented "dust-tite" protector. Matched flexible bracelet, set with emeralds or sapphires. Only $3.65 a month

It's a **BULOVA** "LONE EAGLE"

$37.50

EK 40 . . . "Lone Eagle"—Dedicated to Col. Charles A. Lindbergh—Handsomely engraved lifetime case, guaranteed 15-jewel movement. Radium hands and dial. Patented "dust-tite" protector. Flexible link bracelet to match. Only $3.65 a month.

$27.50 **EK 19** . . . Nationally advertised tested and regulated 15-jewel **Waltham** movement; 20-year warranted, engraved White Gold filled, 12 size, thin model, decagon case. White gold filled knife and fine Waldemar chain. All complete in handsome gift case. Only $2.65 a month.

$50

EK 45 . . . The "Fashion Park"—Styled for the discriminating! Exquisitely hand engraved and pierced 18K Solid White Gold engagement ring, set with finest quality, genuine blue-white diamond of unsurpassed brilliance. Only $4.90 a month.

SUPERIOR VALUES!

Direct Diamond Importations and large-volume buying for both our National Mail Order business and our Chain Store system, enable us to offer you superior quality genuine diamonds, fine standard watches and exquisite jewelry at saving prices which are beyond comparison. All of this with no extra charge for the added convenience and advantage of dignified, liberal credit.

How to Order

Just send $1.00 with your order and your selection comes to you on **10 DAYS FREE TRIAL. NO C.O.D. TO PAY ON ARRIVAL.** After full examination and free trial, pay balance in 10 equal monthly payments.

Satisfaction Guaranteed
10 DAYS FREE TRIAL

You have the privilege of 10 days free trial—if not completely satisfied, return shipment at our expense and the entire deposit will be refunded. Written bond with every purchase guaranteeing satisfaction or your money back.

All Dealings Strictly Confidential

Nearly a year to pay! No extra charge for credit—no red tape—no delay. You take no risk—satisfaction absolutely guaranteed or money back.

$50

EK 46 . . . Charming new lace design, 18K Solid White Gold dinner ring, set with 3 perfectly matched genuine blue-white diamonds; 2 French-blue sapphires on sides. Only $4.90 a month.

$48.50

EK 12 . . . Dazzling cluster of seven (7) expertly matched genuine blue-white diamonds; hand pierced 18K Solid White Gold, lady's mounting. Looks like a $750 Solitaire. Only $4.75 a month.

$25.75

EK 18 . . . Wedding ring of beautifully hand engraved 18K Solid White Gold, set with seven (7) expertly matched, genuine blue-white diamonds. Only $2.48 a month.

$50

EK 7 . . . Gentlemen's massive ring of 14K Solid Green Gold with the latest style 18K Solid White Gold top; fiery, genuine, finest quality blue-white diamond. Only $4.90 a mo.

$25

EK 34 . . . Richly hand engraved 18K Solid White Gold solitaire mounting; set with a fiery, genuine blue-white diamond. Only $2.40 a month.

$27.50

EK 22 . . . Gentlemen's, massive, hand engraved ring of 14K Solid White Gold. Imported Black Onyx with a genuine, fiery diamond and any carved initial or standard emblem desired. Only $2.65 a month.

GIFT CASE FREE

Every article comes to you in a most beautiful and appropriate presentation case.

$25

EK 44 . . . Unusual Value and Style! Strikingly beautiful hand pierced floral design mounting of 18K Solid White Gold, set with genuine Aquamarine or any Birthstone; 2 brilliant genuine diamonds on sides. Only $2.40 a month.

$48.50

"AMERICA'S SWEETHEART"

EK 39 . . . Ultra-modern, engagement ring of 18K Solid White Gold. Set in the center with finest quality dazzling genuine blue-white diamond, 6 matched genuine diamonds on the beautifully engraved "step-sides." Only $4.75 a month.

New Catalog FREE To Adults

Completely illustrated new catalog of genuine diamonds, Bulova, Elgin, Waltham, Howard Illinois watches; fine jewelry and silverware at special prices. Write now to get your Free Copy.

ESTABLISHED 1895

ROYAL DIAMOND & WATCH CO.

Address: DEPT. 121-N — 170 BROADWAY, N.Y.C.